









PRESIDENTIAL
INAUGURATION OF GENERAL U.S. GRANT,
MARCH 4TH 1869.

THE LOYAL PEOPLE

OF

THE NORTH-WEST,

*A RECORD OF PROMINENT PERSONS, PLACES AND
EVENTS, DURING EIGHT YEARS OF UN-
PARALLELED AMERICAN
HISTORY.*

BY

STELLA S. COATSWORTH,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BY

REV. T. M. EDDY, D.D.,

LATE EDITOR OF "THE NORTH-WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE," AUTHOR OF
"PATRIOTISM OF ILLINOIS," ETC.

"THE mystic cords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every heart and hearthstone in this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Illustrated with Fine Steel Engravings.

CHICAGO:

CHURCH, GOODMAN & DONNELLEY, PRINTERS.

1869.

T O

U . S . G R A N T ,

*The Patriotic Citizen, the Brave, Unselfish Soldier, the
Incorruptible Leader, the Tried, True Man,
and Incomparable "General,"*

AND THE

PEOPLE'S PRESIDENT OF THE UNDIVIDED UNION,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

IN presenting this volume to the public, the author does not come as with an uncertain enterprise. Protected and sustained by some of the strongest influences in the great commercial West, fears of its success would be superfluous; but, aside from this *solid* basis upon which it is issued, the work in itself contains abundant merit to commend it to the hearts of a reunited American people.

If the story be well told, it can not be too often repeated, what it cost to release and restore our enslaved, divided nation. At the request of many familiar with the art of publication, and especially by the kind advice of Harper Brothers, of New York, the author has withheld her material from the public until *PEACE* should be fully inaugurated. With the advent of our *Peace President*, that period has dawned, at least so it is beautifully sung by Vandenhoff. Peace has come, for the great warrior has sheathed his sword and demands it. Divisions are to be healed, and hands are to be clasped in amity across the graves of foe and fallen brothers; hence the best time for again relating the sad story of our struggle for freedom, and the cost of *Peace*.

Hailing from the family of an old Revolutionary officer, and surrounded by family ties which gave her rare facilities for usefulness, the author, being the wife of an eminent army surgeon, was thrown into the hot crater of the war at the beginning of its fiery eruption. At the side of her husband, and handmaid to his labors, she became familiar with the great struggle in its inner minutiae; and she has invested with peculiar interest, and related with eloquence, scenes that, by

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most historians, are given as cold statistics, or passed by unnoticed.

The gifted Miss Porter tells of stern old Scotia, how the hardy clansmen held in reverence "the relics of a departed nobility," and almost worshiped the families of those who, wielding "claymore and targe," fell in defense of "loch and crag." Not less touching and beautiful is the love of the noble Americans for the deeds, the name, the graves and relics of those who wrought salvation for their imperiled country. Inheriting a love for those thrilling scenes, and richly endowed with the gifts to make herself useful wherever Providence placed her, the author has lived with great earnestness the intense period through which our people passed. As a writer, MRS. COATSWORTH has ever received favor from the public; and in the present work, where the obstacles of an ordinary campaign have been met and conquered, she has worked as bravely as she has achieved nobly. A long acquaintance with the author, and a knowledge of her true womanly character, would prompt a warmer eulogy than perhaps she would be pleased with, hence we leave all eulogy to the work itself. True, the sky can not all be photographed at once, but she has taken the stars as they shine, both great and small.

To the pen the artist becomes auxiliary, and a gallery of scenes and faces gaze upon the beholder. For the story and the way it is told, for the names it enrolls, for the deeds it chronicles, for our high appreciation of the author and her work, for the artist, engraver, and publisher, it is submitted with confidence to a generous people.

'Tis no book of war, but rather a *bloodless* PEACE-OFFERING. As the snowdrop looks up from its icy bed and prophecies golden summer, so this, rooted in field and hospital, blossoms in the sunshine and the soft breath of *Peace*. Hence it is both a memorial and a prophecy.

T. M. E.

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WESTERN ENGRAVING CO. CHICAGO.

U. S. Grant

LIEUT. GEN. U. S. GRANT.

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"GRANT AND PEACE."

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WASHINGTON, March 4.—The day dawned, and the route along which the procession was to pass was soon thronged with people. The first appearance of troops at headquarters was Company K, of the 55th United States cavalry. General Grant arrived shortly afterward. The following cable dispatch was placed in his hands:

"March 4, 1869.—To President Grant, Washington: In honor of the man and the day, three cheers for the President.

"By order of the members of the Berlin Exchange.

"FRITZ MEYER."

Vice President Colfax reached headquarters shortly after ten o'clock, and went immediately to Grant's office. After a cordial greeting with the President elect and members of his Staff, he entered into a conversation with the gentlemen present on ordinary topics. In the meantime the troops and military organizations began forming, and the crowd of spectators upon the streets grew more dense. At precisely eleven o'clock, the Marshals entered headquarters. The troops were every where stationed at their proper posts. General Grant, calm and composed as ever in his life, came from the office, and entered his phaeton, accompanied by General Rawlins. Vice President Colfax came next and entered the next carriage, accompanied by Admiral Bailey, of the navy. The members of the Staff of the General next entered the carriages, with the Committees of Congress, and of the different organizations present. As the procession started, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief." The regular and other troops were drawn up along the square, and came to a present arms as the carriage containing the President elect, with his head uncovered, drove slowly along, while immense cheers rent the air on every side.

There were eight grand divisions in line — the first, under Colonel Wallace, and composed of Regulars, escorting the President and Vice President elect; second, the division composed of Volunteers, including two colored organizations; the third division was composed of prominent civil officers of the Gov-

ernment, Foreign Ministers, the Grant and Colfax electors, officers of the army, navy, and marine corps, and the corporate authorities of this city and Georgetown; fourth, the division of the Republican political organizations of this place and elsewhere; fifth, the division of Sailors' and Soldiers' Union, Grant and Colfax Clubs, the others composed of the United States Fire Department, and its visitors, and the city of Washington Fire Department and its visitors. Among prominent objects of attraction was a miniature ship, fully rigged and manned, and a printing press in operation.

The head of the parade having reached the Capitol, the President elect entered to take the oath, and deliver his inaugural address. The throng of human beings in front exceeded any thing of the kind ever before witnessed here. The procession was about one hour in passing a given point. After the organization of the new Senate, a procession was formed, and the occupants of the floor proceeded through the corridors and rotunda to the place indicated, in the following order: The Marshal of the Supreme Court; the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court; the Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate; the President elect, with the members of the Committee of Arrangements; the Vice President and Secretary of the Senate; the members of the Senate; the Diplomatic Corps; ex-members of the House of Representatives, and members elect to the Forty-first Congress; heads of departments; Governors of States and Territories; Officers of the

Army and Navy, and all other persons who had been admitted to the floor of the Senate. In front of the portico, but about ten feet below—being on a level with the first landing place of the flight of marble steps,—had been constructed a platform, capable of accommodating, together with the steps, about five hundred or six hundred persons. It had a semi-circular front, which was covered with wreaths of evergreen. The national flag was also entwined with two of the columns supporting the pediment of the portico.

On reaching the platform, the President elect took the seat provided for him, directly in front of the centre,—Vice President Colfax, and the Sergeant-at-arms in charge of the ceremonies sitting on his right, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court on his left. The Senate Committee of Arrangements were near at hand, and next in the rear, the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court all occupied seats on the left, and the members and Secretary of the Senate on the right. The Diplomatic Corps were to have occupied seats next in the rear of the Supreme Court, but were not sufficiently alert to prevent themselves from being crowded into the background by the members of the House of Representatives and others who secured the foremost places remaining, which left the diplomatists to their chances with the officers of the army and navy, and others, on the steps and portico, where perhaps they fared better, being less crowded, and having a better view of the general scene. Though the atmosphere was damp, the

weather seemed to have no chilling effect upon the general enthusiasm. The grounds opposite and the streets adjoining were packed with human beings. Mrs. Grant sat a little behind the General, accompanied by her sisters, Mrs. Sharp and Mrs. Casey, her sister-in-law, Mrs. General Dent, and her children, Jennie and Nellie, and Masters Fred. and U. S. Grant.

The shouts and bursts of music from a dozen bands subsided as the President elect and Chief Justice of the United States rose simultaneously, and the latter commenced, in clear and solemn tones, to recite the formula of the Presidential oath of office, which General Grant reverently took, when the boom of cannon and shouts of the vast multitude burst forth.

GRANT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Partial quiet having been restored, the President rose and proceeded to read from manuscript his inaugural address, as follows:

"CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES: Your suffrage having elevated me to the office of President of the United States, I have, in conformity with the Constitution of our country, taken the oath of office provided therein. I have taken this oath without mental reservation, and with the determination to do, to the utmost of my ability, all that is required of me. The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear. The office has come to me unsought. I commence its duties untrammelled. I bring to it a conscientious desire and determination to fill it to the best of my ability and to the satisfaction of the people.

"On all leading questions agitating the public mind, I will

always express my views to Congress, and urge them according to my judgment, and when I think it advisable I will exercise the constitutional privilege of interposing a veto to defeat measures which I oppose; but all laws will be faithfully executed, whether they meet my approval or not. I shall on all subjects have a policy to recommend, but none to enforce against the will of the people. Laws are to govern all alike,—those opposed to, as well as those who favor them. I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution.

“The country having just emerged from a great rebellion, many questions will come before it for settlement in the next four years, which the preceding administrations have never had to deal with. In meeting these, it is desirable that they should be approached calmly, without prejudice, hate, or sectional pride, remembering that the greatest good to the greatest number is the object to be attained. This requires security of person and property, and toleration for religious and political opinions in every part of our common country, without regard to local prejudice. Laws to secure these will receive my best efforts for their enforcement.

“A great debt has been contracted in securing to us and our posterity the Union. The payment of this, principal and interest, as well as the return to a specie basis, as soon as it can be accomplished without material detriment to the debtor class, or to the country at large, must be provided for. We must protect the national honor. Every dollar of the Government indebtedness should be paid in gold, unless otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract. Let it be understood that no repudiator of one farthing of our public debt will be trusted in public place, and it will go far toward strengthening a credit which ought to be the best in the world, and will, ultimately, enable us to replace the debt with bonds bearing less interest than we now pay. To this should be added a faithful collection of the revenue, a strict accountability to the treasury for every dollar collected, and the greatest practicable retrenchment in expenditure in every department of the Government. When we compare the paying capacity of the country now, with ten States still in poverty from the effects of war,—but soon to emerge, I trust, into greater pros-

perity than ever before,—with its paying capacity twenty-five years ago, and calculate what it will be twenty-five years hence, who can doubt the feasibility of paying every dollar then with more ease than we now pay for useless luxuries?

“Why, it looks as though Providence had bestowed upon us the strong box—the precious metals locked up in the sterile mountains of the far West, which we are now forging the key to unlock—to meet the very contingency that is now upon us. Ultimately, it may be necessary to increase the facilities to reach these riches, and it may be necessary, also, that the general Government should give its aid to secure this access, but that should only be when a dollar of obligation to pay secures precisely the same sort of dollar to use now, and not before.

“When the question of specie payment is in abeyance, the prudent business man is careful about contracting debts payable in the distant future. The nation should follow the same rule. A prostrate commerce is to be rebuilt, and all industries should be encouraged. The young men of the country—those who from their age must be its rulers twenty-five years hence—have a peculiar interest in maintaining the national honor. A moment’s reflection as to what will be our commanding influence among the nations of the earth in their day, if they are only true to themselves, should inspire them with national pride. All divisions, geographical, political, and religious, can join in this common sentiment.

“How the public debt is to be paid, or specie-payment resumed, is not so important as that a plan should be adopted and acquiesced in. A united determination to do, is worth more than divided counsel upon the method of *doing*. Legislation upon the subject may not be necessary now, or even advisable, but it will be when the civil law is more fully restored in all parts of the country, and trade resumes its wonted channels.

“It will be my endeavor to execute all laws in good faith, collect all revenues assessed, and to have them properly accounted for, and economically disbursed. I shall, to the best of my ability, appoint to office those only who will carry out this design.

“In regard to a foreign policy, I would deal with nations

equitably, as the law requires individuals to do with each other, and I would protect a law-abiding citizen, whether of native or of foreign birth, wherever his rights are jeopardized or the flag of our country floats. I would respect the rights of all nations, demanding equal respect for our own. If others depart from this rule in their dealings with us, we may be compelled to follow their precedent.

"The proper treatment of the original occupants of the land—the Indians—is one deserving of careful study, and I will favor any course toward them which tends to their civilization, Christianization, and ultimate citizenship.

"The question of suffrage is one which is likely to agitate the public so long as a portion of the citizens of the nation are excluded from its privileges in any State. It seems to me very desirable that this question should be settled now. I entertain the hope, and express the desire that it may be by the ratification of the 15th article of amendment to the Constitution.

"In conclusion, I ask patient forbearance, one toward another, throughout the land, and a determined effort on the part of every citizen to do his share toward cementing a happy union, and I ask the prayers of the nation to Almighty God in behalf of this consummation."

The President's voice was quite audible except to persons on or near the front of the platform; but at every pause the satisfaction manifested by those who were near at hand was responded to by cheers and shouts from the crowd more distant, and some of the points of the address were circulated from mouth to mouth, and made the occasion for applause even some time after their utterance.

During the delivery of the address little Nellie Grant was lifted over the shoulders of the intermediate spectators and reached the side of her father, where she stood some time unseen and unnoticed,

but so smiling and happy, and brightly innocent in her presence, seemed to lend a gleam of sunshine to the scene, and the incident called forth many expressions of pleasure and admiration.

The power of U. S. Grant over the heart of this country is one of the phenomena of the times which it is profitable to study. Called by the voice of the people, with such majorities as to make its mandate unmistakable, to the Presidency of this great Republic, it is well that men whose life has been spent in planning and scheming how to climb to the highest eminence should pause and consider how he, who sought it not, has been placed upon it. There are, there must be, lessons in such a man's history, which will repay the reading, and traits of character worth the analyzing. How he has carried the people's affections, we who have witnessed can testify,—in the ovations which greeted him when he came home victorious from before Richmond, and who have heard the shouts of the mighty masses who ordained that the Great Captain should be the trusted Ruler. How he impresses calm, scholarly men, may be seen by reading a paragraph or two from the pen of J. Lathrop Motley, the famous historian. He who has studied and written Philip of Spain, and William of Orange, is not to be deceived by wax-work greatness, or sham patriotism; yet Motley thus writes:

“Who is General Grant? Suppose the question had been asked ten years ago. Haply some swain from the far West might have told us of a retired

captain of infantry, some thirty-six years of age, who had served through the Mexican war, after graduating at West Point, had subsequently retired to a farm near St. Louis, but who, just before the outbreak of the rebellion, had gone into the leather business at Galena — a plain man in his manner, who was sometimes seen driving a team, but never ‘a balky one,’ into the streets of St. Louis, but who never told his neighbors that he had been in every battle of the Mexican war, save Buena Vista, and that he had been promoted twice on the field for gallantry. These things being matters of course in our brave little army, the leather dealer saw small cause for taking airs thereupon, and if he nourished any ambition, as he seems to have let out in a moment of weakness, he had visions of a sidewalk, to be built from his own modest mansion to the railway station at Galena.

“Suppose the question asked a century hence. Will there be so many persons so ignorant of history as to falter in their reply?

“For one, I confess that the sentiment I find most necessary to guard against when contemplating his wondrous career, and the strange simplicity and repose of his character, is a tendency to over-enthusiasm. Through the misty atmosphere which belongs to the past, conspicuous personages are apt to dilate into more than mortal proportions, while we are, not unreasonably, inclined to scan very closely the defects and the pretensions of contemporary greatness. In truth, the very simplicity of General

Grant's character makes the great things which he did seem simple too. There can be no surer test of power than the ease with which it accomplishes Herculean tasks; yet the spectator, deceived by symmetry itself, often mistakes the colossal for the common-place."

But this sketch must deal with facts, though briefly. Mrs. Stowe has taken pains to prove that he comes of New England Puritan stock, through which his ancestry may be traced far back to England. It boots little whether that be so or not. "New men" are often God's men, and the nation's men. He was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont Co., Ohio, April 27, 1822. In 1839, when nineteen years of age, he was admitted to the Military Academy at West Point. He passed honorably through the course of study, graduating in 1843, receiving a brevet commission as second lieutenant in the Fourth U. S. Infantry. He entered real service in Mexico, and participated in all the important battles except that of Buena Vista, exhibiting those same traits which subsequently made him famous. He was made first lieutenant on the field of Molino del Rey, for gallant conduct, and for bravery at Chapultepec received the brevet of captain. The Senate attempted to confirm his first lieutenancy as a brevet, but he promptly declined, and three days after receiving his brevet as captain, his full commission as lieutenant arrived. Subsequently he, with a battalion of his regiment, occupied an obscure northern fort, and again was

stationed at Dallas, Oregon, where he received his promotion to the full grade of captain in the regular army, dating from August, 1853.

Here ends his first chapter in military life, for the country was at peace; the sword was useless. He resigned his commission, and became a civilian July 31st, 1854. Mrs. Grant, formerly Miss Dent, having relatives at St. Louis, they settled in that vicinity, and attempted rural life, but it is suspected not with much success. Here he made his first and only attempt to secure official position, in unsuccessfully aspiring to be County Surveyor! His next candidacy was for the President of the United States, in which his friends proved more successful in working for him than he had been for himself.

In 1859, with his father and brothers, he was in the leather trade in Galena. He went quietly between his home and store, few knowing his past history, and none dreaming of the history he had to make.

War came. The blood of the soldier was stirred. The Secretary of State was assuring the country the war would end in ninety days. Grant knew better. Meeting a clergyman whose church he ordinarily attended, he gave him a prophetic statement of the grand campaigns that must be made, of the strategic points about which great armies would gather. The clergyman was incredulous then, but afterwards remembered the military sagacity of the modest captain.

Feeling that his country had a right to his ser-

vices, and, if need be, to his life, in April, 1861, he tendered his services to Governor Yates, asking to be assigned to "some position where he could be useful." The Governor gave him a desk in the Executive office, and soon found that a thorough soldier was its occupant. He next assisted in the organization of regiments under Mr. Lincoln's call of April 15th, and was at length entrusted with the command of a demoralized regiment, the Twenty-first Illinois. He was on the field, and within five years he made a record which stands unparalleled. He rose from Colonel, to Brigadier General, Major General by brevet, Major General of Volunteers, Brigadier in the regular army, Major General in the regular army—then was revived the grade made illustrious by the names of George Washington and Winfield Scott, and Mr. Lincoln signed his commission as Lieutenant General, and made him commander of all the national armies. When he had driven the enemy to the wall, and concluded terms of capitulation with the great Southern chieftain, he received the highest grade yet conferred, that of General of the Armies of the United States! The ascent was so rapid that most men would have grown giddy with the flight; but he did not. Calmly he consented to wearing each new grade of honor conferred by a country too anxious to find some means of expressing its deep gratitude. It is too late a period to question the military ability of General Grant. Astute critics have tried to show that he ought to have moved differently here, and not to have moved

there; that his victories were chance results, and not due to his skill. But here is the fact, "stern" and immovable as Grant himself—that HE WON. Donelson was compelled to open its gates. Shiloh was held by his puissant hand, which plucked victory from defeat. True, Buell came—and it has been characteristic of his career, that men who were wanted, always *came*. Sherman testifies the advance had been ordered. He did reduce Vicksburg, the Saragossa of the Mississippi Confederates; the contest was long, stubborn—bloody, if you will. Mistakes may have been made; but Pemberton surrendered the city, and the army. There is little use to argue as to the strategy of Chattanooga and Mission Ridge, for the army of Bragg was beaten into powerlessness, and the country felt that it was saved! He dispatched Sherman, Thomas, McPherson, and Logan to the sea, and Hood and Johnson were humbled, and the Confederacy cut in twain from Nashville to Charleston. The campaigns of the Wilderness, Petersburg, and Richmond have been criticised sharply, but *these* are the facts. He led an army brave as ever leader had, but one that had been repeatedly stopped short of final results. He went against the picked army of the Confederacy, headed by its greatest General, one of the ablest of military chieftains, who had chosen his position. Lee's army was to be taught that it was not invincible; ours, that a campaign meant more than one grand burst, one successful foray; in short, that it meant *cannonading* day after day, week

after week, until victory was won. That this could be done, that Lee could be beaten from his strong positions, that in spite of nature and military art, in spite of desperate courage and high ability, in spite of elaborate works and deep streams, the rebel army should be broken, and Richmond won, without terrific loss of life, was not to be expected. War means death, and wounds, and suffering. But the end, seen from the beginning by the imperturbable, persistent Captain, was reached. The army of Northern Virginia was broken and brought to captivity, but not until the deserted capital of the Confederacy was ours !

The gigantic successes of the leader demonstrated his genuine ability, and his name stands enrolled among the greatest of great chieftains.

Again shall the classic elegance and American fervor of Motley speak, for the historian writes *con amore*, and yet with critical accuracy. His colors, though warm, are lifelike :

“ We all seem afraid of uttering that one word in regard to this shy, tranquil, unobtrusive man, which really characterizes him — the word genius. The very modesty of the man himself seems to rebuke all tendency to exaggeration. Yet, after all, this is exactly what General Sherman says in his famous and beautiful letter, while avoiding the phrase : ‘ My only point of doubt was in your knowledge of grand strategy, and of books of science and history ; but I confess your common sense seems to have supplied

all these.' And what is that common sense which supplies strategy, science, history, but genius?

"In the little affair of Belmont, where he first showed his incapacity to accept defeat; at Donelson, where he converted impending rout into victory, by ordering the famous charge of Smith; on the dark and bloody April afternoon, when he told Sherman at Pittsburg Landing how Donelson was won, and organized out of apparent panic and ruin that magnificent triumph of the following morning; from Vicksburg to Chattanooga, from the Wilderness to Richmond, he pursued the rebellion to its doom—never a footstep backward—untiring, unimpassioned, tranquil, relentless as destiny.

"I have no pretension to be a judge of military affairs, but to my humble apprehension, the campaigns of General Grant, especially those of Vicksburg, of Chattanooga, and of Richmond, will, the more closely they are studied, the more decidedly reveal a capacity of the highest order in the man who conducted them. That they prove perfect firmness, tenacity, and self devotion, is beyond dispute. To be a great soldier necessarily implies many of the highest intellectual faculties. No man can be a great soldier without being a thinker, and this is the very reason why successful soldiers are apt to be dangerous in a republic:

'They think too much, such men are dangerous.'

"Not because he is a great soldier—deep as the debt of gratitude which the nation owes him—but

because, during the whole of his career, he has manifested those civic virtues which inspire confidence, do we wish him our chief magistrate. Cheerfulness and prophetic hope when danger and disaster was thickest ; self command in the hour of immense success ; patience and self-forgetfulness under unmerited obloquy—these qualities are as striking in him as his utter indifference to a fame which might well dazzle and lead astray the strongest intellect. He seems utterly without ambition, and this is the reason why he is one of the few successful soldiers of history whom it will seem safe for the people to have trusted. From the hour when he was surprised to find in the newspapers that he had been appointed brigadier general of volunteers, down to the moment when a higher grade than ever known in our armies was created for him, he never felt the least anxiety for promotion. But self-control under unmerited and preposterous disgrace, however temporary, seems to prove, more than any of his deeds, the greatness of his character.

“Remember that immediately after the famous victory of Fort Donelson, in which he had presented 15,000 prisoners, 17,600 small arms and 65 cannon to the United States, he was most unjustly and causelessly threatened with arrest and deprived of his command, and that he did his best, while claiming justice from his commanding officer before he would withdraw his resignation to further that expedition, in the command of which he had been superseded. ‘No one,’ he said to the veteran Smith, ‘can

feel more pleasure than myself at your richly deserved promotion. Any thing you may require, send back transports for, and if within my power, you shall have it.'

"And at Milliken's Bend, when preparing that last magnificent movement against Vicksburg, through which he saw his final triumph assured; when the country, weary of delays and aghast at his boldness, was clamoring for his removal; when our enemies all over the world were shouting, As well pluck the stars from the sky as attempt the capture of Vicksburg; when even his friends turned from him; but when one plain man, who sat in the White House, said, 'I rather like the man; I think we'll try him a little longer,' how could a soldier prove greater claims upon the confidence of the country than he did at that moment of almost universal despondency?

"Seeing already in his mind's eye what no other eye could see, that quickly coming procession of victories, that twenty days' campaign, the passage of the great river, the five battles in which, throwing himself between Johnson and Pemberton, he destroyed one army, and drove the other into the citadel soon to surrender to him thirty-two thousand strong; even when at that moment of anticipated triumph he heard the loud cry for his removal, he was incapable of any thought save for the good of the country. As long as the republic rears such citizens, her destiny is safe."

The history of General Grant has demonstrated

his possession of the governing elements of character. He has courage, and that of the highest order. His knowledge of men has been marvelously correct. Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, McPherson—these and others were worthy marshals for a worthy leader. Had he mistaken his men when he sent Sherman to the sea, and Sheridan whirling up the Shenandoah, the results had been most disastrous. But he was not mistaken. His keen eye measured brain and estimated character. His power to sway men is remarkable. He did not magnetize his troops, as would Napoleon, but, better still, they believed in him. He entered their life, and grappled them to him as with hooks of steel! His judgment has proved infallible, else he would early have become perplexed with multiplied details, but seeing through them, he acted accordingly, and conquered them.

He has unquestionably shown a high order of executive ability. To command at once the armies of the Union and move them with unity of plan, but manifold diversity of execution, demanded far more than military dash. When he became, on the retirement of Mr. Stanton, the acting Secretary of War, it was seen that he could grasp the minutest details and comprehend the broadest generalizations. He simplified business, cut down expenditures, and reformed abuses which had unavoidably fastened to the department as barnacles upon a superb ocean steamer. When the Stanton-Johnson imbroglio ripened, General Grant was environed with difficulties which would have dazed any ordinary man; but his

admirable coolness, his self-poise, and "saving common-sense," more than equaled the occasion. Though it was matter of regret to him to be compelled to differ radically with his official superiors, he was too strong for His Excellency the President, though the latter was a trained politician, having "served in nearly every official position, from Alderman of his native village to President of the United States."

It was felt by the friends of General Grant that his duties in the War Office were most severely to test his ability, and that his position would gravely imperil his political future. He knew the same. To accept might be construed as an endorsement of the course of the President against Secretary Stanton, but the General saw no alternative other than acceptance, for that was, to him, a duty admitting of no choice. By that act the War Department was in safe hands at a time of intense excitement if not of public peril. Once there, it was not possible for even the daring of Andrew Johnson to demand Grant's portfolio. At the proper moment, when the Senate had vindicated Mr. Stanton, he vacated the office, leaving his predecessor again in position, and the President in unenviable mood. It was a successful *coup d'etat*. No move before Vicksburg was more brilliant. The storm gathered above his head, and burst upon him, but he quietly waited. He went to the country for his vindication, and it is remarkable that, intense as was the contest of 1868, few of his opponents had the hardihood to arraign Grant on his record of Secretary of War. It will

yet be seen more clearly than even now, that the Secretaryship of General Grant was another of the great crises of our history. Had he faltered or blundered,—had he failed with admirable consistency, quiet courage, and unshaken integrity to meet the emergency of the hour, the consequences are past human calculation.

It early became apparent that the mind of the nation was settling upon General Grant for the responsible position of the Chief Magistracy. It was not military genius, dazzling and blinding the eyes of the people, that was wanted; Sherman, the peerless campaigner, and Sheridan, the hero of Five Forks and bold rider of the Shenandoah had these. It was not alone his stately reticence and persistence; George H. Thomas, the hero of Nashville, had these traits. The people had faith in Grant's completeness, in his record, his quiet endurance, his unselfishness, and in the sterling manhood he had evinced. They believed in him as a man and as a patriot. The manifestation of the popular purpose was not pleasant to the General. His tastes were not political. His training had been military, and there was nothing attractive *to him* in being the centre of a political onset, in running the fire of a party press and political advocates. Many of his warmest friends shared the feeling of those words sweetly uttered by his charming lady and devoted help-meet, "*I do not want Mr. Grant to be President.*"

He had won eminence on the field, and had attained the first military position on earth, and his

high place was secured for life. His friends were content to see him at the head of the national forces. They saw that he must enter political life at a time of great disquietude, when questions of reconstruction and finance were troublesome and complicated,—when the signs indicated that an early breaking up and a recasting of political parties were inevitable. They felt it best that he should not abandon assured and richly-merited eminence for the questionable honor of the Presidency. The difficulties of reconstruction had taxed the skill of Congress, especially with the counteracting influence of an antagonistic Executive. To remove that obstacle, the impeachment of the President had been attempted and failed. The burden of taxation was oppressive, the currency was of fluctuating and uncertain value; indeed, there was nothing stable. It was not to be disguised that a wide-spread and growing feeling looked toward a change, and that many who had steadfastly voted with the dominant party were considering whether the public good did not demand an alteration. Steadily grew the conviction that in Grant and Grant alone was the man for the hour; that his hand must hold the reins; that he must once more head the true men of the Union!

The National Republican Convention assembled in Chicago in May, 1868. After the preliminary arrangements were completed, Major General John A. Logan rose and nominated as candidate for the Presidency, Ulysses S. Grant, of Galena, Illinois, General of the Armies of the United States! The

applause was most enthusiastic, and deafening, and long continued. Then came the call by States, and *every vote* was given for General Grant. The result surprised no one—the nomination had been made by the people, and the great convention simply registered the choice. Happily associated with him as candidate for Vice President, was his devoted and cherished personal friend, Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

The political campaign was an exciting one, and in its early stages some doubted of the result; but the feeling for a change, stated above, was soon lost,—the personal popularity of Grant, and the indiscretion of his opponents, buried it for the time, and the preliminary elections of October settled the matter of succession beyond dispute. On the third of November the people spoke, and called the leader of our armies to the chair of the President, by the largest majority ever given to a President since the days of Washington. Even those who were beaten acquiesced, for all had faith in his honesty and ability. General Grant has been a man of few words. None could entrap him into speech-making, but his utterances have repeatedly thrilled the hearts of the people. His reply of “Unconditional and immediate surrender” to Buckner at Fort Donelson, became as current as the old maxim, “Don’t give up the ship.”

One clause in his letter accepting the nomination became talismanic, “Let us have peace.” He, the bronzed warrior, the triumphant chieftain, anxious for rest to revisit his long-agitated country, asks for

peace! The people caught the words; they flew over the prairies, they blazed on transparencies. And the people answered, "Aye, let us have peace and a peacemaker."

" 'Let there be peace,' the warrior said;
And swift as light the word has sped
By north and south, and east and west,
Calming the nation's troubled breast;
Inspiring hopes that still increase,
The watchword grows, 'tis 'Grant and peace!'
Peace! Nurse of fruitful industry;
Peace over land and over sea;
Peace to the shop, the farm, the mart;
Peace to the mother's bleeding heart,
Called on no more for sons to die
In distant fields for liberty.
Peace to the eager, active North,
To aid her enterprise and worth;
Peace to the battle-wearied South—
Peace in the spirit not the mouth—
To heal her wounds, to cure her grief,
And give her fainting soul relief.
Peace unto all that toil and strive
To hoard the honey in their hive;
Peace to give union, perfect, pure,
Through ages stainless to endure;
Of power to bid all discords cease,
And commerce, trade, and wealth increase;
Such is the spell of 'Grant for peace!'"

The future is not for our reading. We can not pierce its opaque plane, and read it to be written history; yet if President Grant shall live, the nation looks for great things under his administration. It will be patient with seeming delay, for it remembers Vicksburg. This sketch does not pretend to set forth

the details of Grant's personal or military history; that has been done by abler pens, in forms so varied and so forcible, that it has become as a "household creed." Nor is it meant to write mere eulogy. Grant is not the man for that; his character is too granitic. It is rather that we may record in this brief space a country's gratitude and appreciation.

Nor for that alone. It is well that young men shall consider that success does not always come to the pushing, the noisy, the demonstrative; that abnegation of self and selfish ambition sometimes "pays." We see Grant to-day President of the United States. Who were his parents? Plain, honest, God-fearing people; not aristocratic, not rich, not devotees to fashion,—but noted for their goodness. Says an able writer, of General Lee: "The fact of his being *a Lee of Virginia* weighed him down. He labored during the war as he labors now, under the belief that he was somebody, from the accident of birth."

Grant had no such manacles placed upon him; and his "uncommon honesty, and great common sense," would not, as is often done, assume ancestral nobility. We trace him through his early life, but fail to recognize in his manifest genius aught to portend the dazzling career. Instead of meretricious glare is solid, steady industry, persevering faithfulness. *He* would do what was assigned him. He sought no distinction—shunned none. At his desk in the office of Governor Yates, or as an *attache* of the Adjutant General of Illinois, as General of the

armies, he is the same *faithful man*, doing with his might the duties of the hour. He crowds aside no rival; no jealousy of others interferes with his achievements. He can afford to wait promotion, or to dispense with it, but can not afford to leave undone his duty. It is a lesson to be studied and illustrated again and again, *the worth of the man in our Republic*. A man may not have eminent social position, great wealth, nor apparently superior genius, but if he have a well-balanced brain, inflexible honesty, tireless industry, and faithfulness in ordinary everyday duties, he may win the loftiest positions, and wear the noblest honors.

The love for General Grant in his own State of Illinois is remarkable. He may not be "a prophet," for he is surely not "without honor in his own country." When he returned to Chicago after his victory over Lee, the ovation was overwhelming. When he returned to Galena, the train passed through lines of shouting people, weeping in their exulting gladness, and through series of triumphal arches spanned by loving hands. In Galena it was as the outpouring of many floods. Not merely a General of renown,—not merely the first soldier of the age had come to the city of hills, but their neighbor was home again, and they made their rocky fastnesses ring and resound with their joy. If additional evidence is wanting, it is in the returns of the third of November, 1868.

What words would seem so fitting to sum up the

results of his four or eight years' administration as those of Tennyson on the great Iron Duke ?

“ The statesman, warrior, moderate, resolute ;
Whole in himself a common good ;
The man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambition's crime.
Our greatest, yet with least pretence ;
Great in council, great in war ;
The foremost captain in his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
In his simplicity sublime ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid stream of rumor flow
Through either babbling world of high and low.
Whose life was work, his language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life.
He on whom from both her open hands,
Lavish Honor showered all her stars,
And affluent Fortune sanctified all her hours.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the State.
Not once, or twice, ere our own country's story,
The path of duty was the path of glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purple, which out-redden
All voluptuous golden roses.”

CHAPTER II.

THE PURPORT OF THE BOOK.

Our War—Its Magnitude—Its Sphere of Humanities—Austro-Italian War—Our Relief Societies—No precedent—Appropriate that a rapid Sketch of the War be given in this Work—Accepted History—Nothing succeeds like success—The Apple of Sodom nipped in the bud—Douglas and Lincoln—The South divided to elect Lincoln—War the result.

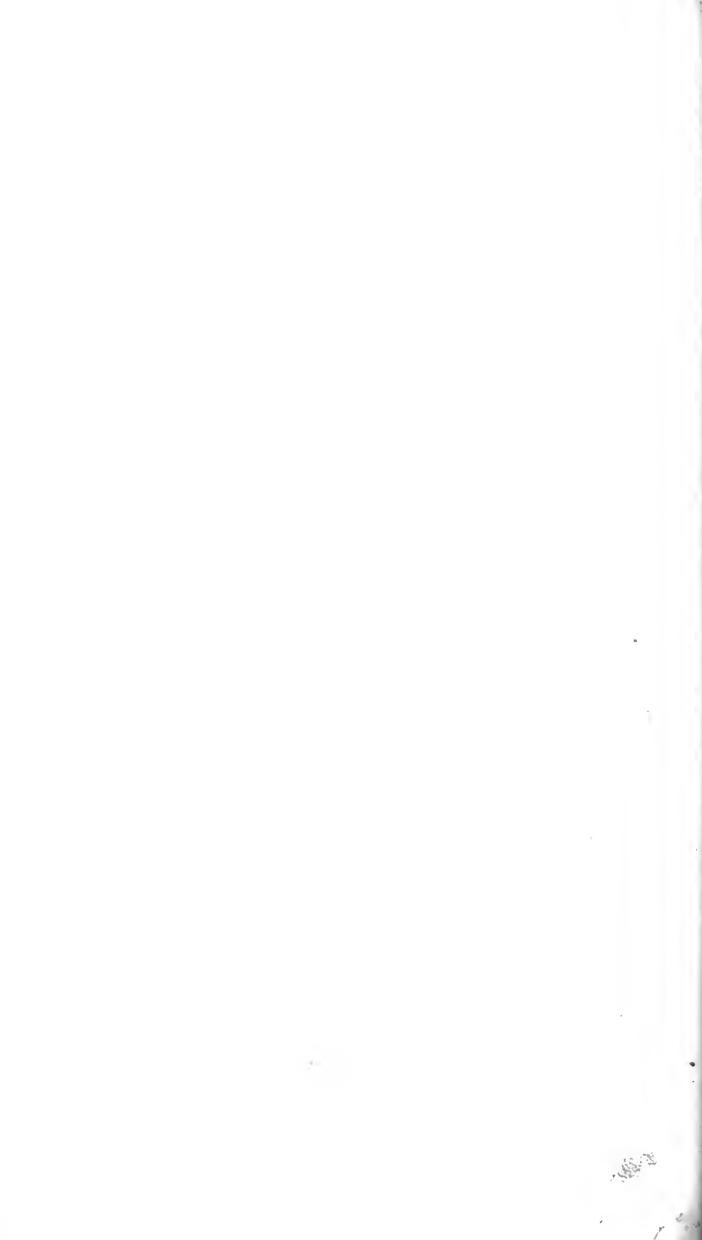
THIS book is not a complete history of the war, or of any part of it, but rather a record of historic and authentic events in that most eventful time, as they came to the observation and experience of one who was called upon to drink to the dregs of the bitter cup, and who did what lay in her power to lessen and alleviate the sufferings around her.

Whether we consider the immense aggregate of men engaged; the number and magnitude of the battles; the vast spaces traversed by multitudinous armies; the inconceivable sums lavished, or the ingenuity expended upon the arming and equipping thereof; the pertinacity with which stronghold after stronghold, and region after region were attacked and overcome; or the numbers of killed and wounded, due to unequalled sagacity of commanders and unsurpassed qualities of soldiership: our civil war as far excels any similar conflict as it stands pre-eminent in the momentous results achieved. Nor in the sphere



John C. Calhoun

VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



of humanities was it wanting; for in no contest ever waged was so much done to anticipate, relieve and prevent the physical sufferings and the life-long or fatal results attendant in our times upon battles fought by intelligent and desperate men, armed with agencies more malign than those with which Milton makes his hell hideous.

The principles of humanity were admirably applied in the Austro-Italian war, in the Crimean campaign, in the last contest of the British in India, and since the close of our conflict in the brilliant and decisive campaign ending at Sadowa; but in none of these were the great charities, which mitigate even bloody strife, organized on a scale commensurate with that of the causes which produced, the passions that fed, and the energy that directed them. The Sanitary and Christian Commission, the Soldiers' Aid and Relief Societies, and the Freedman's Aid Commission, which the war has called into being, and some of which peace has perpetuated, were simply creations of the epoch, having not merely no model upon which to build, but most of them owing no suggestion to precedent. They were clearly products of the same patriotic self-sacrifice which inspired millions for the conflict. It is therefore appropriate that a record of personal experience and observation amid agencies so benign should be prefaced with a rapid sketch of the war in its general causes and its popular aspects.

Nothing succeeds like success; and success which, in the judgment of history, often justifies even a bad

cause, gains twofold respect for a good one. The accepted history of great struggles is ever written from the stand-point of the winning side. Had our forefathers failed in the struggle for independence, Washington would in history have headed the list of traitors, and England's oppressions would have been merely the just rigor of a "parental" government. We by this time may feel assured that, had the Southern Confederacy succeeded in perpetuating itself on its "chief corner-stone," at least one English-speaking people would have hailed Jefferson Davis as the "liberator" of one race, in spite of his having rendered the bondage of another utterly hopeless. But that was not to be — could not be. Members of one family — kinsmen and brethren, who had refreshed at the same table and communed at the same altar — began to pray for each others' destruction, and profanely fulfilled their petition by calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon a land soon to be drenched in fraternal blood. Friendly bonds were broken; the mystic tie of love severed; and, oblivious to the principles that had so long made us a great nation, inflamed itself on petty grievances. The great Republic was broken. The home of the stranger and land of the free was such no longer, and the united world looked upon the discordant, dissevered, belligerent sisterhood, and trembled for the result.

With peace the North has won the right to fix the point of view from which impartial history is infallibly to regard the war. A reading public can never be otherwise than unanimous upon both the original

motive and the chosen means of the rebellion. Alexander Stephens arrogantly but quite superfluously expressed both in his famous speech. A new nation was to be built up on the old Constitution, wrested from the pious and humane maxims of its founders, and its corner-stone was to be human bondage.

National power, absolute and unquestioned, was the final end. The accomplished fact of an enslaved and multiplying race was at once pretext and means. Earl Russell, indeed, affirmed that desire as the incentive of the North; but if the North desired political power and "empire," as he affirmed, it at least desired it in the interest of freedom and self-help. The desire on the part of the South had long since ripened into determination; nay, it had already powerfully manifested itself in attempts at "nullification," under a pretended grievance (the tariff) more plausible than the perpetuation and extension of slavery, and under a leader (Calhoun) more notable than Davis.

But slavery was, after all, but the pretext of the South; for while the agitators who prepared and precipitated rebellion fired the Southern heart with the fear that the peculiar institution was the object not only of Northern hate but of Northern aggression, the North was recognizing the legal existence of slavery, and pledging its perpetuity so long as the South demanded it, and disclaiming all intention of interference, verifying that disclaimer by throwing around it every legal safeguard and every political bulwark which the South could desire. Such were,

from the outset, the repeated declarations of Mr. Lincoln; such the reiterated declarations of the party which he led, all renewed again and again in Congressional legislation even after the war began. The patriotic readers of this book, most of whom have sacrificed much, and some all that made life valuable, in the just prosecution of a war virtually against slavery, can painfully recall the concern with which they watched the progress of the struggle, and how they hoped against hope, that the issue of the war might in some way be the abolition of the accursed thing. Month after month, year after year, after the rebels had long forfeited all claims to consideration under the Constitution which they at once pleaded and spurned, the Government temporized until forbearance ceased to be virtue or wisdom. Emancipation was at last proclaimed, when it became imperative; the negro was created a citizen, and permitted to join the citizen ranks in behalf of his country.

A war begun and persistently continued in the avowed interest of the Constitution and the Government, resulted in the overthrow of an ungrateful system, in whose behalf that Constitution had been pleaded, and at whose behest the three branches of the Government had at length come to act. In this unexpected result was found the first practicable interpretation in our history, in the free spirit of its preamble, of a document from which the very word slavery had been studiously excluded. Concerning the opinion of the fathers of the Republic upon this

point there is happily no doubt. The most that can be said is, that it was a false sagacity; a mistaken prudence, that provided for the protection and culture of an apple of Sodom which might have been then and there "nipped in the bud." They did not sanction slavery, although they permitted it, in the mistaken expectation that it would end in self-destruction.

How the wholesome first anti-slavery movement came to be checked, it is not necessary to consider further than to allude in general to the political aspects which slavery assumed, and especially its increased commercial importance consequent upon the introduction of the cotton-gin, resulting in improved methods of cotton culture. Thus suddenly identified with controlling interests of politics, industry, and commerce, slavery came to be a system, a state of society, a form of civilization "plainly sanctioned by Heaven," but to be blushed at and apologized for by man. Thus it was vindicated, asserted, and defended. This point reached, there could be no stand-still. If right, and to be defended, it must be strengthened. In order to be secure in its present possessions, it must acquire new ones. Hence and herein arose the "irrepressible conflict." For if slavery, in order to exist at all, must expand, it was revolting to every sentiment of self-consistency, of humanity, of morality in the free North, that it must henceforth, through all the nation's life, move with equal step and hand-in-hand with liberty; that the growing effect of every negotiation, of every concession, of every com-

promise between North and South, was the recognition and sanction of slavery. This was to give it the precedence in our political affairs, and to plead in its behalf in the ears of men of other nations. For foreigners estimate a country as a unit, and regard the whole responsible for the worst that any part presents. In the natural and just judgment of the Christian world, a nation which accommodated the laws of its free States to the selfish needs and demands of slave communities, was a slaveholding nation, pure and simple.

But the issue was not to be decided by moral considerations alone. Providentially, there arose at length a disturbing element no less powerful than slavery in its political and commercial aspects had become. That was the emigration movements to the West. The multiplication of thoroughfares, by the opening of natural ones, and the construction of artificial ones made practical through improved agencies of steam, hastened the peopling of the North-western region as rapidly as the new demands of Europe's surplus population could necessitate. This was still further hastened by the discovery of gold on the Pacific slope. Emigration to these vast regions, as fast as over-crowded Europe and the dense population of the Eastern and Middle States could supply, soon told the story. It was clear to Southern statesmen that either free States must cease multiplying, or slavery must go to the wall, in spite of inviting Cuba, Central America, and Mexico.

The repeal of the Missouri Compromise was

secured, but only to open once more the source of all our political wars, and to hasten the result which it aimed to prevent. The question came to an issue, and was decisively settled in a small field—that of Kansas. Little by little, amid contests long, fierce, and now sanguinary, the old parties had become “demoralized.” The animating principles of the Whig party were either set aside or obsolete, and the leaders sought, in the increasing anti-slavery sentiment of the North, a new party basis. In the new movement it soon lost its name; and so there was nothing to prevent any Democrat more truly democratic than the partisan standard of his class, from identifying himself with a movement alike grateful to humane and Christian sentiments, and in harmony with the party’s original ideas. The new organization, thus composed of the advanced minds of the old parties, failed of success in the campaign of 1856; but Providence permitted the elevation to power of an Executive in the person of James Buchanan, under whose administration abuses already grievous should become simply intolerable. The South was even then, under thirty years of training, undoubtedly prepared to have made the election of Fremont (Buchanan’s opponent) a pretext for secession; but matters were not yet ripe for combinations sufficiently powerful to secure the election of a free-soil candidate. The next four years were so diligently improved by the new party, as to convince the Southern members of the Democratic National Convention, which sat at Charleston, that Mr. Douglas

was the only man who could certainly succeed against Mr. Lincoln. And although party success was sure under Senator Douglas, yet the South renounced it by divisions in the Convention, which should secure the nomination of at least two anti-Republican candidates. In Republican success would be found an excuse for the revolution so long preparing.

Mr. Lincoln was thus elected through the direct agency of the slaveholding South, and of course no words or assurances of his could convince the Southern States that he did not intend to interfere with their domestic concerns. The Slave States, contrary to the expectation of government, seceded; and their secession was facilitated by the fact that the loyal majority of the nation neglected all precautions and safeguards, in the confident belief that no serious revolt was contemplated.

CHAPTER III.

PROSECUTION OF THE WAR.

North and South — Defence of War — Echoes of Lincoln's Voice — Fort Sumter — Its Siege — Its Fall — Diplomacy Ended — War Inaugurated — Uprising of the North — First Sunday in Chicago — Ready Volunteers — New York — Voice of Each State — On to Richmond — England Recognizes the Rebels — Southern Expedition — General Sherman — General Grant's First Battle — His Soldierly Qualities — Grand Review of 100,000 Men in Virginia — McClellan's "Short, Sharp, Decisive War."

THE circumstances attending the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the events that followed it during the closing acts of Mr. Buchanan's administration, need not be dwelt upon here; the secession of South Carolina in December; the departure of Southern members from Congress in January; the almost fatal divisions of sentiment in the North, finding their counterpart in the dissensions that rent the Southern States; the passing of ordinances of secession by North Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, and Arkansas, and the formation, before the end of February, of a Southern Confederacy, with a provisional government under the rule of Davis, at Montgomery. Congress now exhibited "confusion worse confounded;" rebel members hurled their passionate harangues into the excited throng, and melo-dramatically bade their mock adieus to a Congress that

was never more to be disgraced by the presence of a man-owner.

The loyal representatives, alarmed and discomfited, suggested plan after plan — the Corwin Committees, the Crittenden, Adams, Seward — and each proving more impracticable than the last. Much earnest and patriotic speech was wasted on the abstract right of secession; a right which those already plunged in revolution only made a pretext for their sins; a right which is thus described by an able historian :

“The chief defence made by the South was the right to secede from the confederation which the several States reserved to themselves when they entered it, if at any time they thought fit to do so. The North denied this, and asserted that such a right made the Union a rope of sand, and the Government guilty of providing for its own destruction. Besides, said they, Louisiana cost us \$15,000,000, Florida \$5,000,000, to say nothing of \$40,000,000 expended in driving the Indians from her swamps; and Texas, directly and indirectly, more than \$200,000,000; and to suppose that these States, as soon as they had pocketed the money of the Government, could withdraw and set up for themselves, was the climax of absurdity.”

More than this, to whom did the Mississippi River belong, if it did not to the whole Union? The whole discussion, however, was a waste of breath, for the doctrine of secession, as explained by the South, was never acted upon by them. If the right of secession be granted, it can take place only in the form and by the legal process that characterized the formation of the compact. The State wishing to withdraw must present herself before the Confederation, and proceed with the same formality and respectfulness she did

when she entered it, and be bound by the same decision of the parties concerned. This the South never proposed to do; and to say that any State, when she entered the Confederacy, reserved to herself the right, whenever she saw fit, to rush to arms, seize the forts, and soldiers, and post-offices, and mints, and ships of the United States, is a falsehood on the face of it too gross to need a reply. And yet this is just what the Southern States did. The South rushed into *rebellion*, and unless their acts can be justified on the ground that they were grievously oppressed, and had exhausted every peaceable means to obtain redress, as we did previous to our revolt against the mother-country, even, as we asserted, "prostrating ourselves at the foot of the throne in vain appeals," they stand convicted of a crime too heinous to be expressed in language, and which will grow blacker with the lapse of time.

At last, the twenty-third of February, the day on which Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington, preparatory to his inauguration, saw the nation in effect divided, North and South;—the one, in spite of glaring exceptions, contending in the nation's name against a giant wrong; the other, in spite of shining exceptions, defending that wrong, and asserting it in the nation's name. Mr. Lincoln was, however, peacefully inaugurated President of the United States; but the echoes of his voice had scarcely died away, uttering these appealing words, "We are not enemies, but friends; we *must* not be enemies," ere Beauregard received an order to take command of the forces

against Sumter. Yet it is scarcely doubtful that the South did not really expect war to be the result of this hardihood. The ear of the Federal Government, in behalf of the "divine institution," was now sought more vigorously than ever, and they seemed to think that if to go they were determined, they would be permitted to depart in peace, and be let alone in the happy exercise of their divine right to oppress their fellow-men, and luxuriate on the sweat of their brow. This much accomplished, it was their calculation that the North, in order to get them back, would humbly volunteer concessions beyond all that previous compromise had given. Yet they continued preparations for war in great earnestness; and truly typical of their entire warfare were their operations against Fort Sumter.

It was a mild spring night; not a sound disturbed the quietness that reigned over the peaceful waters of the bay. Nature gave no sign of the dread event so near at hand, which should summon a million of men to arms, and send State dashing on State in fierce collision, drench the land in fraternal blood, and unsettle the civilized world. At half-past four o'clock, before the full dawn could reveal to them the flag under whose folds they had so long lived in peace and prosperity, the first shot was fired. The deep thunder woke the morning echoes, and rolled away over the trembling waters of the bay. At that moment the great clock of Destiny struck its warning note!

A few moments of dead silence followed this first

explosion, as if nature paused at the awful deed, and then came the earthquake. From Fort Moultrie, Point Pleasant, Fort Johnston, the Floating Battery, Cummings' Point, and Sullivan's Island, the well-trained batteries poured in their concentric fire, till sea, and shore, and heaven shook to the fierce reverberations. A line of volcanoes seemed suddenly to have burst from the sea, and the broad glare from the blazing guns and hurtling shells traversed the air in every direction over the doomed fort, and in fiery network heralded in the day. Anderson and his mere handful of men listened unmoved to the wild hurricane without, till the sun had climbed the heavens. Garisoned with but seventy-five men, a scanty supply of provisions, and only solid shot, and a small quantity at that, to reply to the enemy's heavy cannonading, the prospects were that starvation would soon have made them strike their flag to the foe; and why so violent an attack should have been made upon the little group, seems to be explained only in the manner with which every horror of warfare was afterwards resorted to. The ponderous balls of the enemy were knocking loudly for admittance, but not a shot was fired in return.

With characteristic firmness and trust, Major Anderson and his little band knelt in prayer, and resolved never to surrender to so vile an assault, committed themselves and the result of the battle to Heaven, and calmly arose to meet their fate. After breakfast, which they finished as leisurely as though preparing for a parade, they were divided into three reliefs, and

the order of fire was given. A sheet of flame now ran along the side of the dark structure, and gun answered to gun in quick succession for the next four hours, like the deafening explosion of thunder among the Alps.

“Forty-seven mortars and large cannon beat upon and burst over the fort incessantly. The heavy explosions called out the inhabitants of Charleston in crowds, and the house-tops and shores were lined with excited spectators, gazing earnestly over the water where the tossing clouds of smoke obscured the sky. Every portion of the fortress was searched by the enemy’s fire, and loosened bricks and mortar were flying in every direction. It was impossible to serve the guns *en barbette*, and they were knocked to pieces one after another by the shot and shell that swept the crest of the ramparts. Anderson was able only to reply with solid shot, and these fell harmlessly upon the enemy’s works. The barracks again and again caught fire, and required great energy and daring to put them out. The cartridges of our men were soon exhausted, but they renewed them with their shirt-sleeves. Noon came, and the soldiers, snatching a hasty bite of their last hard biscuit and salt pork, went calmly on with their work. During this tremendous cannonading, Major Anderson, hoping still to save his men, turned his eyes anxiously towards the mouth of the harbor where lay our succoring fleet, which dared not run the dark batteries that stretched between them and the fort. Thus the toilsome day wore away, and, as darkness enveloped the scene,

Anderson and his men, being no longer able to observe the effect of their shot, ceased firing and lay down for the night. The enemy, however, did not remit his attack, but all night long his ponderous shot kept smiting the solid walls of the fort. Early on Saturday morning the little garrison were again at work, and gun answered gun in quick response. The barracks for the fourth time took fire, and all attempts to put it out were fruitless; the hot shot of the enemy, dropping incessantly among the combustible material, kept up a sea of flame, and soon the conflagration within was more terrible than the hurricane of shot without."

The whole garrison was called from the guns to save the magazine, and barrels of powder were rolled through the burning embers to a place of safety. But the heat soon became too great to continue the work, and the magazine was abandoned to await its destiny. The fire now raged uncontrolled, and the smoke, driven downward by the wind, filled all the interior of the fort, so that the men could no longer see each other. Choked by the stifling air, they flung themselves on the ground, and throwing wet kerchiefs and cloaks over their faces, lay and gasped for breath. The last biscuit had been eaten the day before. The walls were crumbling around them; the main gate had been burned down, leaving an open passage to an advancing force, and it was more apparent than ever that the contest was utterly hopeless. Still, the noble commander, unmoved amid the wreck, refused to strike his colors. The magazine, expected momenta-

rily to explode, could not be reached, and the cartridges were nearly exhausted, yet a feeble shot was occasionally fired to let the fleet outside and the enemy know they had not surrendered. The shells and ammunition in the upper service magazine now caught fire and exploded with a fearful crash, sending splintered beams and blazing fragments in every direction, adding tenfold to the terror of the conflagration that lashed its heavy flames around every part of the inclosure. Thus hour after hour the men worked with wet cloaks over their mouths.

At length the fire approached the men's quarters where the barrels of powder that had been taken from the magazine lay exposed. The soldiers rushed through the flames with wet blankets and covered them over, but the heat became so intense that it was feared they would take fire and blow up the fort, and they were rolled from the embrasures into the sea. There were but three left, and only three cartridges now in the guns. At this crisis the flag-staff was shot away; but the flag was brought in, and by order of Major Anderson again nailed to the flag-staff, which was replaced on the ramparts, and continued to wave defiantly. Their courage, daring, and invincible energy, in the very jaws of death, was a sight to move any thing human. A few moments after this fearful crisis, a man was seen coming from the enemy with a white flag tied on his sword. It proved to be Wigfall, late Senator from Texas, who, moved by the spectacle before him, came, and, upon his own responsibility, offered terms of capitulation. "Thus

fell Fort Sumter, the opening act of the most fearful tragedy the world has ever seen."

The people of Charleston and the South, mistaking the real nature and swift results of this fearful act of violence, were wild with joy. But, alas! though they had succeeded in firing the train, and bathed in its flickering light, they unconsciously danced upon a magazine, the explosion of which would shake the civilized world.

The unexpected unanimity and energy of the North soon convinced the South that no alternative now remained save to fight. The attempt to force new compromises and concessions ended when the first fatal gun thundered against the Federal fortress, and put the subject forever beyond argument. The era of diplomacy was ended, and the epoch of action was inaugurated.

I must be permitted here to say a word of Stephen A. Douglas, Mr. Lincoln's great antagonist. He was an old and influential Democrat, whose eloquence had won a world-wide reputation, and who, through the fascinations of his oratory, had become a great favorite with the senators, legislators, and statesmen of our country. When the war came, he called upon Mr. Lincoln and told him of his determination to coerce the rebellion, and he came immediately to Illinois and began to address large audiences upon the necessity of sustaining the Union at all hazards. Thus he won over disaffected localities, and is said to have carried the Illinois State Legislature with him. War! war! war! was now the cry all over the land. Mr. Doug-

las made his last great speech in the "Republican Wigwam," where Mr. Lincoln was first nominated. It was said to be the most successful oration he ever uttered; full of patriotism, and evincing a determination, resolute and strong, to crush out conspiracy from "the best government which the sun of heaven ever shone upon." The West was nearly united in voice through his eloquence, which exercised an influence that none, who have not lived in the midst of civil commotion, can comprehend. So important were his speeches considered that they were nearly always transmitted, during those times, by telegraph; and it seems one of the most generous examples in political history, that this man of giant intellect and granite will, should forget his defeat, smother his ambitions and political hostilities, and lay his entire talent and energies at the feet of Mr. Lincoln, in behalf of the government. Poor man! he did not live to see the Union triumphant. Peace-traitors cried out, "No coercion;" but the answer, the triumphant answer, always was, "Douglas sustains Lincoln." And Douglas was a host, a tower of strength, for the best of his party really loved and honored him for his just convictions. While there was a chance for compromise, Douglas used all his wonderful powers to effect it; but as soon as a possibility of that ceased, like his noble compeers, he flew "to arms," and all party lines at the North instantly vanished, partisan barriers were swept away in the overwhelming current of patriotic feeling. Party leaders remembered only that they owed all to an imperiled nation, an outraged government; and nobly had the great Democratic

leader proven that "he who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

A united South and a united North stood face to face in unpostponeable, truceless hostility. In the nation's and humanity's behalf, patriotism and Christianity had risen to the height of the great argument debated for half a century, and thenceforth there was to be no step backward in the new nation's chosen course, advancing against all barriers, and gathering strength against all obstacles; "like to the Pontic Sea whose icy current and compulsive course ne'er feels returning ebb, but keeps due on to the Propontic and the Hellespont."

When it flashed over the wires to the West that Sumter had been fired upon, the nation turned pale with horror and indignation. No one who witnessed can ever forget the scenes in Chicago on that first eventful Sunday of the rebellion.

Could it be, that *our flag*, emblem of nationality, and symbol of authority, respected upon the high seas, and honored of all potentates and powers, had, by its own protected subjects, been trampled upon and insulted? The thought was paralyzing, and dumb incredulity alone at first took possession of every mind. But the truth was soon confirmed, the insult thrust to every bosom, and, in a tumult of grief at the long-endured injuries, the hidden grievances and wrongs of a century, the great, warm American was overwhelmed, and bounded, as by a mandate from Heaven, to the defence of the flag! Old men, tearful, rushed "to arms" with the haste and vigor of youth; young men

flew to the anvils, which resounded from every street corner, and exemplified their determination to mould ammunition enough in one day, if necessary, to suppress rebellion. Women offered up their first-born as freely as would the Hindoo to appease the angry gods; and boys, impromptu, took the field, and fought miniature battles in the Sabbath streets. Ministers inspired the defence by burning words from the pulpit; lawyers and orators from every street, stand, and forum reiterated with stirring eloquence: On to the defence, or we perish! Capitalists, millionaires, offered all their hoarded wealth to sustain those who went forward, and many of them took oath to join the ranks then as privates. The insulted flag suddenly bloomed from every bosom. "Rally round the flag;" "Defend the flag;" "To arms for the flag;" "Avenge the stars and stripes," were mottoes accompanying the flag that flamed from every window, above every door, on gateways, street corners, house-tops, locomotives, steeples, church spires, until the very atmosphere was dimmed by innumerable banners. The rostrum was busy at work. Impromptu sermons were preached, that proved our land to be one established by Heaven for free speech, free press, liberty, and the free "pursuit of happiness;" while balconies, platforms, court-house steps, etc., resounded with oratory from men who had never spoken before; martial music resounded through the streets; the "Star-spangled Banner," taking the place of religious hymns, swelling from thousands of voices, drowned the Sabbath tones of choir and organ. Gentlemen's hats were

adorned with miniature flags, rosettes of "red, white, and blue" streamed from every lady's dress, and even bouquets for sweethearts were arranged in national colors. As I beheld the livid faces and stern features in which was condensed a terrible fervor of patriotic rage, I knew that the blood of the old Anglo-Saxon race was not subdued, but that it was as fierce, as invincible, as in the best days of British warfare. There was any thing but "peace on earth and good-will to man;" on that day rebellion was denounced with a heartiness that augured well for victory when the struggle at arms should come. As the troubled day began to close, a western sky sympathetically caught the national colors, and lingered for some moments above the scene. The phenomenon was taken as a happy omen, and from the thousands who witnessed it shouts went up, as under a common inspiration, for the "red, white, and blue." One thought, one determination, beneath this affluence of enthusiasm and energy, possessed all loyal hearts,—that as slavery had taken up the sword against the nation, by the sword, in that nation's hand, it should perish. Thus closed the 14th day of April, 1861, in the city of Chicago.

On the 15th, Mr. Lincoln responded to the popular desire so far as to call for 75,000 volunteers—three months' men. Had it been 300,000, he would but have met the people half way. Congress was also summoned to meet on the 4th of July, but the people asked, Why not at once? The government having no authority to contract debts, tenders of aid came

from every section—from states and municipalities, which offered appropriations for every man that went. The North was alive with impromptu companies and regiments; old patriotic songs, and new ones born of the genius and spirit of the new epoch, filled the air. In every town, hamlet, and locality the display of flags, in the hands of aged men and wondering, excited children, draping streets and churches, halls of justice and legislation, was a scene truly inspiring. The women, not less loyal than the men, joined, so far as practicable, in these public demonstrations; and, instead of mourning over the departure of husband, brother, or son, set themselves earnestly to work to provide for the necessities and comforts of the march, the battle-field, and the hospitals. Every Northern State, and some of the Border States, responded instantly to the call; but Virginia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Arkansas refused to honor it. Soon the Old Dominion, through mingled fraud and force, cut loose from the nation, in the unquestioned certainty of becoming the battle-ground of the conflict which her fatal pride and weakness would prolong—crushed and ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of Union and Secession.

None of these things troubled the people, whose wisdom was for once equal to their zeal. They saw the great need, they realized the great danger, and were prepared to yield all, to brave all, to meet it. The government alone did not seemingly comprehend the crisis. It exhibited an indecision, a policy of temporizing and procrastination, which, along with the

treason that filled the Capitol and took advantage of every weakness in high places, brought the nation to the verge of ruin. A hesitating policy, divided counsels, half-hearted, uncertain, ill-directed activity, soon produced their sad fruits, in the destruction of the then priceless stores of the Norfolk navy-yard and the Harper's Ferry arsenal, and the evacuation of these important strongholds. Yet these disasters only served to more deeply fire the people and fuse them into one. Four days after the call for troops, Massachusetts regiments, on the way to the Capital, entered Baltimore, and met with indignities and violence at the hands of a rebel mob. Not even this stimulus was needed to more intensely arouse the nation, for Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were, along with Massachusetts, simultaneously in motion. New York sent her favorite holiday regiment, the noted Seventh; and Massachusetts, in ten days, followed up her pioneer regiment with the flower of her youth and manhood, gathered from every profession and pursuit in the highest class. 'Tis needless to recapitulate the Maryland troubles. Enough to recall that, through the decision and energy of Butler, Baltimore was "flanked;" and the President having "put his foot down," a sure and speedy path was opened to the Capital, over such "sacred soil" as Maryland could claim ownership in. The Capital was saved; but the popular excitement in no degree abated. Every voice throughout the North, of friend or foe of the administration, was "still for war." New York alone was held doubtful in public estimation. Fernando

Wood, its would-be autocrat, who had given the rebels more than sentimental aid and comfort, threatened to detach the metropolis of the country from its State and the government, and assert for it the rank of a "free city." But few there were who did not expect that a city so built up on commerce with the South, whose business men looked to Southern promises to pay as the chief source of their income, would long hesitate between certain bankruptcy and an uncertain hope of continued success, in placing the weight of wealth and its wisdom in the Southern scale. But such did not have long to wait. Responsive to the most earnest utterances of the population of the great Northwest, came the patriotic thunder of the glorious meeting in Union Square, "Down with the Rebellion!" This decisive step left the South utterly without hope of Northern help. But secession, now gone to the length of armed rebellion, could not or would not retreat. In the midst of the Rubicon, to return was more perilous than to go over. Every step taken by the North was o'ermatched by the South, which answered proclamation, and call, and levy, and armament with their like. State after State, stronghold after stronghold abandoned the Union, or was possessed by its foes. One officer high in rank followed another, until nearly all the military experience, if not the military science which the nation had conferred, was false to it in the hour of peril. Vessels were captured; cities fell; munitions of war, government mints, and custom-houses were seized. At length it dawned upon the government

that, whatever force the South should any where bring to bear, must be met by equal force, directed by equal skill, and inspired with like desperate purpose. From that moment—however long it might take, in the lessons of experience, to educate and train the people to war—the nation was safe. It was apparent the people could be trusted. Naught that could happen would long turn them aside from the great work now before them in preserving their national existence. The proclamation blockading the Southern ports, and denouncing Davis's privateers as pirates, had already been issued; following which (26th), Mason and Slidell went to Europe to get foreign sympathy and aid. May 3rd, Mr. Lincoln called for 42,034 volunteers, to serve for three years or the war, and the question of a "standing army" was unavoidably opened.

The conspiracy, meanwhile, made progress. Missouri was divided, Kentucky became "neutral," and Tennessee added her name (May 11th) to the list of Confederates. May 24th, the Federal troops crossed the Potomac, and placed themselves on "sacred soil" at Alexandria,—soil made truly sacred by the blood of the murdered Ellsworth.

Early in June came the reverse at Big Bethel, in which one of the noblest victims of the war (Winthrop) offered up his young life. St. Louis was gallantly saved to the Union by the energy and decision of General Lyon; while McClellan opened his brilliant West Virginia campaign, culminating in Rich Mountain and Carrick's Ford.

The early days of July were distinguished by Sigel's skillful retreat after the Carthage *faux pas*. On July 4th, Congress met. Mr. Lincoln, after a conclusive review of secession and State rights, asked for \$400,000,000. Congress, not fully alive to the needs of the nation, voted a loan of \$250,000,000; while the Senate, more awake to the crisis, passed a bill authorizing the employment of 500,000 more volunteers. Congress had scarcely met before, catching up the watchword of the press, it began to cry, "On to Richmond." The lesson needed to awaken our country to a full sense of the desperation of the South was learned at the battle of Bull Run. It was found that the rebels could match us in numbers, opposing us with men who could fight and would fight; and that to overcome them it would be necessary to begin at the beginning—to build from the foundation, and conduct the war upon war principles. Public opinion found compensation, after Washington was safe, in the reflection that the nation was not yet prepared for victory; that it must humiliate itself; and that to achieve decisive victory then, would be to fall short of compassing the higher object for which the war had been providentially permitted. That was the last, too, of the three months' men, whose term of service in some cases expired on the very day when their aid was indispensable. July 26th, McClellan took the chief command, and entered upon the tedious, indispensable work of army organization. Throughout the North the April scenes were revived. Recruits every where flocked to the standard; and

soon the needed half million stood ready. August followed the example of July, and gave us a terrible reverse in Missouri, under Fremont's command, in the loss of a battle, and the greater loss of Lyon; but the moral effect of Wilson's Creek, where 5,000 retired in order from the field after fighting 20,000 for six hours, was that of a victory.

In immediate connection with the reorganization of the army, should be noticed the wholesome campaign of the government against traitors in the civil service. Other questions arose, affecting the "rights of citizens." England had recognized the Confederacy, and the question of the treatment of prisoners must be disposed of. In all save this one thing, which remained a vexed question to the end, the Federal government conformed to the rules of war. September brought another reverse in Missouri—the fall of Lexington, and the capture of Mulligan. These two disasters, along with the perplexities in which his proclamation involved the government, brought Fremont into great odium. The battles of October, though numerous and far separated, were unimportant—embracing the sea-coast from Cape Hatteras to Pensacola and New Orleans, and the scene of war from West Virginia to Kentucky and Missouri. In October came the Ball's Bluff reverse, notable for the death of Senator Baker, almost the saddest among the many blunders of the war, in which gallant spirits gave up their lives. November was signalized by the departure of the long-prepared Southern expedition, under Sherman and Dupont; the scattering of

the immense armament by a storm, terrific almost beyond precedent; its reunion, and the brilliant capture of Port Royal, the key to Charleston and Savannah. In the West, Grant fought his first battle—that of Belmont; an engagement which all did not then understand, yet which eminently displayed the soldierly qualities that were to give to Grant the leadership.

Belmont, opposite Columbus, was the rebel base of operations in Missouri; and the expedition, organized at Cairo, aimed at breaking up the camp and destroying its munitions. After having fought his way through to the camp, Grant was obliged to fight his way back, against equally heavy odds. The fighting qualities here displayed excelled the generalship of the plan, and awakened in the public mind much popular enthusiasm. This expedition brings the reader to the date at which the author's personal observations begin, which close only with the terrible war and its after-effects upon a country drenched in blood, and draped in mourning by brothers' hands.

The situation of our forces at that time was as follows: West of the Mississippi, there was no established line of defence; east, from that river to the Potomac, the rebels had a strongly-fortified line—interrupted only between the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge—of a thousand miles in length. Against the 300,000 men defending this line, the North afforded 500,000 troops. Our army was now thoroughly “mobilized.” The people were impatient; and the grand review of 100,000 men, which took

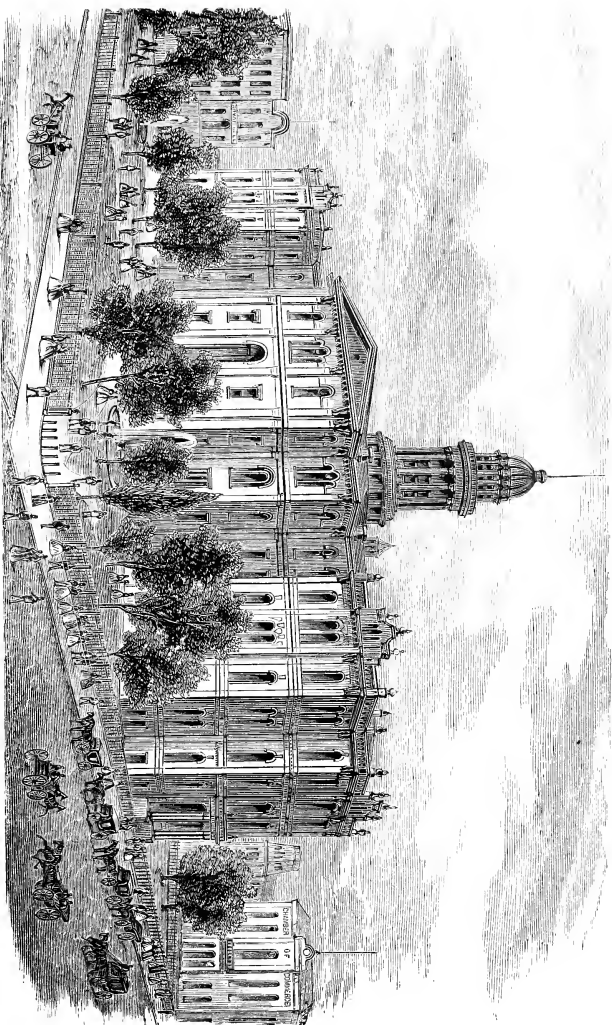
place in Virginia soon after McClellan uttered the words, "The war can not last long, though it may be desperate," was supposed to prelude the opening of the bloody tragedy—"Short, sharp, and decisive" war.

CHAPTER IV.

A PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE.

Loyal Ladies—Beautiful Girls—Battle-Flags—Cupid rallied—*Entrée* to the Army—Streets running with the Blood of War—Bridge of Sighs—*En Route*—The Sisters—Mrs. Porter—Picket Duty on the Train—Bird's Point—Cotton-Fields—Colonel Bird's Plantations, 1,000 Acres each—Sunrise on the Mississippi—"Dat's hisself sure, when he's well"—Fort Holt—Dr. Bringhurst—A Perilous Passage—Past Danger—Pleasant Memories.

CHICAGO made me proud of her during those dark, threatening days. She seemed like one vast army of heroes. The loyal ladies would congregate, and plan, purpose, and execute. Sociables, matinées, and *conversazioni* were abandoned, and work took the place of pleasure. Havelocks were made by the thousand; lint picked by the bushel; sheets, towels, pillow-slips, etc., manufactured in hundreds, as if by magic. Beautiful girls, clustered and grouped together, would work through the long day, and often through the night, upon the above articles, and upon silken battle-flags; the latter so soon to be returned to them from the battle-field, consecrated with heart-histories more tender and thrilling than words can ever convey. Sisters, wives, and parents trembled with apprehension lest their turn would come next, to part with favorite brother, son, or honored companion. That the noblest of our land were called to defend



ROUND-CHANDLER CHAL.

COURT HOUSE.

CHICAGO

our homes, may be proven by the illustrious names enrolled in our war histories, both of the dead and of the living. My mandate, like that of others, came all too soon ; and a right loyal heart, even, was not proof against fearful apprehensions at the intelligence.

"Come quickly, if you wish to see your wounded husband alive," were the words that hurried me into the midst of camp-life, and in close proximity to the terrible realities of war. The letter, which bore the marks of the field, dropped from my trembling fingers ; and donning hat and shawl, without word to friend or foe, I rushed for the cars. The intelligence was, in my sudden absence, learned by my kind hostess, and in alarm she flew to my side. Margaret came weeping also, assuring me that "I'd get shot if I went one blissed step ;" and the party who had assembled on this one evening for a little rest, after the above-mentioned work, became indeed alarmed that war should come so near their door. "I knew he'd get shot," said John, the coachman, whose special duty it was to defend Margaret, and all belonging to her, the house of her mistress and its inhabitants included. "I knew he'd get shot. It's great folly for sich as him to go and leave *our* homes exposed, when there are thousands whom duty plainly calls to the field."

"Whom do you mean, sir?" said a complacent bachelor of forty.

"Mean, sir? I mean those who have no families to defend at home ; those who have fed from the oil and wine of the land forty years, without thought or

care of any one. I mean those who have taken care of themselves, like nursery plants, forty long years, and not given shelter or aid to one blissed homeless child. I mean, sir, those who might go to the battle, and get shot through and through forty times, and no heart at home would be broken by it." And John brought his hand down upon the table like a Mosaic lawgiver.

A sudden scream from one of the ladies belied indifference to the bachelor's fate, and revealed a long-hidden secret of interest. Honest John's theory was, that if bachelors were not taxed, they should, as a penalty for celibacy, go to the field, and at large defend the homes they declined to build up and protect separately.

My anxious hostess pressed a glass of wine to my lips; others placed in my hands lint, jelly, moulds, bandages, pocket Bibles, and a recipe that was said to be a cure for every wound, from home-sickness to the vilest thrusts from rebel shot and shell; and, all but smothered with adieus, and "God bless you's," I was lifted into the carriage, now waiting at the door, and rolled away over the streets, upon my sad midnight journey. Death seemed already to have taken possession of our broad, brilliant avenues, and desolation to be reflected in the light of our sumptuous, regal homes. A civil war was upon us, and none dared predict when or how it would end. The air was filled with war, and the very elements seemed to toll out a requiem to the dead. From previous records of civil conflicts, it needed not a brilliant

imagination to believe the day near at hand when our own streets would flow with the blood of kinsmen and brethren, arrayed in murderous assault. War was something read of in the far-distant past, but never expected in the prosperous, progressive nineteenth century.

The trip to Cairo—"Grand Cairo," an Eastern writer called it—though never an attractive one, was, on that journey, so fraught with interest (at least to one little beating heart), that we hope to be pardoned for remembering it. As I took my place in the cars, I soon found myself the only lady among a car-full of brilliant sabres, bright buttons, new uniforms, soldierly figures, and chivalrous faces, that looked the very embodiment of manly courage and honor. The hope and anticipation that lighted up and almost glorified those youthful countenances, proved how little they knew of the stern realities of war. A group of the Sisters of Mercy soon came, and clustered themselves modestly in one corner. Their solemn faces and dark drapery were in odd contrast to the brilliant soldiery at their side. Yet both were alike going to serve their country,—the one, to repel the enemy at the peril of wounds and death; the other, to heal the wound, to soothe the spirit, to point the departing soul to God, with gentle hands cover the unknown grave, and to moisten it with their tears. Alas! those dark hoods, with spotless frills, were the symbol of their mission. It was mercy mingled with grief,—the cloud of sorrow softened by the silver lining of hope.

This was also the first trip to the field of Mrs. Jeremiah Porter, so soon to be known as the angel of the hospitals. Her gentle, earnest, womanly tones attracted my attention to the next car, and on entering it, I found her with a tract in her hand, pleading for Christ with a group of attentive soldiers. Thus all night long she continued, from one to another, on her holy mission, drawing tears from some, and promises from others. I doubt not she sowed many seeds of awakening interest there, that afterwards, in hospital, or on the field of death, ripened into the full fruit of conversion and salvation.

“Down to Cairo,”—what a fit expression! If heaven means ascending, as is averred, we descended that night until it was suggested to my mind that Chicago must lie very near heaven. We had not before thought of that, but were made many times afterwards to believe it. But long as was the journey, no eye seemed to close on that memorable night. The Sisters, with cross and rosary, invoked the Blessed Virgin; Mrs. Porter continued her ministrations; and the “Boys in Blue,” fired with the romance of war, sat as upright and kept their eyes as wide open as though on picket duty, and subject to military penalty for nodding. Surrounded by strangers, and harassed by strange reflections, my own mind was by no means comfortably occupied. My husband had been hastily summoned to the field. His commission had been handed him; and bidding home, friends, and happiness adieu, he had rushed forward to toil out the veriest fragment

of life, and to meet the ball that there awaited him. Like thousands of women, my call had come, but I dreamed not of its magnitude or its demands. How graciously has Infinite Wisdom concealed the future from us, else there would be many who would far less courageously meet it!

But morn at length began to break through the distant east, and the welcome cry of the conductor informed us that we had reached our destination. As I gazed out upon the "grand city," I was struck with the idea that if one robin does not make a summer, in this case, at least, one house made a town; for, looming up in gloomy grandeur, stood the St. Charles Hotel—a very castle to its submerged surroundings, and the only habitable place seen through the dim, befogged morning. On the arm of the conductor, I struggled through the crowds of soldiers that thronged every street, avenue, doorway and porch, and worked my way up to the steps of the one building. Here we came to a stand-still. The mass of soldiers was so great that it was impossible to move backward or forward; and, drawing my cloak about me, I calmly awaited the beautiful morning shower that dripped slowly and musically upon my head. A soldierly figure with a commanding voice finally broke through the compact mass, and in great haste effected a passage where all others had failed. Seeing that he wore our government uniform, I confidently sought his protection. He saw my condition, and with the gallantry of an ancient cavalier, conducted me to the sitting-room of the

hotel. I anxiously inquired the nearest way to reach the quarters of the surgeon of the 22nd Regiment. "He is stationed at Bird's Point," was the reply; "and if you will wait here until I go to the cars and meet his lady, who is expected to-night, I will conduct you over with us; but I must hasten. The doctor charged me sacredly to conduct his wife immediately to him."

"I am his wife, sir," I replied; "and his injunctions could not be more imperative than my own wish. You will lay me under lasting obligation by going with me now."

The boats that had been plying all night had but just laid their tired oars aside, and the conjoined streams of the Ohio and the Mississippi lay between us and the Point. My escort, General Turner, ordered out a special transport, and, like an Italian gondola, it glided swiftly over the waters, with no sound within reach save that from its own gently-dripping oars. We seemed to cut through a white sheet of cloud, for the fog was around, above, and below us. But suddenly the sun burst through the eastern sky, and dashing his mystic brush across hill, and stream, and forest, and glen, drew out as fine a picture as Church or Beirstadt ever dreamed of. The stream, hitherto so dead to the eye, was now filled with soldiers passing to and fro; the banks were lined with tents, white and artistic; the forest seemed to breathe deeply across the waters to us; and the hills and dales of the south rose up like the opening of a beautiful morning flower.

On landing, a circuitous route took us to the Bird House, a grand old country mansion, now used as army headquarters. This building stood on the edge of a plantation of one thousand acres of cotton-growing land; it was surrounded by negro huts and a prolific old orchard. True, it had been the hot-bed of secession, and Col. Bird, its owner, one of the leaders in the strife; but now the loyal blue streamed from every side, the stars and stripes waved above it, and Union generals, with their staffs, had made kitchens of the negro huts. Things were changed. The plantation, so late the home of the slave and his master, was filled with soldiers of the free North, and the air resounded with the rattle of musketry and the fiery tramp of the war-horse. The pickets were just returning from their wet midnight watch; footmen, cavalry, and artillery were in full motion; officers were calling out their men for morning drill; and the long lines in order being complete, the whole plain seemed like a vast moving panorama dancing in gay uniform, and flashing with steel. The orchard, the cotton-fields in snowy bloom, the white tents beyond, the blue coats stepping to the morning music, and the golden sky above all, helped to complete the picture, behind which lay the grand tragedy of war. It was my first introduction to Southern soil, my first impression of a hostile territory, and, under circumstances less painful, it would have been by no means of an unwelcome nature; but when I remembered my mission there, and thought of the thousands who would, like myself,

visit the field to learn how much they had lost, my heart rose in bitterness that war should ever come. Hundreds, even then, lay in the gory wounds received at Belmont, and their groans reached my ear at every step.

Hastening along the corridor, and through the wide hall that covered one-third of the entire floor, I entered what was shown me as the surgeon's room. Finding no one there, I inquired, in great alarm, of a colored boy who stood in one corner of the room weeping, "Where is the surgeon?" "Bress yer soul, miss, dat's hisself, sure's yer born, when he's well," said he, pointing to a low cot, which seemed to contain no occupant beneath the white sheet that lay so smooth and motionless over it. Raising it carefully, a corpse-like form, moved by the faintest possible breath, struck me dumb with fear. Could that be *he*, lately the incarnation of robust, vigorous, manly health? I shook with fear, and it seemed as though I should fall lifeless beside the almost inanimate form. "How long has he been in this condition?" I inquired. "Oh, miss, ever since the battle of Belmont; he worked hisself to de ground dar, besides the tarnation hard work he did afore dey started. Oh, my marser! my marser! I'se feard he's gwone, sure," and the poor old slave sobbed aloud, as though his heart would break. The eyes of the invalid opened at the noise of Sambo's grief, and the ghastly death-stare that shone from them told us how little we had to hope for. And this was war!

I immediately sought the attending physician, and pleaded for hope, even against all disheartening appearances. "Your coming, madam, has insured your husband's recovery," he replied. "He has called for you day and night, and I doubt not your presence and care will speedily restore him to health."

"Thank you; if his recovery depends upon my presence and care, he shall be saved," and I hastened to the sick soldier's cot. For ten days and nights I watched incessantly by his side, snatching what little rest I got upon a camp-stool at my post; but in spite of all my efforts and the doctor's encouragement, a fatal sinking was the daily result.

One evening as I took my seat at the tea-table with "our mess," Colonel Hart presiding, I noticed many tearful eyes, and a general air of solemnity. As a relief from the constantly deepening gloom that shrouded my heart, I affected a cheerfulness that I by no means felt, and conversed in a vein of pleasantry. But the effort met with only compassionate looks. In a moment I was thrilled with a sense of the terrible reality of my worst fears. Bursting into tears, I left the room, and sought the physician in charge. Determined to know the worst, I exclaimed, "Doctor, is there any hope for my husband?"

"Madam, you have asked a question which I have no right to answer."

Trembling with fear and indignation that almost choked utterance, I said, "Sir! after the encourage-

ment you have given me from the first, you dare not now tell me there is no hope."

"Calm yourself, madam; we have long known that your husband can not live, and our sole effort has been to render the bereavement as easy as possible for his young wife," and he looked at me apologetically. He continued, "Your husband's place is already filled; that can not be changed. He will die."

"I care not for his place, professionally, sir; but his place in my heart is another thing; his life is mine, and I shall save it. If there is no medical skill in an army of ten thousand men, thank God, we have the best in Chicago, and my husband shall not die for the want of it." He begged of me not to send to Chicago until the morning, when a general consultation of physicians should decide upon the necessity, but, hastily penning a few lines to the distinguished Dr. N. S. Davis, of our city, I sent Robert, the valet, across the river, with the injunction to forward the dispatch *at once*.

Returning to the side of him I was told that I must now lose forever, I trembled at my chance of snatching that corpse-like form from the grasp of death, which seemed to announce itself in each feebly-drawn breath, but I resolved to have one desperate struggle for the prize.

"Have I offended, that you so constantly turn your face from me?" said the feeble voice of the sufferer, as I hid my streaming eyes. Assuring him that I was not offended, and that he *must sleep*, the

doctor wished it, he lapsed into a death-like slumber that would have extinguished hope in those less sanguine than myself.

The tattoo had long ago sounded from the hill, and the clash of musketry was silent for the night. No sound of the busy camp-ground was heard, save the measured tread of the guard. The faithful fellow had watched my footsteps from my first advent there, and his *pace, pace, pace*, on duty, day and night, was a sad reminder that there were more rebels to guard against than those arrayed in battle. The wind rose in wicked wildness, and the rain beat in angry unison. The night was dark, and the elements seemed combined to make it terrible, but the dispatch had gone, and I would hope for the best. Robert returned, however, saying that no boat could pass over the disturbed waters to Cairo that night. It was plain to me that life could not last till morning without aid, and whither turn to get it?

I looked out into the night, so dark that the hand could scarcely be seen before the face, and yet it was light compared to the darkness of that future which now threatened me. Alone in the army; alone in the wide, treacherous world. Death in his company had no terrors; life without it, no charms. The thought was too painful to endure, and for relief I walked out into the sad, solemn night. But every object froze my heart. The flag that floated above headquarters alone gave encour-

agement; and as its heavy folds proudly waved in the breeze, they seemed to whisper to my heart, "Not yet; there is a work for him, for you both to do." I bent the knee in reverence, and earnestly asked God to spare *him* for that work. I remembered that a man of great medical skill was stationed at Fort Holt, on the Kentucky shore; and, although the broad Mississippi and Ohio rivers lay between us, determined to bring him at once, in spite of the angry waters.

Poor Col. Dougherty lay in the room adjoining my husband, groaning under the pain of an amputated limb, and other severe wounds received at Belmont, and he wept at the intelligence of the "Doctor's" hopeless condition. I requested one of the Colonel's watchers to remain with my husband until I returned, took Sambo with me, and started to the river. As I looked for a boat, the darkey's eyes fairly started from their sockets, and he opened a tirade of eloquence that would have been irresistible under other circumstances. But with all his efforts to dissuade me, he promptly obeyed orders, and dashing the boat into the waters, placed the oars, and took his seat between them. I seated myself beside him, and we started for Fort Holt. The river was filled with broken tables of ice, the current was high, and the fog, that always lingered above this locality, was of dense thickness; the fitful wind on shore had not, as usual, lifted it. The prospect ahead looked gloomy, but the prospect behind still gloomier. Our little boat sped for-

ward, dashing against ice-cakes, hitting against unseen vessels, whose deep barytones told they were lost amid the confusion, and rode the perilous waves that a larger boat would have sunk under. But life, precious life, was at stake, and tomorrow would surely be "too late." At length, after perils at which, now realizing them, I can not but shudder, we reached the shore and sought the doctor's quarters, the last achievement being not among the least in a strange camp of five thousand soldiers.

"Good heavens, madam, you did not cross that river to-night?" said he, as we roused him from his slumbers.

"Yes, doctor, I did, and you are going back with me."

"Not for a deed to the Point would I go to-night," he replied.

"Yes, but to go to save my husband's life, you can not refuse. He may be dead before you get there; but if he is not, I think you can save him."

He glanced at our wet garments, and his eyes rested on my troubled face. Then, saying nothing, he quietly but speedily made his preparations for the voyage, and hastened towards the boat with us. The perilous voyage was again accomplished, though repeatedly it seemed as if all was over with our little boat ere it landed us safely upon the Missouri shore. The doctor examined the case well, and could only say that he had a "little more hope" than the rest. He immediately changed the treatment, and gave a

solemn promise that he would call twice each day. I again took my place as watch and nurse, and held it for nine consecutive days and nights. Next morning six surgeons came in consultation, and all pronounced the case hopeless. It was the result of bad medical treatment, they said; and many of them, old friends of my husband, shed tears, that "so young, so robust, so skillful a man, should die through the ignorant treatment of medical impostors."

But the attentive care of Dr. Bringhurst, his skill and good judgment, brought about results that belied the fatal prognosis. On the ninth day of his treatment the fatal crisis of typhoid fever (for such it had been driven into) was passed, and recovery pronounced certain. As the joyful tidings were announced, for the first and last time in my life I fainted.

This was my first introduction to army-life, and altogether the severest trial I had ever been called upon to meet. It is not my intention to reflect unkindly upon surgeons, much as our army at first suffered from inefficient ones. The government soon discovered this class of impostors, and gleaned every one from the field. I hope to be pardoned for speaking at length upon personal matters. A play is not complete without the opening scene, and this is but the first act in a personal tragedy that terminated most sadly. Before I close, I would extend my warmest thanks for the great kindness and sympathy, under this trial, of Mrs. Colonel Erwin and her

noble, soldierly husband, Colonels Wallace, Ransom, Oglesby, Marsh, General Paine, and others, who afterwards rose to the highest pinnacle of fame—many of them to lives of noble usefulness, while those who fell left unparalleled records on the field.

CHAPTER V.

CAMP-LIFE.

Around the Pickets—Evening Dress Parade—Bristling Bayonets Tempered in the Rays of the Setting Sun—Next Day's Work—Lights and Shades—Heavy Fogs—Funeral Dirge—Sunset on the Brine—Ten Little Mounds—The First Burial—Grand Review on "The Point"—Christmas and Sunshades—Grant and Rosecrans—One Brace of Pistols put to Flight Three Gun-boats—New Year's in Camp—"Hotel de Louvre"—Five Serenades—Joy and Hilarity—General Grant—Dr. Aigner, of New York—First Rebel Ball—Battle of Fort Henry.

As my husband became convalescent, I was urged to try the tonic virtues of a horseback ride, the only practicable mode of exercise for a lady in camp. On a bright afternoon, the horses, restive under the inactivity of their present life, were brought to the door, and a party of three couples set out. A circuit around the pickets was first in order, over embankment and through intrenchment. The exhilarating breeze and verdant fields and foliage were a welcome contrast to the heavy air and barren walls of a long-occupied sick-room. At every step of the spirited steed I seemed to inhale new life, and get hope and heart afresh. Giving free rein to the willing horses, we were soon lost in the mazy windings of the encampment. The picket course was passed, attended with much difficulty, and even danger; but our reward came, when we emerged from

the dense forest, just in time to get a full view of evening dress-parade.

The fog that usually lingered in nook and glen had disappeared, and the scene was as brilliant as nature and man could make it. The prairie sunset irradiated the whole vault of heaven, bathing the camp-ground in bright but subdued hues, and the air was sweet with the breath of autumnal roses. On the left spread afar the broad Mississippi, dotted with steamers, whose shrill calliopes incessantly pealed through the air; busy insects trilled out their evening song, and the myriad voices of nature blended with the perpetual strain. To the right, the tented ground, with its white tufts, formed a lively contrast to the dark forest and the blue heavens. Regiment by regiment the rank and file stood in even and unbroken line; the official bow was interchanged, and deep-toned voices sent the word of command to seven thousand men. The shrill fife, the mellow bugle, and the heavy tones of the drum echoed from the distant plain and gave life to the enchanting scene. Bristling bayonets flashed and gleamed in the light of the setting sun, as though being tempered by fire for a near to-morrow's bloody work. Long and earnestly did we gaze upon the fascinating scene, which, brilliant as it was, thrilled us with sadness as we remembered the conflict beneath which this fair Southern land was to become a waste. Returning to the Bird House, we dismounted, well pleased with the lights, in spite of the shades of army-life.

The next morning "the Point" was enveloped in a denser fog than ever. The farther end of the Bird House was lost in the dim obscure. The confusion that prevailed, the loud-voiced orders, the beating of the drum, the tramp of men and the clatter of hoofs, created a confusion one might imagine to have reigned ere the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea were classified. A slow, dripping rain completed the gloom of the surroundings, but amid its steady fall a muffled sound of music in the distance was heard, and all too soon the melancholy of its tone was apparent. It was the funeral dirge of ten brave soldiers who fell the night before while on scouting duty. Their victorious comrades, bearing honorable wounds, wet and weary, had just returned from the foray, and with inverted arms and muffled drums bore them to the obscure graves, where they are to rest, unknown. Brave fellows! deep gratitude from many a heart accompanied them, and our earnest prayers went forth in behalf of the bereaved hearts and homes far away, on which no shadow of the sad event as yet rested.

Those frequent fogs, and the effect they produced on animate nature here, were all convincing that color is the glory of the world—the chosen visible expression of the Divine beauty—symbol of the "play-impulse" of the Almighty power. Not until we get a drab world do we so fully realize that God has not expelled us from the enchanted Garden of Eden. The many-hued rainbow, a sunset on the prairie or the boundless sea, are displays of color which, if

occurring three or four times in a century, would awaken universal astonishment, and become the "sensation" of every generation in turn. Yet these beauties, a type of which exists ever and every where, are frequently passed by unnoticed, unless immortalized in poetry or isolated and rendered more grossly palpable in art. The soldier's obscure grave—the rude box containing him; the rough stick or stone that marks his resting-place in the trackless forest—were, in the early part of the war, such as to cause one to turn with a grateful relish to "Greenwood," where art has robbed the tomb of all its terrors. There they lie, ten little mounds, the first-fruits of our war. The venerable trees, whose branches swayed and sighed mournfully above the dark deeds of a slave plantation, now seemed to affectionately stretch their arms over the heroes who had fallen to render "free" the soil that nourished them. The last clod of earth was placed, the final salute was fired, and officers and men turned from the burial to the life of danger that was so soon and so sure to bring them to a like abode. It was our first soldier's burial, and we remembered it.

The next day the sun rose bright and clear, and the spirits of the whole encampment rose with it. Thus do we ever respond to the voice of nature. A grand review was to take place that day, and the interest manifested by all showed that these displays had not been quite as frequent in the West as they had been on the Potomac. It was our first Western Grand Review. Some Mexican veterans asserted

that they had been through an entire campaign and had not seen a grand review, hence they advised all to attend. It was the day before Christmas, yet parasols and fans were indispensable to our comfort. On reaching the field, the long lines of infantry and cavalry were prancing to and fro, and bands were sending forth their liveliest strains. Gaily-caparisoned horses waltzed in unison with the spirit of the day, and the vast plain moved in unbroken lines of regiments, brigades, and divisions. These finally halted, and awaited the arrival of five Major-Generals, which, at this early period of the war, was the crowning interest of the day. For a moment all eyes were turned towards the river, and the plumed hats and significant stars were soon seen ascending the hill. The generals raised their hats in response to the cheers at their approach, and their steeds in dazzling saddle-cloths stepped proudly through the human avenues that parted, as if by magic, to let them pass. Fair ladies waved their snowy 'kerchiefs, and showered blessings upon them, and brave men sent up one loud and prolonged cheer for the hero veterans who were to fight our battles for freedom. Generals Grant and Rosecrans were of the number; the former riding the white war-horse Jack, afterwards presented to the Chicago Sanitary Fair. A glorious day closed in upon glad hearts, and no "Grand Review" on the Potomac was ever more highly enjoyed.

Next day the door suddenly opened, and a soldier, in breathless excitement, entered.

"What's the matter, my good fellow? you look as though you had been holding an engagement with the enemy all alone, and come off victorious," said I, as he laid one six-pound and one twelve-pound shell at my feet.

"And, my lady, that's just what I've been doing," said he. "I was out picking up pecans on the beach, and as I waited there at the edge of the river, partly concealed by a tree, an enemy's gun-boat appeared, carefully stealing its way along, and after coming a few rods, another, and then another followed. Having a brace of well-loaded pistols, I determined to learn their intentions, and so I fired into them. In an instant a salute from the boats sent these shells landing at my feet, and the fuse of both exhausting in the damp sand, was all that prevented them from blowing me to atoms."

"Ah, but who had the victory?" inquired a soldier.

"Why," said he, laughing, "the three gun-boats then started on a dead retreat, and actually struck into each other in their haste to get out of my way!"

After the battle of Belmont, many ladies had come down to spend a "last New Year" with the beloved husband, brother, or son, well armed with luxuries, from roast turkeys and jellies, to damask table-cloths and silver of the purest. The coming of New Year's to the poor boys who had lived through the first seasoning process of hard tack, rail beds, and surface water, meant the coming of friends, and the coming of friends meant heaven upon earth. Home-sickness would vanish for a time, marches

would cease for a day, lovers would interchange words of affection, and parent and child would again be clasped heart to heart. The thought was intoxicating, and, as the day approached, every one seemed almost overcome with joy.

Said Colonel Wallace: "Coatsworth, let us have one more happy New Year, for the next we may spend in ——— eternity." It was truly their last on earth! Desiring the indispensable cake for the day, and having no knowledge where to procure it, I hastened to the "Hotel de Louvre," the dining-room of Colonel Oglesby's mess. His cook, Lott, could manufacture out of one dish, broiled partridge, roast quail, grouse, prairie chicken, bear-steak, and fried frogs; and there was no telling what he might make out of the ingredients necessary for a New Year's cake. Lott was a genius in his art, and all the camp knew it, and turned to him in emergencies. As I entered his savory "sanctum," I found his tall figure in the midst of great preparations. He made a very low bow, while his smile of welcome was reflected from every tin dish in the room, and its walls were amply adorned in that way.

I asked for his receipt, and he replied:

"O, yes, missus; ye takes four pounds of flour; den ye turns round and takes twelve eggs; den ye turns round and takes four pounds sugar; den ye turns round and takes four pounds butter; and den ye turns round and takes two pounds raisins; and den ye turns round and takes half pound citron, half pint o' brandy, and ye beats them all up together,"

and suiting the word to the action, he beat his fingers against the empty tin, and continued: "Den ye turns round and takes half an ounce of nutmeg, half an ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of mace; and den—and den ye finishes it up with—out of yer memory," said he, with a grand flourish of his hands (as if he had n't been doing that all the time).

"O, Lott, do stop; you've turned round until you've got my wits all turned topsy-turvy, and I am sure no cake would ever come out fit to be seen from such a receipt. If you'll make the cake, I'll find the ingredients, and pay you for your trouble."

"Happy, missus, too happy, no trouble, no pay; and I'll turn around and make a cake dey'd be proud to sit on de Sherman house, at Chicago, for New Year's calls." True to his word, in due time the cake came forth as light and snowy as though beaten with silver wires, and frosted with the breath of winter.

At twelve o'clock, December 31, 1862, the silence of night was broken by a serenade. It was from Colonel Wallace's band, every one of whom had received a medal for fine and superior performance, in the grand test of skill at home. Their attainments were indeed wonderful, and all listened when Wallace's band drew nigh. The witchery of its strains this night were stronger than ever, as they stole softly upon the sleepers' dreams at one moment, and shook the dark forest with their resoundings at another. The whole encampment was aroused and spell-bound. They withdrew from beneath the gallant Colonel's

window just in time to make room for Colonel Oglesby's band, which gave an equal feast of song and harmony; then passed away to give place to the band of the "hero of Belmont," Colonel H. Dougherty. Thus in turn did seven serenades warn us of the rising day. The camp-grounds before daylight were up and ready, and with dawn as wild a season of merriment and arch mimicry commenced as ever graced an Italian carnival. Negroes became major generals, mules were tricked out in ribbons and trails, horses hooded and spectacted, sanitary representatives were led from hospital to hospital in the heaven-appointed duty of inspection, and nothing could exceed the hilarity of the occasion. As the the old plantation so lately resounded beneath the groans of the wounded from the recent battle of Belmont, so now, in contrast, it groaned and shook beneath the merriment and joy of the poor soldiers, whose willing officers permitted them all the innocent pleasure they could get from the short interval so soon to terminate in a long succession of hard-fought battles.

My husband was not strong enough to call, and, much to my joy, he remained at home and received with me. Officers, with their staffs, poured in through the entire day, and General Grant, with Dr. Aigner, of New York, crowned our day's extreme pleasure by their presence in the evening.

"You must hurry up, doctor; the man who extracted the first rebel ball in the service should not lack opportunity of extracting many more," said

Aigner, as he congratulated Coatsworth on his recovery.

General Grant modestly seated himself on a campstool, and quietly entered into an agreeable conversation with those around him. Kind, dignified, and approachable by the humblest, the General inspired confidence in all who met him. Ever solicitous for the welfare of his men, he visited freely with them in camp and tent, and by seeming to be one of them he made them ready followers and easy to command. How effectually his life has proved, "That to influence others we must become, or appear to be, on a level plane with them." First impressions are said to be lasting, and the first time I met the "Little General" he was in the act of drinking a cold water toast. It was not the last time I saw him give toasts in the same cool beverage. One instance alone, to which I was personal witness, was but typical of his unflinching principle upon this point.

At the battle of Fort Donelson through defective transportation the officers and men alike suffered for the want of food ordinarily provided for them at such times. They had been under a desperate engagement for many days and nights, and amid rain and sleet, and burning wounds, nothing better could be found for any than a scant supply of hard tack, bacon, and surface water. The people at home, on hearing of it, made a desperate rush to the field of battle with sanitary stores. But our boat was too quick for them, and preceded all others by some days. It was groaning beneath the weight of choice

provisions from private cellars and larders of loyalists along the Cumberland river. It was natural that some should wish to express their gratitude by special packages to the hero of the day, and rare baskets of wine, champagne, etc., were sent from cellars that had held them in jealous care for years. General Grant, with thanks, quietly distributed the stores among the wounded soldiers, and strictly declined touching any of the liquors for himself or them. I hope this digression may be pardoned; it is made to illustrate the correctness of *first impressions*.

In the incidents recorded, New Year's day with us closed, and the battle of Fort Henry opened. Next morning brought orders from General Grant to make a "forward move," and preparations were accordingly made, although a month intervened before the battle. Late on Saturday night, February first, the gun-boats St. Louis, Cincinnati, Carondelet, Essex, Tyler, and Lexington, left Cairo and proceeded to the mouth of the Tennessee river, at Paducah, where they were joined by the Conestoga. This fleet was commanded by Commodore, afterwards Rear-Admiral, A. H. Foote. The land forces were conveyed from Cairo to Paducah on transports, and from thence the whole fleet sailed up the swollen and muddy Tennessee towards Fort Henry. After suitable reconnoissance, the squadron was moved four miles below the fort, where the troops landed and encamped for the night. A violent thunder-storm burst upon them; the heavens were aglow with lightning, and

the rain fell in torrents, soaking the clay so thoroughly, as to render the next morning's work extremely difficult. General Grant's plans had been well laid for the campaign and attack. Colonel Oglesby commanded the first brigade, Colonel W. H. L. Wallace commanded the second brigade, and they together constituted the first division of the district of Cairo, which was commanded by General John A. McClernand. The second brigade was commanded by General C. F. Smith, and the third brigade by General G. A. Paine, our old neighbor of the Bird House. Fourth brigade by Colonel Morgan.

The first division was ordered to take a position on the road from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson and Dover (a little town close to Donelson), to prevent the reinforcement of the enemy and the escape of the garrison; and on receipt of orders to charge and take Fort Henry, the second division was to cross the river, move up the western shore, and occupy a hill overlooking the fort, which the enemy had begun to inclose, and to be ready to reinforce Gen. McClernand. The gun-boats were to shell the fort, and drive the enemy from the guns. Commodore Foote desired the land forces to advance prior to the navy, but they declined, as the mud was too deep.

The divisions set out as ordered. The first made every exertion to intercept the retreating garrison, and the Illinois boys pressed eagerly forward, through swamps and slippery hills, to the music of Foote's deep-toned artillery and the heavy guns from Fort Henry. The gun-boats shelled the fort and drove

the enemy from the guns ; but suddenly all was silent, and the word ran along the line, "Is Foote beaten?" They were to learn that a portion of the garrison had fled from the camp, and the remainder had surrendered. We give the above briefly, and have not forgotten that Fort Henry surrendered to Foote ; but the campaign was one of Grant's well-matured plans, and Foote's success but another instance of Grant's skill in choosing the right man for the right place.



W. T. SHUMAN CHICAGO

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CHAPTER VI.

ON TO DONELSON.

On to Donelson—Desolate Camp—Kindness of Mrs. Colonel Erwin—Her intended Trip “up the Cumberland”—Colonel Erwin’s Death—Adieu to the Point—Trip to Donelson—Beautiful Cumberland—The Sound of Cannon—The Contest—The Victory—The Wounded and Dying—Night upon the Field—General Grant on the Field—Trophy Gathering—Moss-Covered Well—My Wild Flowers—Dr. Stearns—Governor Wood—Governor Matteson—Dr. Turner and Lady—Dr. Aigner, of New York—Miss Hadley—Return to Paducah.

“ON TO DONELSON” was now the watch-word, and the entire country turned again to General Grant for the next great victory. Sad hearts committed to his care their loved ones, and with hopeful trust awaited the result. Reinforcements were called for, and whole encampments folded their tents, drew out their artillery, seized their arms, and pressed forward, to the battle-field.

It is astonishing with what vigor and speed this can all be done under military orders; a few hours, and sometimes even minutes, sufficing for thousands with mess-chest, tent, and musket to desert a camp-ground, and leave it as silent and barren as though years had elapsed since mortal foot had passed there.

In the present case, where conflicting incidents had occurred, and when life in the army was new and

strange to us all, the first parting was more felt than any subsequent one. Here, we had all met as strangers; had become friends, and some of us deeply attached; the next time we met, it might be in eternity, even though a few days or hours only had intervened. Hitherto, since leaving home, the soldiers had been either marching or fighting, and this was their first protracted rest. Hence, for its very newness, all felt, and deeply, the breaking up of our first field encampment. "Coatsworth, if there is any surgery to be done in this or any other battle, remember you are to do it," said Colonel Wallace, ere he left for Fort Henry, as he came for the third time and bade my husband a tearful adieu. It was their last meeting! Friends now, as then, clasped hands for the last time, and hastened on to the foe. The salute for departure was fired, the transports moved rapidly away, and our camp became desolate indeed.

The prints of myriad hoofs alone told of the gay steeds that had so long animated the grounds by their beautiful drill. The martial music that played beneath our windows morning, noon, and night, was silent as the "Harp in Tara's Hall." The eloquent voices of officers, that had lately rung through those grounds, and fired every heart with marvelous patriotism and zeal, were gone to cheer those men into the very face of death. The old Bird House, deserted, seemed only fit habitation for bats and owls. Those who were left to guard "The Point" wandered about the grounds, restless, and anxious to meet the

foe. No danger of the post was feared, and no one ate, or slept, or talked, or existed, except amid fearful apprehensions of the coming battle.

My husband was detached from his regiment, forwarded to the next surgical post, and placed in command of it, to take charge of *the wounded to be* from the near-approaching battles. Those left behind, from inability, felt each day to be more irksome than the last. None but those who have lived it, can comprehend the anxiety of waiting ones whose friends have gone forth to certain battle, and to uncertain wounds and death. Ladies would cluster together, and with hopeless faces try to give each other hope. Sisters and friends would nightly moisten the pillow with tears. Children would sing the war-songs of their parents, and all night long lisp out their little prayers for "dear papa's safe return." Mrs. Colonel Erwin, with her two sweet babes, was my near neighbor in camp; and "Little Charlie," in miniature uniform, daily fought the battles at home which his soldierly father was fighting on the field.

The guard before my door kept up his tramp, tramp, tramp, day and night, as though his mission to the field required each day twenty-four hours' hard labor.

But, amid all the *ennui* and anxiety consequent upon such times, news came at last that the battle had opened. Joyful tidings, though terrible as well, it was at least the beginning of the end.

The battle had opened! Portentous words! Fond hearts were now more anxious and troubled than

ever, and yearned for one more glimpse of friends ere the battle might close upon them for aye. Couldn't the ladies be permitted this last comforting interview? And then, if friends should fall on the field, or in the hands of a cruel enemy, and die for want of proper care, how could they forgive themselves for not making a desperate effort to be near them? It was for that they came to the field. The feeling became irresistible, uncontrollable, and the commander of the post was sought. Reasoning, tears, and entreaties were used, but all in vain — the *orders* were imperative: "No ladies permitted up the river." But, with characteristic tact and tenacity, Mrs. Colonel Erwin finally succeeded in removing the old General's obstinacy, and got a pass for herself and any two ladies who might accompany her. All were pleased, for she was greatly beloved; and it was said her husband was in command of a most dangerous position. She hastened to my tent, a mile distant, and now occupied by myself alone, and protected by the valet and the guard, and urged me to go with the chaplain's lady and herself. How bright, and beautiful, and hopeful she looked as she entered with the delightful news on that evening. She was delighted with the prospective happiness, and I could not resist her appeal. Before we parted complete arrangements were made for an early start up the river next morning. How soon the light of that heart was to be dimmed, and that glowing cheek paled! One hour after she bade me a happy good-night, word came that her husband was killed,

and the officers desired me to convey the intelligence to her.

“Colonel Erwin bravely fell in the heat of battle, shot through the heart while at the post of duty.” I could not tell her. In my late struggle with death she had been my greatest comforter, and how could I take her this crushing intelligence? I begged of others to be silent till the morning bulletin should confirm the fact, and let the happy family have one night in sweet dreams of the morning journey—a few more hours of oblivion from the cloud of sorrow that was to shadow years. In the early dawn, ere the “reveille” had sounded, I started to the quarters of the late Colonel Erwin. The sun was throwing his soft morning rays in through the fly of the white tent upon the happy group who were preparing for their journey. Two beautiful children clasped their mother’s neck in affectionate embrace, and in artless witchery cooed over the pleasures of their trip to “dear papa.” She arose to thank me for my early start, and the children clapped their little hands with joy. I could not break the spell, and turned to hide my tears.

Mrs. Colonel Bartleson soon came with the morning paper, and confirmed the worst report. “Oh, mamma! mamma! they have killed my poor mamma!” cried little Charley, as he wept over his afflicted young mother.

Poor, noble Mrs. Bartleson! how little did she realize that her illustrious husband, crowned with

honors and a glorious record, was soon also to become a sacrifice.

I was now sent for to hasten to my husband, and joyfully left the Point.

As I went to speak a last word of comfort to the few in hospital, one poor fellow, with the big tears rolling over his cheeks, said: "May God bless and reward you for every bit of sunshine and beauty you have brought to this desert of a place."

"Now, Bill," said his neighbor on the cot, "devil a bit of whimpering need you do. Look here, if it had n't been for the reflection of her own face bending over mine all day long, I'd never got the scars out that murdered me at Belmont; an' faith its nought but a miracle that did it," and the poor fellow peeped through his one eye as evidence of the cure. A perforated cheek, the loss of an eye, an ear, and a fractured under-jaw required more than the reflection of mortal face to cure it.

By the aid of kind friends I found myself, bag and baggage, horses, hostlers, valets and servants, placed upon a transport, and moving away from the muddy, befogged shore. But ere we had left it, down bounded Sambo with his black woolly head between his hands in a whirlwind of grief:

"Oh, Missus, don't leave poor Sambo; I'se feared we neber see you again, and I's so feared you'll forget dis chil'; but Sambo 'll neber furgot you; he could tell you 'mong a thousand women, an' I'm sure de good Lord could tell dat too, fur he knows a heap 'bout you as well as de rest of us."

The poor old slave's lament was so intense, that the boat put back and took him on board. I had sent all the way to Chicago expressly to get him a large print Bible, and taught him, at the age of fifty-four, to read it, although he commenced by learning the alphabet. His gratitude was equaled only by his perseverance. The boat was crowded to excess, and on we sped to the scene of action. The sturdy Western yeomanry mingled with the polish and prime of New York. Soldiers, citizens, professors, doctors, medical and divine, judges, senators, and three state governors made up the company. It was a journey of several days, but on this occasion, where all were so anxious to see the battle now raging, and to convey their choice stores of provisions to the fighting men, the greatest possible speed was made. The old City of Memphis plowed her way through the Cumberland river quicker than she had ever done before. At the mouth of the Tennessee we stopped but a moment to catch a glimpse of the scene from Fort Starr, and then impatiently hastened on.

As our steamer moved along the narrow, winding channel of the Cumberland, the overhanging branches of moss-covered trees, in mid-winter, sweeping her on either side, the booming cannons thundered forth death from the field, miles through the forest. But hastening on amid the battle music, we soon came within sight of the fortifications. These extended for miles along a natural eminence, built up amazing heights with impregnable breastworks. The struggle with the enemy was now clearly perceptible, and as

we gazed upon the scene of conflict and the heights up which our brave boys were scaling, every eye filled with tears of emotion, and on we pushed, regardless of danger or death.

The enemy was not only fortified by these miniature mountains on one side, but on the other lay the river, broad, deep, and treacherous, ready to bury our retreating soldiers in a watery grave. Preparation for retreating was not needed, for Grant intended none — made none. In the river lay the gun-boats, grandly expressive of but half-spent strength, still cannonading the enemy's lines. The federal forces pressed forward with silent tread. No beat of drum or roll of musketry was heard, but face to face, with flashing steel, the foemen met. A leaden sky frowned above, and low winds moaned to the music of clashing sabres. Shells passed us several times, exhausting their fuse only as they burst, and spent their strength in the unresisting waters. Miraculously, we were not touched. None feared, but all held their breath in deep suspense, intensely waiting the result of the terrible struggle.

A ringing shout of joy at last burst through the trees, and encouraged us on from the point at which our boat had stopped. The field had been carried at the bayonet's point; the standard was planted, and the Federals triumphant! Joy now sat upon every face, and shone from every eye. Privates and officers embraced, in their excess of joy, and as we passed to the landing, the old boat herself shook like a

swan in a morning bath. The radiant sun even seemed to lend his favoring smile as he kissed the earth good-night.

The field was taken ; but, alas ! the peace of many a happy heart and home was forever taken with it. In their gory wounds the living had thrown themselves upon their arms to snatch the rest that had been denied them for days. Our boats contained choice stores, and as soon as the lines were made fast, in company with the good chaplain, we hastened ashore. On reaching the recently-contested grounds, which were strewn with the dead and the dying, the sharp exclamation of acute pain, the heavy wail of despair, the pathetic groans of the dying, and the wild appeal of hundreds to heaven, were such as to strike the observer speechless. As I distributed some stores to a group of wounded soldiers, I remarked, "Well, my boys, you have had a hard fight, and must be suffering much from wounds."

"Oh no, miss, nothing can give us trouble, now that the victory is ours," said one cheerfully, as with a grateful smile and swimming eyes the stores were received.

"What is the matter with that arm in a sling?"

"O, it's slightly grazed, nothing more." Then he added, "The bone is broken near the elbow, a ball lies in the shoulder, and the hand is a little bit smashed ; but I can stand it well enough for the good old flag. I'll be ready for the next charge," added he, with a gleam in his bright eye.

Procuring a surgeon for the hand that was a "little

bit smashed," I turned to the next, a soldierly man, who was heroically enduring life under the pain of two mutilated limbs. The low firing of the enemy had made this a common wound. He lay in silence; not even a murmur escaped those compressed lips. In reply to my congratulations that he was not killed he said, "I wish God had so willed it."

"Do you not know that you are saved in answer to the prayers of a mother, a sister, and perhaps a nearer and dearer one? Why do you wish to die when so many wish you to live?"

"Because I shall be a cripple for life, and a burthen to my friends, and that will be worse than death."

"Do you believe your friends will ever let you become that? Nay, you are a life-hero in their eyes. They will cherish you, sacrifice their interests to yours, and ever bear your sufferings in grateful memory. When peace is declared your wounds will be accepted as its precious price."

"O, madam, in times of peace these things are soon forgotten. It was for our cause I fought, and I do not regret it, but would rather have died."

I assured him our country would not be likely to forget her defenders; but if she did, God would send a war terrible enough to make such forgetfulness forever impossible.

Trying to rise, he grasped my hand and said, "God bless you for these words; they give me new life."

Another, in mute appeal, beckoned me to him. I bent my ear to catch his words.

"My good lady, I have not long to live; but my greatest pain is not of my wounds, it is here," placing his hand upon his heart. "Under the tree that stands at my feet a little mound covers my father, and *my* shot took his life! We lived in Tennessee; he was pressed into one army, and I joined the other. Oh! I feared this would be so. My poor father, how I loved him!" and great sobs choked his voice. "Will you see me buried in the same grave with him, and write to my good mother, explaining all to her?"

I pressed his hand in assent, for I could not speak.

"Tell her that my father did not know his murderer, and that God has now forgiven me," were his last words. I remained with him, reminding him of the pardoning grace of Christ until his spirit departed.

When I returned to where the mail reached us, that doubly-bereaved mother wrote me a letter that would have drawn tears from the veriest stoic. It now lies before me, with scores of others of a similar kind; and these are the war reminiscences that will never grow dim with age.

But the night closed in upon the heartrending scene, and with the details and hospital embassies we continued our mission among the wounded and dying, until far into the night, when we returned to the boat. On reaching there we found the boat literally crammed, and groaning beneath the weight of sufferers carried hence for transportation. The heavy moans of the poor boys, who lay packed and

tiered in, was such as to prevent all possibility of repose, even had nature demanded it; and, like all who were able, I spent the night in earnest, all-absorbing labors for the wounded and the dying. At early morn the boat put out for Paducah to convey to the Central Hospital of that place, the worst cases, fresh from the field, for treatment.

Having the good fortune to reach the field of Donelson before any lady was granted permission to approach, I appreciated the privilege by remaining as long as profitable to myself and others. But the "General" must be sought, and disobedience to orders explained away. On reaching the General's headquarters, at the foot of a little hill, just beyond Dover (a cluster of houses near Donelson), his surprise was followed by the exclamation, "Why, madam, how is this? I thought ladies were prohibited entering thus far into the dangers of war."

"Very true, General, and when they forbade me going, and refused to give me a pass, I told them Grant was my General, I would go to him for a pass. I knew I could find you no place else, so I came to the field to get your permission to attend to some of the wounded." The General smiled and looked surprised. I need scarcely say that full permission was granted, and every facility afforded to the Chaplain and myself to continue our labors, which we did for several days, the introductory one being a type of the rest.

Procuring horses one evening, we started for a full and close survey of the grounds, which covered many

miles of forest, hill and valley. Ascending the hill above Dover, we had a most picturesque view of the river, dotted with gun-boats, seemingly unconscious of the victory they had secured, while the transports plied industriously, carrying the disabled from the fatal field. From General Grant's headquarters the good old flag floated leisurely in the breeze ; no music was heard through the grounds, and the surroundings wore a melancholy aspect, calm and peaceful as a noon-day dream. As we reached the seat of noble Wallace and Ransom, we dismounted, and, in company with Miss Hadley, of Chicago, and the Chaplain, walked up before these good commanders, whose surprise was indeed great. Ransom "was sure we came from the last white cloud that passed over," and after many expressions of joy, he showed us the ball that had struck him in the shoulder, almost in the spot where he had twice been wounded before. Having the first ball extracted by my husband, I begged for what I hoped to be the last ; but, like all soldiers, he would not part with the little enemy that aimed at his life.

Poor Wallace, who had so bravely saved the day with his Division, shed tears of emotion when he rehearsed the great mortality and suffering of his men. I could appreciate then, more fully than ever, why he was almost worshiped by those he commanded. After visiting the tents of several other acquaintances, all of whom expressed equal surprise, we quenched our thirst at a moss-covered well, with a gourd for a glass, and hastened on.

The carnage of war had left its fearful impress upon

every surrounding object, and gave the appearance of extreme desolation. Trees were rent, and mangled limb from limb, or torn up by the roots as by the fearful touch of lightning. Houses had been undermined, and the earth plowed as though an earthquake had there coursed its way. Dead horses, scattered artillery, and broken munitions lay in promiscuous heaps. The dead, thought to have been all decently buried, were here and there still concealed beneath hiding places, where in death-pains they had unconsciously crept from the enemy's bayoneting; and the air was filled and blackened by dark birds that croaked their sad dirge in search of prey. And, not strange to say, trophy-gatherers were scouring every inch of that ever-memorable ground. A sprig of wild-flower at the feet of my horse struck me as being so "*nouvelle*" to the season and the scene, that in response to my exclamation of joy, my escort dismounted and secured it as *my trophy*.

After viewing the long chain of fortifications, the impregnable breastworks of the enemy, placed upon a natural eminence, strengthening in every way the vantage-ground they had, we could not but utter an earnest prayer for the brave rank and file; and for the "Incomparable Leader" that God had sent, to teach them the art of victory. Long and with deep emotion we gazed upon the scene. It is said that Campbell, who wrote "Hohenlinden," had never witnessed a battle; but I am sure he must have visited a battlefield, and from it could draw sufficient inspiration!

On returning slowly to the boat, we stopped at

several tents, and again, and for the last time on that ground, talked with the victorious boys. All seemed cheerful and willing to accept any thing for the sake victory. Some were reading their little Testament, others singing hymns of praise, and only in one instance did we observe cards. Approaching the group of three thus amused, I offered some tracts, with the remark: "Here, my good fellows, I do not understand your cards, but mine are so very simple you can not fail to learn them at once;" and with a word of praise for their victory, we passed on. Before we had gone many steps the soldier who took them came up, and, extending his hand, (while tears rushed to his eyes) said, "Madam, I must thank you for that; no words save those of my mother have ever impressed me thus, and I believe that God spared me from the common grave in which hundreds lie on the hill to hear these words. I want to talk with you." I re-assured him of the virtue of "*my cards*," and bade him learn them till we met again. The tents were filled with those whose love for the field, and horror for the word hospital, kept them silently and heroically bearing their wounds and begging to be thought well-enough for the next battle. But night closed in and soon wrapt earth, and sky, and water in one impenetrable gloom.

We were just in time to take the next boat for Paducah. Governor Matteson came on board with a trophy that he held up in amazement; a rifle completely perforated with shot, and as artistically done

as though cut by design. Said he, "I wouldn't take five hundred dollars for this. What a history it must have. It lay on the field where the heat of battle occurred. I shall varnish and place it in my cabinet." A friend, a Connecticut man, very pathetically placed in my hand two immense cavalry swords, accompanied by three enormous shells, each one said to have killed some distinguished person, and positively dangerous to any one who should belligerently look at them. No doubt, in my docile possession, he thought they would be safe, so he requested my tender care until he should get them to New England as trophies. Our Sambo was entrusted with the charge, and taking them, with a groan like an Indian about to be shot, after each particular hair on his woolly head had been straightened with fear, he stealthily took them to the river and sunk them in its bed. Sambo didn't appreciate trophies.

The plant of the forest was placed in an oyster can, the only flower jar to be had, and amid many plaudits conveyed to the sick in the hospital. On our way home we became acquainted with General Cook and lady, Governor Wood, Dr. Brinton, Dr. Turner and lady, and many others, who had performed God's service among the soldiers. Dr. Stearns, a Christian gentleman and soldier, exercised a positive influence for good wherever he went. As brigade-surgeon he was not long in any one place; but a man like him, of great travel, extensive learning, scholarly parts, and pious life, can always do good by moving about. Dr. Turner and lady, who for months had

charge of the hospital boat, City of Memphis, certainly deserve great credit for the able, efficient and faithful manner in which they attended to their duty. Having been personally cognizant of their labors, I am well convinced that no greater or better work was performed in the service than that accomplished by Mrs. Turner, and Miss Hadley, her assistant, in their daily and nightly devotion to the wounded and dying soldiers, as they were conveyed from the battle-field to the hospital.

Our trip, though consuming days, seemed short, for the joy of meeting my husband was all-absorbing, and though constantly attending to the sick, yet the "pleasures of hope" robbed time of its *ennui*. As we stopped at Paducah, the town was so dark that it seemed one might cut the opaque substance with a knife, and only by the aid of lanterns, planks, and mother-wit did we succeed in a safe landing. Dr. Aigner, the accomplished agent of the United States Sanitary Commission, conducted me to my husband's station, Central Hospital, where I was welcomed as one from the dead. My flight to Fort Donelson had taken all completely by surprise, and the only regret I felt was the anxiety caused to my *best of friends*.

The Medical Director had assigned to my husband General Lew. Wallace's old headquarters, a large four-story building, opposite the hospital under his charge; for, said he, "You will have wounded enough around you to make a hospital of each." His words proved true. As I came from the rain and sleet of a rayless night into a well-lighted, square

room, where, from the broad Southern grate, a glowing fire reflected a genial atmosphere upon every object, from the cat that purred in very luxury of repose in the corner, to the broad grin and welcome smile of Sambo's sable face, my heart arose in gratitude that my husband and his assistants could be thus comfortable during the arduous labors they were then performing, and which would claim them for many months to come.

Partaking of an evening meal, savory with Sambo's ever ingenious devices, I retired to the first night's rest I had snatched for two weeks. Next morning, at early dawn, I made my first visit to the Central Hospital. My husband had been up most of the night to attend to the imperative duties before him; and with feelings of inquiry and compassion, my first entrance was made; then, too, I was charged with sacred missions from those on the field—many of whom had since died—to those in the hospital, comrades in the fight; and how could I wait?

It was the old Court House of Paducah, an immense brown marble building, surrounded by a spacious grass-covered yard, and beautifully sheltered by massive old elms and oaks, that clasped their strong arms above the roof, and waved their soft boughs through its windows. The ambulance wagons were unloading the boats that were constantly bringing fresh cases (and some were going the other way, *to the dead house*). But how little I appreciated or comprehended the labors of that hospital, as I entered the arched gateway and hopefully ascended the walk.

CHAPTER VII.

CENTRAL HOSPITAL.

Court House of Paducah — Its Appearance — Wounded of Donelson — Kissing the Little Blossom — My First Day's Work — A Call from Twenty-second Regiment — Worst — A Load of Wounded — Patients Re-fight their Battles — Executioners' Task — "This seems like Italy and my Home" — Innumerable Duties — Citizen Nurses — Qualities of a good Nurse — Confessional of Central — "Lock and Letter — A Slave's Accomplishments — Hurry from the Master — "*Sure You ken have Me ?*" — Negro — Hunting up Chimney — Mattie's Escape.

No woman had yet made her appearance here, and in the very hot-bed of secession none were likely to. The clean steps, the scoured doors, and the well-limed floors that met my gaze, as the polite orderly bowed and let me pass, were a pleasant introduction to what was within.

A wide, remarkably-clean hall, was lined on either side with long, white, pine tables, sparkling with bright tin dishes; and the light biscuit, corn-bread, potatoes, choice steak, and other good plain food, were already being placed upon the table for breakfast. Detailed nurses and assistant surgeons were passing to and fro, intent upon their duty; but as for my husband, I could not catch a glimpse of him, and I was introduced, at the door of a very large room, as the lady fresh from the field of Donelson. But, alas! the words were drowned by the exclamations of pain that almost deafened me. At first I shrank with

timidity from the appalling sufferings around. On taking a survey, there lay fifteen in one ward, all minus an arm, and one entirely armless; seventeen in the next ward, each with an amputated limb; others wanting a tongue, a nose, an eye—or a jaw shot as neatly away as though cut by the surgeon's knife. Many were perforated with shot through the arms, the chest, the brow, the head, the limbs, the lungs; as if, tampering at the door before entering the citadel, the ball had struck every blow but the merciful one at the heart, which would have ended suffering by immediately bringing that death which was sure to come. Five immense wards of each floor in the five-story building, were said to contain between two and three thousand patients. I am sure that number of voices mingled in piteous tones of pain. These noble fellows, yesterday so strong, so daring, now so prostrate, so helpless! I felt that I could not serve them enough, but set earnestly to work, according to my best ability. I passed from one to another, bathing the fevered brow, cooling the parched lips with suitable drinks, changing the tiresome position of head and shoulders, and, where I truthfully could, giving encouraging hopes of life. There was a most efficient corps of male nurses and professional dressers, to dress and attend to the wounds, but the weariness consequent upon such confinement of strong, athletic, able men, to the bed of a long, tedious convalescence, was something pitiable. Each patient seemed a monument of affliction; and the sufferings grew no less, for

as fast as the patients had passed the point of danger they were taken to branch hospitals, to make room for the worst cases again from the transports. Hence, for many weeks the sufferings increased. In freshly amputated cases, though weaker, and the chances for life more uncertain, yet ten days after the occurrence, the patient seemed to suffer more and be vastly worse to attend than when he was nearer death.

I had visited almost every cot in one ward, leaving some means of comfort to all, and was about to pass to the next room, when a call from several voices arrested my steps. "Come this way, lady;" "Yes, serve us all alike;" "And its refreshin' to see the like ov ye;" "That's so, an' it will do us a heap more good nor all the medicine we're taking," etc., etc.; all in the most respectful terms, and to me the first knowledge I had that they were conscious of my presence.

I obeyed the call, doing what I could for each one, and attributing their kindness to their partiality for my husband, which I knew to be very great. When they became assured that I was a visitant from the battle-ground since their fall, their eager inquiries were overwhelming. Some were stricken down in the early fight to be trodden over many times, by friend and foe, ere they were carried from the spot contested, and were too weak to realize whether they had fought and fell to good purpose.

I assured them that I had seen the stars and stripes spreading their folds in peace above the Fort

and General Grant's headquarters. On the enemy's grounds he had given me a personal account of the victory. If added proof were wanting, the wild flower plucked by my own fingers from the victorious field should be ample proof, for fond as I was of these *old friends* I would hardly stop to gather them in the face of the enemy's cannon. Many kissed the little blossom, and shed tears of joy over it, as though plucked from the grave of some cherished friend. As the day passed on, the Medical Director came to me and said, "I have, for a few moments, got through with prescribing for the sick, and I now prescribe for the well."

I inquired the cause of his remark.

"Why, it is now five P.M., and you have not left the sick, even for dinner, since an early hour before their breakfast. You are as pale as a sprite, and I advise you to take some dinner, for this is work that can not be done in a day."

In my haste and anxiety to take care of the sick, I had almost forgotten to deliver the following letter committed to my care:

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT, }
CAMP LYON, *February 26th*, 1862. }

DR. GEORGE COATSWORTH:

Dear Sir :— I am glad to be able to serve my country so well as to spare your valuable services for a short time to the post where you are so much needed; but as I expect to have orders soon to move from here with my regiment, you can not be surprised at my desiring to have you with us. I do assure you I should not want to go into battle without a *surgeon*, leaving behind such an one as your honor. I hope it

will be your pleasure to return to your many confiding friends in the old Twenty-second, when you will receive such notice.

Your sincere friend,

HENRY DOUGHERTY,

Col. 22nd Regt. Ill. Vols.

The next day the worst load was yet to arrive, and the physicians wished me to absent myself until they should be placed in their cots. Most impatiently did I watch from the window of our quarters the wounded carried through the rain that seemed never to cease. My heart ached to do something. I could await orders no longer, and donning hat and shawl I slipped in, determined to lend my aid. Dr. Coatsworth stood chief operator, while the assistants, nerved to the highest capability, were rendering efficient aid. The cry of scores of voices was that their turn should come next. Fresh from the field, and fresh from the surgeon's knife, the suffering was truly appalling. Among the many cases we mention a few representative ones.

One young man, whose fine Grecian head and face had been laid open with a ball, fought all his battles over. "Forward, march! The enemy comes; our homes, our friends; charge, and give them death!" And with clenched hands he would tear the sheets in shreds.

"Come this way, sister, if you please," said a low voice, as I passed one of the cots. It was from a man who was shot in the side, and was compelled to lie upon his face. I had many times ministered to him, but he was too low to bear conversation.

"Do you think I will get well?" said he, raising his truthful brown eyes to mine. "The doctor says I can not, but I want to live."

"You are tired now, my friend; compose yourself and sleep soundly to-night, and in the morning I will tell you whether there is hope."

"Be sure to come," said he, as he closed his eyes and pressed my hand good-night.

"Doctor, can't you save that man's life? Don't let him die," I eagerly asked on returning home.

"You know if it *were possible* his life would be saved; but, aside from the wound in his back, both limbs are badly fractured; a double amputation he can not bear, nor will he recover from his wounds. 'Tis another case resulting from the low firing of the enemy."

My heart bled for the poor fellow. At early dawn I hastened to his side.

"I never slept better in my life, and now I know that I shall get well," said he, raising those eloquent eyes for my confirmation.

"While we hope for the best let us prepare for the worst," I replied. Though reasonably courageous in most things, yet in one I confess to being the veriest coward; it is in telling a fellow creature that life is no more for him—that the record is finished, the great book to close! To me it has always savored of the executioner's task, and scarcely less cruel do I deem it. Let God take his "little ones" when and as gently as he will. His wisdom is greater than mine.

Seating myself by his cot, I learned that he was an only son of wealthy parents, an Italian by birth, but American by education, and that, in the enthusiasm of his romantic nature, he had run away from college and joined the army.

"My parents do not know where I am," said he, "and they do not deserve this, for my beautiful mother always prayed for me, who am most unworthy of her prayers."

I urged upon him the importance of coming to Jesus at once, who was waiting to receive him. He seemed inquiring, and long and earnestly did we talk. The spring birds had just commenced to flit in and out of the windows, and carol among the budding foliage. Boughs of apple and peach blossoms were placed by the head of almost every cot, beneath whose snowy linen lay the sick in comparative ease. These long rows seemed like waves of white clover beneath the rifts of a blooming orchard. It was indeed refreshing compared to the scenes of a few weeks ago. The whisperings of the holy Sabbath were upon us, and the potent breathings of nature inspired thoughts of new life.

"This seems like Italy and my mother's presence," said he, as I wiped the cold drops from his brow.

At the approach of the surgeon I left for a moment, but a low sob drew me quickly back. "Well, my friend, how can I help you?" I asked.

"I must die, and that soon; will you pray for me?"

"With all my heart," and I at once complied.

Could greater inspiration be given? The salvation of that soul hung upon every word, and surely God directed them. The cry for mercy at last came; the weeping gave way to joy, and shouts of triumph rose from many voices. I turned and my husband knelt upon the other side of the cot. The sick man laid a hand upon the head of each, and said, "Now I know that I shall be saved, and that I shall meet you both in heaven." He died that night.

The low firing of the enemy had made vastly more than the ordinary number of cases for amputation. "Fire low, it will take two well men to carry one wounded from the field," said —; and verily the orders were carried out; and verily, too, our poor boys were then suffering the penalty. For both limbs to be shot through and through near the body, was a common wound, and to lose both limbs by amputation was seldom consented to, although the poor victims, fearful that mortification would too soon finish its certain work, would beg, with tearful eyes and appealing looks, that their turn might come next for the surgical table.

My husband's labors often continued through the night as well as through the day, and for several days in succession I have known him to snatch but one hour's rest in the twenty-four; and to insure this, his door had to be guarded against the importunities that constantly poured in upon him. They had great faith in their "big doctor," and even the dying would assert their faith and confidence in his skill, and shower him with blessings and prayers while life

lasted. His sympathies were intensely absorbed in the work, and asleep or awake he never refused a call that met his ear. Though never a *nurse proper*, yet I never again left my post of duty at *his* side, so long as his labors continued. The respect, and all but reverence with which woman's presence is met in an army of American soldiers is another great inducement for woman's work among them. Were all gentlemen, and "to the manor born," they could not be more truly courteous than seemed the poorest of these soldier boys. Hence the ease with which many refined, sensitive ladies have met and ministered to the soldier in his remotest camp-grounds.

Two weeks from the day on which Fort Donelson was surrendered — on a bright, beautiful Sabbath morn—several citizen ladies, armed with tracts and robed in silks, came to my door and offered to accompany me to the hospital to give their assistance. One averred that she was marvelous among the sick; another could professionally dress a wound; and a third, determined to excel her sisters, was sure she could cut off, not a man's head, but his arm, or foot, with the utmost *sang froid*. Of course the kindness of any one was accepted in behalf of the poor sufferers, so long as the surgeons shielded the patients from danger. And after taking the oath of allegiance to the government, at the door of the hospital—a custom Dr. Coatsworth first established on the *Cumberland*—they were duly admitted into the presence of the men their *Southern* friends had attempted to murder.

On this morning the amputated limbs of many

were for the first time dressed, and the patients seemed to suffer more than at any time previous. As we entered the first ward, the ladies stood in dumb amazement; but, following my example, the books were soon thrown aside, and fair Southern fingers put forth the first great effort to help a sick soldier. "Holy Mary, protect us!" from a voice on the adjoining cot, arrested my attention, and turning, I found the sufferer had expired. The lady in attendance burst into tears, and wailed out, "O, I told them I was good for nothing in a hospital; here's a man that I was talking to, and he up and died before I got through." She was advised to leave, as she would do herself more harm than others good. She took the advice, and hastened to the door, where, upon meeting an orderly with his sacred mission to the dead-house, her alarm reached its climax. Up through the wide street she flew,—in through the yard in hot haste, and bursting open the door of her house, rushed in, bolting it after her, and bounded to the middle of the bed before stopping. "I told them I was good for nothing in a hospital; oh, I told them so!" The exit of the rest, though less tragic, was as sudden. There are persons whose natural movements are soothing in a sick-room, and others so organized that they never should approach it. My observation has been that, to fill this sacred vocation well—in which all women are called upon more or less to act,—the great essentials are good judgment, and self-control, a fine organization, lively sensibilities, a gentle voice, soft touch, and quiet step;

magnetic and mesmeric power, and an intuition that silently understands and forestalls the wants of the patient. But how few do we find with these attributes.

In my rounds among the wards, I noticed a bright face, the owner of which often read his Bible, and would, all alone, have morning and evening devotion. I remarked to him one day that he was a public benefactor, for he profited others as much by his example as himself by the exercise. "Well, sister, this comes of learning your cards," said he, with a smile. Having no recollection of ever distributing cards to any one, I asked him to explain. "Do you not remember you gave me some tracts on the field of Donelson, and called them your cards; by those I was awakened, and am now converted."

Among the most interesting features of this intense life was the correspondence daily and hourly interchanged between the dying and their friends.

"Are you any relation to that big doctor?" "Yes, I am his wife." "Then you are the very one that I want to write to my family. You can tell them just what will not break their hearts, even you don't tell them all the truth; that will come soon enough." And great sobs would swell the manly chest, to which it was easier to break the thread of life than the tender hearts at home. But the lock of hair with the letter would, in its own eloquence, tell that "all is well." "He passed away in the silent hours of midnight, breathing his last prayer for you, and leaving his last injunction that you

would meet him in heaven." How many days and nights I spent in dispatching the little lock and letter!

And then, again, sweet romances were revealed, heart-breaking sorrows lifted, fine, frank, manly expressions of friendship were given, and touching forgiveness of enemies for great and grievous wrongs. Such a cyclopedia of human passions and emotions as I found in that hospital; and no confessional, consecrated by cross and rosary, was ever held more sacred.

Though early spring flowers, in rich profusion, were scattered through the wards, yet my little Donelson plant was even yet showered by caresses. The others were beautiful, but this was a comrade of the field, and the soil in which it grew was enriched by the blood of companions; but as many of the patients drooped and died, the exotic faded leaf by leaf, and seemed, in sympathy, to die with them. As Dr. Simmons predicted, the Home and the hospital were alike crowded with invalids. Officers and soldiers on a furlough would often deny themselves the trip home, and stop there, for the sake of being well again for the field. Home delegates, who had started well, would sink beneath the malaria and the warm climate, and seek refuge in the Central Hospital, remaining for weeks, and sometimes months. Rev. Drs. Tiffany, Bugbee, and other home delegates, with an extended list of field officers of every grade and rank, were at that time under my husband's treatment.

Another servant now became necessary to our household. Sambo, Ann and Dick were all good in their way ; but amid the many claims upon me from the invalids at home and in the hospital, another pair of hands was indispensable. In my search I found the want hard to relieve. But the commander of the post, on learning it, sent me a stalwart black girl, who proved quite a character in her way.

"Lor, Missus, I'se never dandled with dish-washin' in all my life," was her introductory speech in reply to my inquiry as to what she could do.

"Well, Mattie, what can you do?" said I, rather doubtful as to her usefulness.

"O, la, Missus, I kin do lots ; I kin plough, and harrow, and chop wood, and hoe de corn, and pick de cotton ;" and, enthusiastic over her many accomplishments, she continued, "I left de hosses in de field when I cum way, an Massa said I was de best hand he'd got."

"What did you come away for?"

"Case I tink it was about time," said she, raising her arm, and exposing the large welts on her side from the lash.

"Why, girl, you are not fit to work with such a side?"

"O Missus, dat's nuffin ; just look at dis," she said, and with the effort of raising the other arm, she screamed aloud. The great flays were open to the ribs.

"And whose hand dared to do this?" I asked, sickening at the sight before me.

"Masser, oh, Masser hisself did dat, and it ain't nuffin to what he'd do if he'd catch me again."

"Why didn't you tell some one before and get a doctor to treat you?"

"Kase I dursn't; I'se fear'd to speak to any one, but some how, I feels as if I could speak to you?" and lowering her voice, and leering around the room as though the object of her terror was visible, she continued: "I run away from one of de wostest Marsters dat eber was born; he lives ony 'bout eight miles out in Tennessee, and ef he catches me, he'll kill me alive, sure's you're born. I jest tremblin' all de time with scare 'bout it. I hain't got no place to stay, nor nobody to 'fide in, and Ise jest miserable."

I had no possible employment for her, but my heart was touched; I could not turn her away.

"Mattie, you just keep quiet; I'll take care of you. Don't say one word to any one; but if you get in trouble, come to me."

"O, tank you, tank you, Missus, I am so much obliged, but are you sure you kin save me?" she asked, as earnest as an escaped criminal.

"Yes, *Mattie, sure.*" I little knew what I had promised, for the science of slave-hunting had never come under my observation. I had her prescribed for, and sent her off to help the rest in the kitchen, but every few minutes, for that and several days, she would come and whisper in my ear, "Missus, is you *sure* you kin *save* me?"

"Yes, *Mattie, sure,* and don't be troubled," was the invariable reply.

“All right, den, Missus, ef *you* kin save me I’ll trust to dat, for I don’t b’long to nobody else now, sure’s your born;” and she snapped her fingers and walked the floor as defiantly as a queen of Ethiopia. I had bought her a flame-red turban, which she proudly wore on the top of her broad, square forehead. It unfortunately attracted her pursuers from an adjoining grove to where Mattie stood at work in the porch singing her song of “Liberty.” The door burst suddenly open one day, and, like a panting leopard, the frightened girl stood before me. Her enlarged eyes and quick breathing were alarming. “Lord, Missus, I’s lost, I’s lost!” she exclaimed, throwing up her arms in despair, and then hissed into my ear, “*Save me; you said you would.*” I sprang to the door just in time to close it an instant before her hunters entered. They seemed to tarry at the door sure of their prey. In desperation to keep my promise, I pointed over my shoulder to an open window. In an instant I felt that she had passed; I dared not, and did not see her go.

The door was opened, and the room entered by four long-bearded, dark-visaged, narrow-souled negro-hunters, while two hounds, as high as young steerlings, accompanied these gallants and kept up brisk little yelps. Peering insolently through the room, one finally deigned to say, “Umph, what have you done with our niggar?” “Nothing, sir,” I replied. “’Spose you know we have power from the civil authorities to apprehend any one aiding and abetting in negro-stealing?” “Very likely, search the premi-

ses, and prove it, sir." A thorough search was now instituted around and beneath each particular article of furniture in the room, but all in vain; and, in anger, I was called upon to solve the question, "Where's our nigger?" "Well, sir, were I put upon oath, I could truly say that I am utterly ignorant of *where* she is; but why not search for her—up the chimney, for instance. Do you not hear how disturbed the swallows are?" "That's so; Tom, why the deuce didn't we think of that before?" And up the chimney they now all scampered. Such a feast of song and harmony as followed! Swallows cackled and screamed; dogs yelped and howled; men swore and groaned, and the room being once more vacant, I had a good hearty laugh at their expense, for I had an indistinct idea of Mattie's red turban flashing through the street like a comet, over an hour before. But my face was soon straightened by the return of the company plump upon the floor, and one man, who went up red-headed, coming down as black as the Styx. "My heavens! what an outrageous place to go for a gal," said he, as he raised his soot-colored eyes with a heavy wink, as though the light of the room affected him, as the light of heaven might be, and was, too much for him. The birds closed their little throats and wings again, in rest; and a thorough search under the house finished the day. Next morning a soldier boy came and told me that poor, hunted Mattie had, in Federal uniform, rowed herself across the river the evening before, to *Illinois' free soil*. My promise was kept. The poor, hunted blacks would come into

our camps like flocks of blackbirds; and for years after the war opened, their owners had the power of recovering them, and impressing the Federal soldiers to help in the search.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLOSING LABORS OF CENTRAL HOSPITAL.

One afternoon in Slave-Hunting — Wounded in the Back — Arm a "little bit Smashed" — No Good till We came Here — Sister, will you Pray for Me? — Death-bed Confession of a Guerrilla — Benediction to his Sweet-heart — A Scare — The Amputated Arm — "God and My Country" — "Grant and Victory" — Mammoth Roses, with Compliments of Illinois Cavalry — Mrs. General Wallace — Chicago sends Coatsworth a Corps of Nurses — Captain Ralph Fields — Dr. T. R. Austin — Mrs. Dr. Hammlton — Rebecca Woodward — Mrs. Colonel Noble — Mrs. Dr. Wardner.

IN giving this inside view of hospital life, I have hesitated somewhat, lest it might be thought irksome in times of peace to recur to these sufferings; but when we consider what these men achieved for us—how they drove slavery from our midst by the liberation of four millions of souls—how they forever settled the long-agitated question of State Independence, and, from a position of doubtful perpetuity, raised our Republic to be the model of governments, respected of all the potentates and powers—is it too much to ask, that we look back and see at what cost our country was redeemed? History is said to be a tree that grows only when its roots are moistened with blood; and the record of arts and sciences, very secondary in importance to these contests of bloodshed. "A Thermopylæ has far more historic value than a thousand prairie farms, and a Waterloo excites more emotion in the human breast than all the

gorgeous scenery of the Rocky Mountains. America will no longer have to cross the water to worship at the shrine of heroes. Hitherto this broad Continent, washed by two great oceans, with a population of 30,000,000 of people, was almost without incident or record; but in this war between the States, 500,000 victims fell. Every battle-field witnessed a contest such as only found an equal in the Peloponnesian war, and the victims — whether of the art of wounding or of healing — sleep their last sleep far away; some on the New England hills, where snow-wreaths shroud their obscure graves; others beneath a warm Southern sky, where nature decorates their obscure tombs. Every square mile of the Republic is thus covered, and the blossoms bloom above each, regardless whether, when living, her children wore the blue or the grey.

But the tomb can speak to us only through eloquent silence; the cripples, who now fill our land, by their presence daily bring back those old scenes, and silently ask us to forget them not. And the sad hearts of those who went out, like myself, and lived with their fallen friends those terrible years, will, if no others, thank me for this "*tribute to the dead*."

One whole afternoon's absence from the patients was about the greatest loss sustained by our slave-hunting. Mattie was secure in the land of freedom, and her pursuers, after performing the functions of a chimney-sweep, dispersed homeward. The case was by myself laid before the government authorities, and, a few weeks later, Southern citizens were pro-

hibited invading loyal homes in search of colored refugees.

On entering the hospital next morning, I learned that a load of wounded Confederates had been brought. Many of them had been shot in the back, and some fatally. This wound was always significant, and indicated a coward, or a convert to our cause; but the healer of the sick knew no distinction, and devoted his care alike to the man who had fought for or against the government. These were the orders from General Grant, and most rigidly did he see them carried out. In passing through the ward on my usual mission, and at the usual time, after wardmasters and nurses had made all as neat and proper as a lady's breakfast parlor, one poor fellow, who lay upon his face, excited my greatest sympathy.

"Sister, do you think I can live?" said he, as I laid my hand upon his throbbing brow.

"I hope so; we will try to save you. You seem to suffer much."

"Yes, some; but not so much from my wounds as from my head and heart; they are a flaming fire, and will consume me," he replied, with a deep moan. "I do not want to die; I am not ready to die. Can't you save me?" he exclaimed, clasping my hand tightly, after sobbing aloud.

"I have but little confidence in myself, but my husband is said to pretty nearly bring the dead to life. I will seek him." And I hastened to his side.

"Doctor, here's another man you *must* save, and

at all hazards; he is in a pitiable condition of despondency and suffering."

"My child, you know I will save him, if possible; but you forget that I am not possessed of the elixir of life, to distribute at will, else none should die."

I conducted him to the weeping Confederate. The doctor made another examination, and whispered to me that there was no possible chance for hope.

"My poor boy, you must try to get that weight from your mind, else I can give you no hope for this life or the next. After you have slept a little, and dried your tears, I will bring you good news, but, remember, not without your first sleep."

"For God's sake don't forget to come," were his last words, as he submissively closed his eyes.

Oh, the joy I felt that my husband's mission was that of healing, instead of wounding. When I looked at the poor soldiers with broken jaws, perforated heads, mangled arms, smashed ankles, broken ribs, dislocated shoulders, lacerated faces and forms, cripples for life,—Confederates and Federals side by side in their gory wounds inflicted by each other's hands, my heart cried out in anguish, "Why, why must brother thus slay brother?" So absorbed in the sufferings around us had every one become, that it was frequently remarked by Christians and ministers, "I feel as though I had done no good in all my life until I came here."

When I returned to poor Rodgers, the rebel, he again asked me to pray for him. "Yes, if you will let me help you a little with that," I said, touching

a delicate locket, half concealed beneath his face. The chaplain joined me, and aided by his eloquent words the invalid expressed his hopes of salvation. He then asked me to hear his confession, and that he be placed alone in a room to give it.

The request was granted; and in the quiet of a Sabbath evening, in the faint rays of the declining sun, the invalid lay in a western room, near the window, with the green boughs sweeping in above his cot, and the spring birds waltzing through the open door. The smile of peace that had rested upon his face was saddened by a tremor of pain. He seemed rallying courage to begin. The dusk of evening was creeping around, and life fast ebbing away.

"Come, sir, there is no time to lose," I said, and kissed the locket, to give him confidence. It contained the face of a young girl, beautiful as a poet's dream.

"I thank you for that kiss to one whose life will now be desolate indeed. Will you write to her just as I direct?"

"Just as you direct, so Heaven be my witness."

With a deep moan, and a sudden flash of pain across his face, he crossed himself and began:

"MY DARLING EMMA:

"Though death has for days claimed me, yet I can not go until I make my confession to you. Long and earnestly did you try to win me to a better life, but all in vain; for though I professed a change to you, I was still living in sin. I am now in Northern hands, and a convert to their cause, and though purchased at the cost of life, 'tis cheap for its value. Your gentle image filled my heart with love, my life with

romance, and my aspirations with tragedy. There life was *ideal*, here life is *real*. 'Tis useless for me to tell you of the many I, as a guerrilla, have waylaid and murdered; but a few I may mention, as an example of the life we led, and a warning to others to flee it, before it becomes an infatuation. Jonathan Winters and Joseph Hazlett I helped to hang in his own barn. Four little school girls I destroyed, and put in one grave. Mrs. Sheppard we burned alive in her own house. Old Parson Brownlow I scalped, and afterwards buried alive. [The pen began to shake in my hand.] And, Emma darling, your brother I shot with his own rifle, after I had stunned him with my own. The good sister here, who has ministered so greatly to my comfort during my last hours, will convey it to you; keep it for my sake, and love me still, Emma. Pardon and forgive, and never cease to love."

These were his last words, in guttural tones, and I raised my eyes to find his face fixed in death. Before me lay one of the worst guerrillas that ever ranged a forest. The above letter is not given with any view to effect, but only fails of truth in being far short of the confessional. 'Tis given as a specimen of one kind of duties that we were daily subjected to, and also to show the shocking crimes that war prepares wicked men for committing. From a child, when my grandfather would hold up to me the bright official uniform, and relate thrilling incidents of the revolutionary war, my little heart would bound with patriotic fire; and I ever wished I could live through a war. Alas, that it should be a *civil war*! I have been severely reprimanded for my wish; and instead of telling what will interest the young in war, I would hold up to them every horror that would make them dread it.

I sat in the gray evening meditating upon the chance of heaven for the murderer before me, and pondering whether such a mixture of the tender and demoniac could get pardon from either the fair young girl whose brother he had murdered, or from God. Soft footsteps suddenly entered the room. I supposed they had come to take the remains. Inspecting hands seemed surprised to find a cot, but more so to find a form upon it. The shock, however, reached its climax as the fingers of the visitor fell upon the cold, rigid face of the guerrilla; and my head in a mammoth white Southern sun-bonnet, raised at the same time, from a reverie, upon my hand. Scream after scream escaped poor Sambo, who had come to that room expecting to find it empty, and in his search for a lantern was sure a ghost had arisen and was chasing him. In his extreme alarm, he bounded to the basement floor, dragging two of the orderlies with him into a closet, and slammed the door so tight that it took two men to open it. He came to the conclusion that there were more dangerous things in the army than trophies.

An intelligent, refined lad, who had just been replaced upon his cot from the amputating table, begged to see his arm once more, before it was hid forever from his sight. It was against official rules to permit this test of feeling to patients, but he pleaded so touchingly that he finally prevailed, and a litter of severed arms was placed before him. He instantly picked out one with fine taper fingers, still tipped with the blush of health, and pressed it

warmly to his lips. Tenderly he gazed upon it for some moments, with the only dry eyes in the room. The lonely arm then clasped it fondly, and placed it in its old position by his side. As a keen sense forced itself freshly upon his mind that he was a cripple for life, hot tears rolled upon his cheeks, and he murmured, "For God and my country." "For Grant and victory," echoed the voice of the surgeon in charge, who hastened to check this violation of his hospital rules. The words were caught up, and the one arms of the pale-faced heroes flourished amid glad exultant cheers of "Grant and victory." The patient rallied, tears were dried, and the old halls rang with joy. My husband directed the words to be placed at the foot of every cot, where hundreds, aye thousands, could fix them deep in their lives, amid scenes they would not be likely to forget. "*For our country*, what of that?" said a soldier who had been wounded in one of Napoleon's great battles, when the doctor was feeling for a bullet. "Put your probe a little deeper, and you will find Napoleon."

Thus the round of duties continued, from the first wounded at Fort Henry to the last wounded of Shiloh. Rest was almost out of the question for any of the poor surgeons; and to ensure the least for some of them, their door had to be guarded. So often have I stood sentinel at the door of my husband, that I became fully conversant with the piteous appeals that would momentarily be handed in. "O, doctor, do come; the man with one arm

says he can't stand it another minute without you." "The man with the broken chest wants to see the big doctor once more before he dies." "Oh, doctor, the man with one arm and one leg says he *must have* the surgeon in charge, or he'll get up, and go straight to him if he don't *come now*." Such, and more imperative messages would be hurled in upon the two hours' rest of the men who had spent twenty-two consecutive hours over their patients, and were trying to snatch the rest that would prepare them for the next twenty-two hours hard labor. True, Government tried to give an ample supply of surgeons, but in the army, as at home, the popular voice was the power, and where confidence was established, and no fee to bar too frequent consultation, the importunities were greater than persons unacquainted with the life can realize. Then, too, the surgeons were not blocks of marble, but men. Their patriotism was fired, their sympathies aroused, and their being absorbed in the great work of saving life. On the field, violent death quickly terminates suffering, but in the hospital it is tenfold greater,—weeks, and months, and years torture and rack the frame, until the patient becomes a recovered cripple, or experiences the keen sense of welcome death. The watchful, devout anxiety of physicians and nurses at such times; the hoping against hope, the desperate, determined struggle to baffle the enemy, finds its parallel only in the effort of the great military leader against the enemy that aims at his defeat.

On the morning of April 3, 1862, a fine, gentle-

manly looking soldier came to the door of our quarters and held in both hands the largest cluster of roses, of the richest hue and choicest fragrance, that I ever beheld. At sight of them I exclaimed aloud. Doffing his hat and gracefully bowing, he said : " Here, madam, the Illinois cavalry send this to you with their compliments."

" What, Richard, all these beautiful roses for me !"

" Yes, marm, and they say that they wish it was something a great deal better."

" That could not be ; the wealth of all the Indias could not afford me a more welcome, or *sweeter* gift. Return my warmest thanks to the noble Illinois cavalry, and tell them I shall imagine myself among the spicy hills and warbling groves of Italy whilst these last." The morning dew still rested upon their tremulous leaves like liquid diamonds ; and as I cut the band that held them and set them afloat in water, their fragrance filled the house, yard and hospital. The citizens and soldiers upon learning my unaccountable love of flowers, gave me daily delight by these surprises. Often would I find a half dozen bouquets at my door in the morning, and the white counterpane scattered with gaudiest luscious roses, tossed in over the window ere I rose. Never shall I forget those welcome offerings from the good loyalists of the South.

" Flowers are the only things in nature I was ever in danger of worshiping," said I, in absorbing delight, as I tested the fragrance of each particular one. " Make not unto yourselves idols," said a pleasant

voice, as a hand rested gently upon my shoulder. "Why, Mrs. Wallace," I exclaimed, "where did you come from?" "Not from the heart of a rose, whence you have just emerged, but from the boat Minnehaha now touching at the wharf. I am on my way to Pittsburgh—hoping to see my husband, if possible, before the battle opens." "I sincerely wish you success." "You have not seen him since the last battle?" "I have not, and now a premonition has sent me to him." "Cherish no fears," said my husband, "but let us hope that a kind Providence will long spare to our country a man in every sphere so useful as General Wallace." With the interchange of a few more pleasant sentences Mrs. Wallace cheerfully left to resume her journey. The boat bell was already ringing, and she hastened aboard; bright, beautiful, and hopeful as the promise of early spring now blooming around us, she waved her kerchief until quite out of sight; and the Minnehaha skimmed over the waters bearing its precious charge up to the battle scenes that soon were to dim those smiles forever.

She reached Shiloh just in time to meet her husband, brought to her from the raging battle, in a bruised and comatose state. But the details of the sad, sad story shall be given in the simple eloquence of her own language, upon which no pen can improve.

Upon hearing of General Wallace's death, my husband walked the floor all night long, in deep distress. No death had ever affected him thus; and although assured that no skill could have saved the General, yet Coatsworth ever bemoaned the fate that kept

him from Wallace's side in the hour of his mortal peril.

The patients of Forts Henry and Donelson were now mostly disposed of; some to their homes on earth, others to the field, and some to their homes in heaven; and preliminaries to a great battle were again made; floors limed, cots spread with snowy linen, amputating tables adjusted, and slender needles threaded with flossy "surgeon's silk." Inspectors pronounced arrangements perfect; and the wounded came pouring in from Shiloh.

Says Mrs. Henshaw, in "Our Tributaries," of the obstinate, bloody fight of Pittsburgh Landing, the same story must be repeated that has already been told of Donelson. Thirteen thousand were killed, wounded and missing on each side. The enemy fled, leaving its killed and wounded in our hands, and it devolved on us as the victors, to care for all the sufferers. Most of these victims were through transports conveyed to the Central Hospital—prescribed for, and dispersed to surrounding hospitals and posts.

April 12th brought good news. Bright, beautiful Sabbath morning as it was, a steamer touched at the wharf, bringing us six neat New England ladies, to aid in hospital work.

They were introduced by the following letter :

CHICAGO, *April 10th*, 1862.

MY DEAR COATSWORTH: To-day I send you the corps of nurses that I promised when I last saw you. Mrs. Egerton, to whom this will introduce you, has been for two years matron for the Home of the Friendless in our city; and the others,

whom she will take charge of, are experienced nurses. I hope they will do you all the good you predict, and need now in your *over-labored* position.

I am, truly your friend,

O. H. TIFFANY,

V. P. S. Commission.

TO DR. GEO. COATSWORTH, *Surgeon in charge of Central Hospital.*

Dr. Tiffany and Prof. Bugbee, of Chicago, had made a thorough inspection of the Central Hospital on their way up the river. Visits of inspection from home delegates occurred daily, with the utmost approval, and the frequent remark, "I would rather be an invalid in the Central Hospital than at home with my friends."

We also append a letter from the Sanitary Commission.

CHICAGO, *April 10th*, 1862.

DR. GEO. COATSWORTH, *Surgeon in charge of Central Hospital and Medical Director of the Post, Paducah, Ky. :*

DEAR SIR:—Your application for Protestant Christian female nurses having been sent to the Chicago Sanitary Commission, we send you a corps of efficient women, organized as nurses, with a matron at their head. Mrs. Egerton, the matron, and bearer of this note, has been for some three years the nurse in the "Home of the Friendless" in this city, where her efficiency, self-reliance, and administrative talent made her eminently fitted for the position. The corps of nurses who accompany her, six in number, have been selected with care, and after diligent inquiry into their capability. They are all women of excellent standing, and of untarnished Christian reputation. Both matron and nurses understand that they are to act in subordination to the surgeons in charge; and upon the nurses has been impressed their duty to the matron. They are fully

aware of the self-denials and hardships they may expect in their new field of labor, and are prepared to meet them in the right spirit. We commend them to your kind regards, asking you to direct them, and to place them in a situation where they may be useful.

Yours, very respectfully,

MRS. A. H. HOGE,

MRS. D. P. LIVERMORE,

Committee of the Chicago Protestant Female Nurse Association.

This recommendation has the endorsement of the Chicago Sanitary Commission.

MARK SKINNER,

Pres. Ch. S. C.

Among the frequent and welcome visitors who often brightened the Central Hospital by their presence, was Mrs. Colonel Noble, whose husband was commander of the post. Her visits were exceedingly cheering, and the boys daily looked forward to them with pleasure. She assured them they were never so comfortable and happy in their lives, and many of them believed it, at least while *she* was present. Herself and husband were well-merited favorites with all. Mrs. Dr. Hammlton, a sweet lady, who did much good; and Miss Rebecca Woodward, her companion; Mrs. Lynn Boyd, whose husband was formerly Speaker of the House in Washington; Mrs. Hughes, the chief banker's wife, and her lovely daughter;—may Heaven prosper them, for their kindness to me; Mrs. Dr. Austin; a host of generals from the field, among whom was General Ducat, of Evanston, Ill.;—all these were at different

times our visitors. The accomplished, efficient lady of Dr. Warner deserves more praise than our brief space permits; her laudable efforts among the wounded, her genial presence among sick and well, and her untiring devotion to the cause, were unremitting, and her superior talents gave her great power wherever she was known. Mrs. Lou Rockwood Warner was born to be a Major-General, or, rather, the companion of one,—still, as the wife of an eminent army surgeon, she has won more victories by his side than she could have done by the side of one whose victories came by wounding instead of healing. To me she ever seemed the embodiment of all that was brilliant, beautiful and good.

In the midst of our duties among the wounded, a lengthy petition was handed to my husband, from his regiment, requesting his return, accompanied by the following words from its commander:

“We are not willing to part with you any longer for any thing short of General Grant’s orders. The battle of Corinth is about to open, in which we are to engage, and we *can not* go without you.”

This intelligence was received at the hospital with consternation, and it was thought best, for the sake of those who had put their faith so completely in one man’s skill, to keep his departure a secret, at least for a time. The suspicions of the ever-alert patients, however, were quickly aroused, and some sternly demanded the truth. “Where is *my doctor*? I insist upon it that you tell me,” said poor Captain R. Fields, rallying from a seeming insensibility of

days' duration. His loving young wife, who watched by him day and night, tried to evade an answer; but, rising up in his bed for the first time in weeks, he exclaimed, "You can not deceive me, Dr. Coatsworth has gone." "Yes, he has gone," said his weeping wife. "Then may God help me, for I am a dead man!" They were the last audible words he uttered, and died within three days.

The physicians and nurses had all worked so hard here to save life—precious life, that it seemed cruel to break the lines of labor until all were secure; but military orders are imperative, and we had only healed that the enemy might again wound.

Let it not be understood that I am writing eulogy of my husband; that is not what I intend, and to avoid it, I have taken out many of the most interesting parts of the work. Volumes have been filled with the glorious deeds of men who take life in battle, but where is the pen that has ever become a champion to the self-sacrificing, humane men who save life in the field? And yet, where would be our great victories, or our victors, did the surgeons fail in their duty, and cease to provide the material to secure both? My observation has been, that every good army surgeon performed work enough in the late war to entitle him to the highest honors and the largest pay. Whether these things have been accorded to him, we leave the Government to respond. If they have not become life-heroes, they have certainly been public benefactors to the nineteenth century.

Among the surgeons whom I have personally known to have won these laurels, are the names of Dr. T. R. Austin, of New Albany, Ind. ; Dr. Horace Wardner, of Cairo, Ill. ; Dr. Hammilton, of Illinois ; Dr. Brinton, of Boston ; Dr. Bringham, of Illinois ; Dr. Hollister, of Chicago ; Dr. Aigner, New York ; Dr. Clark, of Chicago, and scores of others, some of whom have settled back into the obscure walks of life, none but the Great Eye above seeing the noble record they made during our terrible civil war.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. GENERAL WALLACE.

Her Nativity—Early Acquaintance with Mr. Wallace—Mexican War—Judge Dickey: he and Student join the War—Safe Return—Happy Union—War of 1861—"The Oaks"—Colonel Wallace's Regiment—Merited Promotion—Battles he Fought—Mrs. Wallace visits the Field—General Strong—Affecting Incident—Battle of Shiloh—Gallant Lead of Wallace—Seven Kinsmen in the Battle of that day—Wallace Falls—His Division Reels—The Enemy takes the Ground—Crushing truth is told his Wife—Cyrus Dickey—Wallace Recovered—He still Lives—Last Hours—Interesting Letters from Mrs. Wallace—Judge Dickey and Family—Costly Ransoms—Citizens of Ottawa—Mrs. Wallace at Home.

THE sad romance of William Wallace, of Scotland, and his beloved Marion, seems almost repeated in the history of Mrs. Ann Dickey Wallace and her gallant, chivalrous, devoted husband. Associated as they were from early youth, reciprocal affection had grown with their growth, and sympathy of tastes and mutual regard had made their lives entirely one.

She is a native of Bourbon County, Ky., and the eldest daughter of Hon. T. Lyle Dickey.

At the age of twelve, then a charming girl, and a favorite in a large community, she became acquainted with William H. L. Wallace, a student in her father's law office, at Ottawa, Illinois. The acquaintance of the child and man steadily and healthily ripened into love. The Mexican war came; Judge Dickey raised and commanded company I, in the 1st Regi-

ment of Illinois volunteers, and young Wallace accompanied him. After honorable distinction in the service, Judge Dickey, on account of failing health, resigned, and came home. Wallace became adjutant. Through the varied triumphs and trials of the entire campaign, the admiration and interest of the little girl never failed. In 1851, then but seventeen years old, she became a dignified wife, when the laurels of the young soldier were still fresh upon his brow. Wallace was indeed one of "nature's noblemen;" and a union such as this proved to be, seemed all that was necessary to complete and crown their happiness. The esteem in which he was universally held was scarcely excelled by that of his great devotion to the companion of his life. In one of their journeyings East, Mrs. Wallace was on the crowded "gang-plank" of a steamer at New York, when the board slipped from its rest, and in a moment she, with thirty others, was helpless in the waters, ten feet below the deck, with a fast receding tide. Wallace cast himself into the flood, and after a long and desperate struggle with the waves, saved her life at the imminent peril of his own. This added new fibres to a love already "strong as death."

At the very outbreak of the war of 1861, Mr. Wallace felt it his duty to offer his services to our country, and his heroic wife gave her consent. They were then living at "The Oaks," their beautiful suburban home, overlooking the pretty town of Ottawa; and Wallace was engaged in a large and lucrative law practice. No absence from this sweet

seclusion could make it dearer,—no military renown could enrich the laurels that already wreathed their young lives; but the time for individual sacrifice had come, and bravely they stepped forth to duty. She says: “The cruel, cruel separation (self-imposed), the anxious waiting for daily letters, the triumph of victory, the dread of danger, the prayers for peace, and a return—that *happy return* which never came, but in hoping for which the heart would never tire,—are such as words may not express, but such as your own heart can tell you all.”

As they parted, Wallace offered his night-key to his wife,—she should hold it, talismanic of his return. “Keep it, Will, you may come at any time,” was the playful rejoinder, but it concealed not the falling tears; and a few moments later the wife was alone.

“O! would not desert rocks and streams be heaven’s paradise to me, when blessed with the presence of my husband! Ah!—Let me go!”

’Twas the language of many a weeping wife whose tears were carefully hidden, lest they alone should unman the soldier’s heart.

Wallace was the gallant and admired Colonel of the 11th Illinois Infantry. He commanded at the Villa Ridge and Bird’s Point, and for his valuable services there received special commendations from Generals McClellan and Grant. Upon the organization of the renowned army that marched up the Tennessee on a path of unbroken victory, he was placed in command of the brigade which formed the extreme left of Gen. McClelland’s corps. After the

brilliant action at Fort Henry, he marched on to Donelson. In the great battle which has made the name of Donelson forever memorable in the annals of war, he was conspicuous by his coolness in the wildest tumult and strife, by the skill with which he manœvered his command, and by heroic courage. His conduct was appreciated by the government, and rewarded with the star of a brigadier general.

His troops moved to Pittsburgh Landing, where, by Major General Grant's personal direction, he was assigned command of General C. P. Smith's division in the battle of Shiloh. That division, with General Hurlburt's, stood between the army and ruin. Four successive times it met and rolled back the rebel horde. At a most critical moment Wallace's tall form, ever at the front where the fire was hottest, was seen to reel, and, an instant later, to drop from the saddle. He was shot through the head.

But we leave him to trace the history of his gentle, heroic wife.

Save a few flying visits at certain posts during the interval of battles, Mrs. Wallace saw nothing of her husband from the time of their separation at home until Mrs. Wallace—having written to the General for leave to visit him in camp, and before it was time for a reply—remarked very decidedly to her good sister, (early one morning,) “I am going to start *to-day* for the camp, to see Will.” The sister desired her to wait one day longer, when a letter might come. “That is the very reason why I will go *to-day*. I fear I *may* get a letter telling me *not to come*, and

"I feel that I must go." She had never before thought of going to the camp without an invitation from her husband; but at this time she said, "I feel that I must go." They detained her by persuasion during the day; but that night—a night of storm and darkness—she set out for Cairo. Here she found general orders forbidding all save soldiers from going up the Tennessee river. She found a messenger, bearing a flag from the ladies of Ottawa to the Eleventh (General Wallace's old regiment), to replace one that had been sent home in shreds and tatters from the field of Donelson. The messenger, giving up hope of getting to the field at that time, was about to return. Mrs. Wallace asked him to allow her to bear the flag to the old Eleventh regiment. This was readily granted. She repaired to the headquarters of the commandant of the post—General Strong—and, flag in hand, stated her case, and pleaded it so touchingly, that General Strong, waiving his hand to silence her, said, with moistened eye and faltering voice, "Madam, you shall go if it costs me my commission;" and she did go.

Before day on the morning of that memorable Sunday, April 6th, 1862, the steamer reached Pittsburg Landing. At daylight a messenger left the boat to tell General Wallace that his wife was at the landing. Before that messenger reached the camp—not more than half a mile distant—the booming cannon and crash of musketry were resounding from the front. The messenger was received by the General, as he was rapidly leading his division to meet

the advancing foe; and long before that messenger returned to the steamer, ambulances crowded with wounded and dying soldiers were pouring in from the field. The steamer was soon a well-filled hospital, and while the soldiers fought the enemy, the soldier's wife addressed her care to the mangled and bleeding heroes before her—many of whom had been her companions in health on the way to the front. She was soon acquainted with the oppressive truths of the situation. During the long day of that dread and terrible battle—where great trees were shivered around her, and her boat was for hours a target for rebel artillery—she knew that in the thickest of the fight, though in different parts of the field, were her husband and three of *his* brothers, her father and two of *her own* brothers.

While she sympathized with those suffering on the boat, and with tender and unremitting care relieved their sufferings, her heart was filled with sad forebodings, for, with all her fortitude, it seemed almost too much to expect that the whole seven could come safely through that scene of strife and slaughter. Her husband, commanding Smith's division, held the centre, where she knew the fighting was most furious. Her faith, with the determined hope of her anxious heart, gained new strength for the emergency, and consoled by silent and earnest prayer, she believed that "Will" would come safely through it all. The wounded now poured into the boat until it could receive no more, and Mrs. Wallace, like an angel of *peace* amid the desolation of war, continued her gen-

the ministrations. The day wore on; Buel's advance was coming up, and the battle might be saved; but for hours no tidings had been received of husband, father or brothers.

From this moment a letter written by Mrs. Wallace, at the time, to a relative, and placed in my possession, shall in its own artless style tell the sad story:

The lower deck of our boat and that of others were used to ferry the reinforcements over. Over and back, over and back, we moved. I was earnestly watching these scenes, more hopeful than most around me.

Elder Button came up the steps, with a worn, depressed look, for he had been partially disabled by a spent ball while caring for the wounded on the field. I felt sorry for him, knowing he had looked on so many loved faces that day for the last time and that he was suffering somewhat from his own injuries. Looking still more depressed, he came near me and a little behind me, and said, "This is an *awful* battle!" I replied, "Yes, but these fresh men will yet win the day." He said, "You have a great many relations on that field to-day,—you can not hope to see them all come in safe." I answered, "They all came safely through Donelson, and to-day my husband is in command of a division and is comparatively safe. He repeated from behind my shoulder, "*It is an awful battle.*" My heart was touched by his depressed tones; but I thought his exhausting day's work had caused them. I turned to console him, and raising my eyes to the face of Hartly, who sat in front of me, and whose countenance reflected horror as he gazed full in the face of Elder Button, the dread truth fell upon my heart like a thunder-bolt—like the cold hand of steel.

Words needed not to tell it; 'twas before me! I was stunned—chilled—almost paralyzed! Suffering came, hours afterwards.

Very soon, brother Cyrus came to me self-charged with the hard duty of telling me my life had been darkened. He was spared the task; his work was already done. He gave me some of the details. Will's division was falling back under

orders and in order, he leading them. They had been outflanked by the enemy, and at the time were under a heavy cross-fire of rebel musketry. Cyrus had just directed Will's attention to some move of the enemy, and he raised in his stirrups apparently to see better; but a shot had reached him, and the next moment he fell upon his face to the ground. He was in full view of his whole division at the time, and from that moment confusion reigned. Their hopes of success had gone. Cyrus and an orderly (one who loved Will) carried him — whom they supposed dead—over a quarter of a mile. They had been passed by their own line, and the enemy was madly upon them. To remain was to court death, and with no hope of finally saving their precious charge. They laid him tenderly beside some ammunition to shield him from the trampling feet, and tearfully left him — narrowly escaping with their own lives.

My husband was dead, and the enemy had possession of the grounds where he lay. 'Twas all they could tell, and it was enough!

In a few moments Cyrus left me to go to Colonel Ransom of the 11th, who lay wounded on the steamer near by, and he was by mistake carried down to Savannah. So I was quite alone that fearful night. God gave me strength, and I spent much of the night in bathing the fevered brows and limbs of the sufferers around me. Action was a relief to me and some slight help to aid men who were suffering in the cause for which "Will" had given his life.

On Monday morning, about 10 o'clock, as I was sitting beside a wounded man just brought in, Cyrus came to me with the word that Will had been brought in (after the rebels were put to flight) and—*oh, joy*—he was breathing! I flew to the adjoining boat where he was. There, on a narrow mattress on the floor in the middle of the cabin, he lay *mortally wounded*. His face was flushed, but he was breathing naturally, *so like himself*, save that fearful wound in his temple. A ball had passed through his head in a manner that made it marvelous that he could still live. But the greatest joy was yet to come — Will recognized my voice at once and clasped my hand. I was thrilled, and exclaimed, "*He knows me—he knows me!*" Others said that could not be, but Will's lips moved and with difficulty uttered "Yes." Words fail to tell how sweet it was! I believed my husband dead, and he is

alive and knows me! *Father, I thank thee!* I could appreciate the feelings of Mary and Martha at the tomb of Lazarus. The boat was now taken to Savannah, and we were permitted to place him in a large, airy room at post-headquarters. Brothers Cyrus Wallace, Martin Wallace, Hitt Wallace and several of Will's staff were there, and all was done that ready hands and loving hearts could do.

He seemed so happy and satisfied to have me near him, but lay in calm self-control — even in death conscious that his moments of life were continued only by this rest. But hope with us grew brighter until after the periodical delirium, caused by excessive inflammation, passed away, and his pulse began to fail; we knew then, his moments with us were few. Pa had obtained leave of absence from his command to be with me a short time; but he quickly had to return to pursue the now flying enemy. My darling knew that he was going, and pressed my hand long and fondly to his heart. Then he waved me away and said, "We meet in heaven." They were the last words upon those loved lips, and he faded away gently, and peacefully, and hopefully. My father snatched a moment to come to my side, as he was breathing his last. I had now lost him in very deed, but the blow was not so heavy as when I first heard he was killed on the battle-field. Those last days with him had been so cherished, so unexpected! I raised my heart in grateful thanks for this, and also that the dearest friends of both were near him at his death.

God had led me there, so that I should not meet the great sorrow alone. He had permitted me to soothe the last hours of my husband, and had given him appreciative knowledge of the act.

After he could no longer see me, he would pass his fingers over every hand he touched to assure himself by the ring that he held mine.

In his restlessness he would drop the hand for a moment, but the next instant would reach for it, and search for the ring. If he took the right hand and found no ring, he would pass quickly on to the left hand, and touch the ring as evidence of my presence.

No thought had the smitten one, that any portion of this letter, written in the desolation of bereave-

ment, would ever be in print; but does it not reveal the noblest traits of the true woman? And such has Mrs. Wallace ever proved herself. Quiet, affectionate, and unobtrusive, she has found time for many a silent benefaction, many a deed of kindness to those who serve their God by serving their country. 'Tis no wonder that she felt a deep interest in the success of our national struggle. It had more than the life-blood of her noble husband. She says, "My husband, father and five brothers were all in the army under fire on that terrible day at Shiloh. There were five of the Wallace brothers, two of my own brothers, and my father, in the army at the same time." Her husband fell in battle at Shiloh; her eldest brother, Cyrus, on General Ransom's staff, fell in General Bank's disastrous battle at Red River. Matthew Wallace of the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, was drowned while embarking for Fort Henry, February, 1862. Captain John Wallace died in Texas, of yellow fever, soon after he was mustered out of the old Fourth Cavalry, which was merged into the Twelfth Cavalry, and was the last roll regiment mustered out.

Judge T. L. Dickey, Mrs. Wallace's father, was an influential and well-known citizen, who filled positions of eminent trust and responsibility, and filled them ably, besides volunteering his own services for the field.

Such are costly ransoms for a nation's honor.

Mrs. Wallace still lives at "The Oaks," ever exerting a positive influence for good, and sacredly

attending to the duties of the day, which, in her own sweet words, she "does not go far to find."

She is a devout Christian, and has a peculiar gift for winning and retaining the regard of all who know her well. She is justly beloved by a large circle of friends, who frequently make, in some delicate way, public demonstration of their esteem.

For instance, the citizens of Ottawa presented her with a life-size portrait of her husband — an oil painting, by Antrobus. Its reception gave her untold pleasure, and was repaid by her warmest thanks and the assurance that such memoirs would be cherished by her through life.

"The Oaks," like the deserted Halls of Ellerslie, still lament their noble chief, and "You may come any time," are fit words of waiting for the hero whom a nation mourns.

CHAPTER X.

BATTLE OF CORINTH, AND MARINE HOSPITAL.

Middle of May — Mockingbird and Thrush — Onward and Upward — Halleck's Orders — Hoot-owls, and Minié Rifles — Poetic Sense of Life — "Sacred to the Memory of" — General Grant's Tenacity — Rapidity of Action — Grant and Illinois — Colonel Dickey — A Succession of Battles — From April 30th, to May 30th — A Soldierly Pursuit — Grant Thanks the Army — President Lincoln Congratulates Grant — Shelling the Tent — Search among the Dead — Resignation.

It was the middle of May, and nature wore her choicest garb. The air was fragrant with the breath of spring, and vocal with the songs of mocking-bird and thrush. Robin-redbreast was flitting among the magnolias, and buttercups and pond-lilies sat softly on the stream, whose limpid waters were in lazy repose. But in jarring contrast to the peaceful voice of nature was the life of every man and woman, north and south. Those who were not fighting were preparing others for battle; those who had not lost friends expected to daily, and a spirit of melancholy rested upon every face.

Though the wounded urged me to remain with them as proof that my husband would return, yet a few days after his departure I was sent for to join him on the field. As I made my adieus the gratitude of the boys was overwhelming. One insisted that I had saved his arm; another his life, and a third that he owed me his conversion. How richly repaid

I felt for all my trouble and care as I saw the grateful hearts around me. The roses that had crept on my stand, at my desk, or on my tea-table, so incessantly, were now handed in with rich profusion, and my path seemed literally strewn with them, as I tearfully tore myself away from the place of our earnest and united labors. Many of the drooping convalescents, as well as the citizens, accompanied me to the river; and with real sorrow I turned from the friends and scenes of the past, to the broad, uncertain future. But the mandates of war admit of no resistance; I stepped upon the boat, which put out into the widening waters; reminding me that life with us now was forward, and onward, and upward, casting no remorseful glance behind. Several days' journey landed me in a small tent beside my husband on the fields of Corinth. The chief battle had not as yet occurred, but successful routing of the enemy had long continued, and our soldiers courted a final engagement. General Halleck, in command, was immovable in body and mind, and held the boys in check.

For weeks together the poor fellows had lain upon their extemporized beds—three rails being thought a soft one, and worthy a patent—and amid their own humorous jokes, the barytone of the hoot-owl, and the crack of the enemy's minié rifle, they were nightly lulled to repose. In the day, these marshy cradles were compensated for by the pleasure of longing black eyes constantly upon your track—now of reptiles gently curving beneath your feet, and

again of pet lizards peeping in over your shoulder, as the tent-fly was turned back. A rare, poetic sense of existence it gave one to be thus incessantly admired. Then, the heat, the bats, the owls, and the innumerable variety of insects, propagated from Southern swamps, were enough to unhinge the nerves of a saint. No wonder the dogs and donkeys of the camp kept up a perpetual howl.

Alas, for the romance of General Halleck's Corinth campaign. The enemy, at whom the cannons were so long pointed, and who finally retired ere that salute was fired, ("sacred to the memory of,") proved to be the smallest of the many enemies upon the Federal track. But battle, that the boys so long prayed for, came at last, and my husband's regiment was in the thickest of the fight.

The importance of this campaign was such as to merit a brief sketch from its beginning. "General Grant, with his accustomed tenacity of purpose and rapidity of action, did not rest upon the success achieved at Shiloh"—in which Illinois and Grant made a glorious record—"a chapter of victories that can never be obliterated." On the 8th of April, General Sherman, with his cavalry and two brigades of infantry, made a reconnoissance on the Corinth road. The rebel cavalry were soon overtaken, and a fight at once ensued." After much manœuvering and alternately broken lines, Colonel Dickey's gallant regiment led off in a spirited charge with their carbines and put the rebels to flight, and a victory was gained.

On the 30th of April another reconnoissance was made by order of General Grant towards Purdy, a small town twenty miles from Corinth. The darkness of the night and the intense storm prevented immediate attack; but with the dawn, a "forward" move was made, and the cavalry under Colonel Dickey pressed forward and completed its work of victory, and, best of all, without the loss of one man by rebel balls. But many a brave Illinois soldier fell that night in the storm and swamps. The third reconnoissance developed the battle of Farmington, in which Illinois generals and soldiers again shone conspicuously.

On the third of May a reconnoissance in force was ordered. The choice of the army were selected, Illinois being largely represented, and they pursued the enemy, having many brisk skirmishes, closing with a heavy and decisive fire that caused the enemy to break and flee toward Corinth. On the 9th the enemy, twenty thousand strong, made a desperate attack, but were disheartened by the repulse, and fled. Still General Halleck's peremptory orders were against a general engagement. On the 21st of May another reconnoissance was made, resulting in the route of the enemy and an advanced position of our forces. On the same day, Colonel Sedgwick learned the strength and position of the enemy's lines. Meantime Halleck was slowly but surely advancing with his powerful army toward Corinth. On the 28th the rebels boldly contested an advance from our strong columns, but were driven at each

point. On the 29th, General Pope opened the batteries upon the entrenchments of the enemy and routed him. On the same day General Sherman established a new battery within a few rods of the rebel works. The enemy became desperately alarmed, and on the 29th made a complete evacuation of the town. On Friday, the 30th, the Union forces entered Corinth. Desolation and destruction were on every hand. Burned buildings, and piles of smouldering commissary stores were on every street. The escape was complete. Pursuit of the retreating rebels was now vigorously kept up. The enemy were rallied and routed daily until, on the 10th of June, the occupation of Baldwin and Guntown by our men ended the chase. "During the months of June and July important changes were made in the army of Corinth." On the 10th General Buel hastened with his army to counteract the designs of Bragg. On the 27th, General Pope was assigned command of the Army of the Potomac. On the 23rd, General Halleck became General-in-chief of all the armies of the field. In August the enemy again made an attack, and were vigorously repulsed. Generals Grant and Rosecrans acted in concert to check the movements of Price, and achieved the battle of Iuka. It was a desperate engagement, and the lines of both wavered, and rallied, and the ground was taken and re-taken three times before the rebels fled, leaving the Union forces in possession. On the 4th, another bloody conflict took place, and closed with a furious hand-to-hand combat where bayonets,

and muskets clubbed, and grape and canister assaulted the ranks of each with deadly effect, until the rebels were again routed and chased by our men. The enemy was now pursued on every side, and final and complete victory to the Federals was the result. General Grant issued an enthusiastic order, thanking and congratulating the army; and President Lincoln telegraphed to General Grant as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 8th, 1862.

MAJOR GENERAL GRANT :—I congratulate you, and all concerned in the recent battles and victories. How does it all sum up? I am very anxious to know the condition of General Oglesby, who is an intimate personal friend.

A. LINCOLN.

The eulogies were worthily bestowed. It was a soldierly pursuit of the enemy, and a decided and thorough victory.

“For God’s sake remove the hospital, *and quick!*” said an officer who rushed to our tent one day, reflecting horror from head to foot. The next moment the warning was emphasized by the tearing of a shell through the diagonal corner from where I stood. With the greatest difficulty my husband and assistant kept the falling tent from smothering the groaning patients. The field-hospital was placed back some distance, but not beyond the enemy’s guns, for so fluctuating were the victors, for a time, that it was uncertain which would next possess the grounds. Our friends were again brought in to us — mangled, bruised, and dying. Governor Oglesby, in a gallant charge, had been badly wounded, and lay

near by, and in a critical condition. The old scenes of Donelson were again before my eyes. But my brain reels at thoughts of them, and with the relation of one incident, we will brush them forever from our minds. The field had been searched and the wounded brought in, and many, who would have died on the field, with medical aid recovered. The dead were all buried, and the field quite cleared. But the morning boat brought a young wife in search of her husband. She had come all the way from New England, and reached the field just in time to learn that her husband had fallen at Corinth and was buried. Her wail became truly pitiable. "Bring me back my husband — oh, bring him back, or I die," was the day-and-night cry of the lady, whose reason seemed shattered with the shock.

The mutilated body came at last, resurrected from the common grave in which many lay in peace together. A soldier, who could not resist this appeal from one who had come thousands of miles to see her darling, went silently out and brought in the remains. Throwing herself upon the corpse, she clasped it in fond embrace and fainted. Their little boy wept over both, kissing each alternately, and wailing, "Oh, mamma, papa; they are both dead."

With great difficulty we got her aroused—recofined her husband, and sent the family group, thus painfully re-united, to their friends East. After this exhausting campaign, hundreds resigned through disability, overcome by their hardships of life in the Southern swamps. Others died in camp from this

exhaustion, among whom was the favorite son of Governor Matteson of Illinois. He was a polished gentleman, a thorough scholar, and a man of uncommon promise and bright prospects. Well was it for those, who, like my husband, resigned and hastened home to recruit.

“Few campaigns are said to have been marked with so many and desperate battles, or with so much valor and determination on every side. No previous victories were so complete, or so well followed up. It marked a new epoch in the history of the war; and it is no small honor to the State, that Illinois contributed so much to the general result. Nearly all of the prominent Generals—Grant, McClelland, Hurlburt, Logan, Oglesby, McArthur, Pope and others were from Illinois; and in every instance her soldiers have proved themselves worthy their name, Illini—‘men.’”

On reaching our old seat of labor, the Post commander desired my husband to fit up the Marine Hospital, remove the patients from all the surrounding hospitals to that one, and take permanent charge of it. “By no means,” was the reply; “I resigned for the purpose of recruiting.”

“But that has always been such a God-forsaken place, and your executive ability is just what we need — *you must stay.*”

To this, and the entreaty of the invalids, my husband finally yielded, and with tottering step and trembling hand commenced a work that had foiled strong, well men. A fine corps of aids was placed

at his disposal, and within a few days the old Fort, *alias* the Marine, was, from the basement to the sixth story, cleared of ammunition and *stacks of shells*, and made as bright, pure and sunnuy as some magic temple. It was a grand, imposing old edifice, that rose in stately magnificence above the broad bosom of the river.

The patients were all gathered in from the numerous minor buildings — for some of which Government was paying to pseudo-loyalists, under false oath, enormous rents—and placed comfortably together in the Marine. True, it was full from basement to garret; but they were all there, and joyfully content. The good commander tendered a vote of thanks to Coatsworth, and insisted upon his remaining in charge, at least for a time.

As I entered the Marine, one beautiful evening of a mid-summer's day, and passed noiselessly through the various wards, the aspect of the patients struck me as peculiarly pleasant. Hitherto they had scarcely rallied from the fatigue caused by their removal; but this day seemed to bring them strength and renewed hope. The room was dotted with flowers and the dew of spring seemed borne upon every breeze that swept through those spacious halls. It was a picturesque view, from those windows and balconies, as the broad river spread its silvery waves before us, rippling in low music to the beams of the rising moon, and the distant groves wafted us their choicest fragrance.

The soldier closed his eyes that night in sweeter

dreams than at any time since the battle which placed him there. To him the war had closed, and in the bosom of his family the tears were kissed from his cheek, and infant arms clasped the bronzed warrior's neck and soothed his burning wounds.

But at the midnight hour those dreams were disturbed. A sharp, crackling sound for a moment reached his ear—but as quickly went, and left him in repose. It came again, but now with a keener sound, and accompanied with heat and smoke, and a sense of suffocation. The invalids stirred not, and why should they? Though the building was on fire, not one of those helpless patients could alone move hand or foot from the angry flames that now lashed wickedly through every door and window. But the alarm was given, and the faithful aids flew to the rescue. By the directions of the noble band of physicians, nurses, and assistants, every patient was removed safely from the flames, and a few hours razed to the ground a fine, six-story stone building, that for years had been an honor to the State. The rebels had fired the building, with the hope of burning up those wounded soldiers.

With the thermometer on a rampage, at 110 in the shade, it was at least thought wise for all to hasten North. Keokuk and other posts received the wounded, and all who were able to travel left for a short respite—home; but those who were not, what of them? What with the heat, the mosquitoes, the bats and flies—sickness, no servants, and no knowledge of general cooking, we were sadly in need

of something appetizing, and strength with which to eat it.

The "beautiful dreamers," of dusky hue, would complacently spread themselves before your front-door, gate, or in the midst of a bed of tulips, enjoying their mid-day repose. You walked carefully around them, congratulating yourself that they had not chosen the best corner in your front parlor for the same; and to expect this only available help to attend to others, sick or well, better than themselves, was absurd. Money had no power; habit was paramount. But an angel came, one day, and gladdened our hearts as truly as was that of poor Hagar in the wilderness. Mrs. Jeremiah Porter came flitting into our room and held up her hands in blank amazement. After taking just time enough for several exclamations of surprise, she doffed hat and shawl, adjusted the room, smoothed the pillows, brought fresh flowers for the table, and then, from some corner of the magic satchel, took as dainty a meal as ever tempted the eye of an epicure. She sanctified it with her blessing, and placed it to our lips; which emotion, at this God-send, almost forbade us partaking. As she moved lightly about the room, performing kind acts and uttering kind words, I was not surprised that the "boys in blue" always called her "the angel of the hospital."

She then placed us on board the "City of Memphis," which bore us away—away out upon the cooling waters, where the gentle zephyrs, and the

gentler Mrs. Porter, inspired new hopes of health, and new resolutions for deeds of usefulness.

Homeward-bound at last; and the heart leaped with joy as each forward move of the flying train shook off the oppressive atmosphere of the South, and invigorated the system with the breath of Illinois. The prairies seemed studded with gems; the sky inviting and clear; the people, comfortable and happy; the entire surroundings, real and wholesome. Alas, to the chivalry of the South, the bubble had burst.

When the shrill cry of the conductor called out "Chicago," the word seemed the embodiment of all that was excellent and good. I felt that the great, grand, magnanimous city was a compact, Christian brotherhood; one that I never wished to leave again, and that I was willing to die for. I verily believe that a word against our city would have called forth personal resentment from us both, so dear did Chicago seem. We had been "*down to the war*," and we knew what those words meant. One thing alone struck me as peculiar; it was the happy contentment that sat upon every face; giving had not made them poor; work and war had not made them sad.

CHAPTER XI.

LIEUT. GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN, AND THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

The Eighty-Eighth Regiment, Illinois—Its Noble Commanding Officers—Its Course on Leaving Chicago—Stone River—Preparations for Battle—Plan of Attack—Battle Opens—Rosecrans and Sheridan—Palmer's Bravery—Desperate Engagement—Great Loss of Life—Council of War—Fresh Attack—Hand-to-hand Fight—The Enemy routed and Flees—The Enemy's Winter Quarters—A Journey to Stone River—Besieging the Post-Office—Desolate Journey—Load of "Feds" captured by Guerrillas—My Flight in the Forest—Meet my Husband's Coffin—My Warning—A Noble Young Soldier—Our Return—The brave Eighty-Eighth at the Battle of Stone River—Its Resolutions on the Death of Coatsworth—Also from Chicago Medical Fraternity—A noble Letter from the Eighty-Eighth Regiment.

No name stands higher, on the list of daring deeds than that of Phil. Sheridan, the bold rider of the Shenandoah. In the brief space at our disposal, and while the press awaits us, it would be more than useless to attempt any detailed biographical sketch of the greatest cavalry officer of the war, and in some respects the greatest executive genius. His deeds were so bold, so dazzling, so brilliant; his manner was so forcible and dashing, and his connection with the closing scenes of the war which gave the *coup de grace* to treason, so intimate, that they not only prominently attracted attention at that time but have remained fixed in the nation's memory, so indelibly that any repetition of them now would be



Phil. H. Sheridan

MAJ GEN STRIP H. SHERIDAN U.S.A.



superfluous. The public journals have chronicled them and preserved them for the historian. The artists have placed them on canvas, and the poets have sung his marvelous ride down to the Shenandoah Valley, as he pushed the fugitive Early to his fate. With the lapse of time his exploits will only grow brighter and brighter, and his laurels greener. When Washington was in danger, and incompetent generals only aggravated that danger, Grant, with his rare military prescience, looked about him for some man to check the victorious Early, and settled upon General Sheridan. He was placed in command of the middle military division. General Grant had the utmost confidence in him, and when the time came to move he did not burden him with instructions. Early was before him. The danger was imminent. Grant sent to Sheridan only the laconic bi-syllables, "Go in;" and the way Sheridan *went in*, was as ruggedly Saxon as the motto. The defeat of Early culminated at the battle of Winchester. Sheridan was not with the army when it commenced. The day was against us. Sheridan arrived at Winchester and heard the artillery in the distance. He hurried on and met a sickening cloud of fugitives. He spurred his horse and dashed forth at the head of the wavering columns, rallied the dispirited army and burst upon the rebels like a thunder-storm, sending Early whirling down the valleys, broken and crushed past all remedy. Fourteen thousand men, and one hundred pieces of artillery, and a routed

army were the fruits of the campaign, which was as brief as it was decisive.

His military jurisdiction in Louisiana was marked by firmness in the midst of immense obstacles, and wisdom where it required unusual prudence and patience to cope with the situation. The rebel spirit, though defeated, was not subdued, and manifested itself in bitter political opposition to all his measures, and to all attempts at reconstruction on the part of the general government. In the midst of constant endeavors to thwart his jurisdiction, by subtle and underhanded means, he firmly preserved order, protected the Unionists in their legitimate rights, and largely helped to restore order out of chaos.

In his recent operations against the Indians on our Western borders, he has displayed the same military sagacity and boldness which marked his course during the war of the rebellion. Subtle and cunning as the foe was that he had to deal with, he met cunning with cunning, and strategy with strategy, and when the opportunity came for striking a blow, it was struck with such force that the Indians soon learned to fear him, and were soon ready to sue for peace.

In all situations which he has filled, he has been faithful and competent, and equal to the last emergency. To clear, discriminating, executive ability, and an unflinching devotion to country, he unites a gallantry which does not know danger, and a dashing brilliancy of operations which has made him the

admiration of the whole country. He is the Murat of the American army, and his name is linked with the brightest pages of American history. At the present writing his headquarters are located in Chicago, where he has made for himself a social reputation, as a gentleman and citizen, equal to the reputation he has always enjoyed as a soldier.

No apology is necessary for introducing such a hero—one of the chief actors in the battle of Stone River—with a biographical sketch. Murfreesboro' and Stone River! Can I ever forget those names, or the battles that have made them forever memorable? Not while life lasts, nor through eternity to come, if perchance the consciousness which makes our mortal existence one long-connected memory, shall survive the dissolution of nature and stretch beyond into the immortal world. On the 27th of August, 1862, the "Pet and Pride" Board-of-Trade Regiment, of Chicago—the 88th Illinois—was mustered into service.

It was officered as follows :

Colonel, Francis T. Sherman, (son of Hon. F. C. Sherman, then Mayor of Chicago) ; Lieutenant-Colonel, A. S. Chadburn ; Major, George W. Chandalier ; Adjutant, J. Seymour Ballard ; Quartermaster, N. S. Bouton ; Surgeon, George Coatsworth ; 1st Assistant Surgeon, A. C. Rankin ; 2nd Assistant Surgeon, F. M. Burdick ; Chaplain, J. C. Thomas.

Company A, Captain John A. Bross, (the gallant brother of Governor Bross.)

- " B, Captain George W. Smith ;
- " C, Captain Webster A. Whiting ;
- " D, Captain George A. Sheridan ;
- " E, Captain Levi P. Holden ;

- Company F, Captain J. W. Chickering;
“ G, Captain Gurdon S. Hubbard, Jr.;
“ H, Captain Alex. C. McClurg;
“ I, Captain Joel S. Spalding;
“ K, Captain Daniel E. Barnard.

These gentlemen, with the remaining officers of each company, as well as most of the privates, belonged to the first families of Chicago; and their departure from their superb homes on Michigan Avenue and other fashionable localities, found its parallel only in the departure from the East of the glorious “New York Seventh.”

Their commander, Colonel Sherman, had entered the service in October, 1861. Like many of the officers, he had already done good service, and they were at once ready for action. On the 4th of September, the Eighty-Eighth left Chicago for Louisville; and four weeks later we find it at the battle of Perryville. Then, after a march for guerrillas that was not equaled during the war, it landed at Stone River, where, in gallant, heroic, brave Phil. Sheridan's division, it made a record such as few regiments can boast, with the aid of four years' service.

On the night of the 30th of December, Rosecrans, with an army of 43,000 men stood before Murfreesboro', facing an enemy of 62,000 men. Our lines were three miles long, with reserves in position, and our extreme right bore away from the left to the southwest at an angle of thirty degrees. The left rested on Stone River, the right on wooded ground south of Franklin Pike, and very near to it. The extreme right brigade was formed at nearly right

angles to the main line, making a bend toward the rear to prevent a flank movement. The right wing occupied a wooded ridge opening into the ground, and was separated from the enemy by a narrow valley covered densely with cedar and oaks. The centre was posted on a rolling slope in advance, joining Crittenden's right and McCook's left. The right brigade of the left wing rested upon a wood. The next stretched across an open cotton-field into a thin grove, and the left brigades were also partially covered by timber with open grounds in front. The enemy occupied a commanding position in the open field, about eight hundred yards from our lines.

The country in rear of our lines was rough and undulating, except on the left, where there were fallow fields, and cedar thickets, and dense woods; still further beyond, a bright corn-field, rising into a crest in the face of the enemy. On the right, going south, was an old cotton-field, swelling to and fro, and running down into swamp lands, thickly skirted with trees. The southern base fronted the enemy's right.

The railroad, on high grounds to the left of the pike, and the turnpike, on low grounds, intersected the left wing on Palmer's left, and crossed each other near the rebel line in a depression forming a sharp triangle, the base of which, half a mile in the rear, was five hundred yards wide. About half way between the two lines were the walls of a brick dwelling—now famous as "Cowan's burnt house"—occupying a knoll.

The enemy's right intersected Stone River, nearly parallel with our own left front, and rested upon the heights east of the river, the extreme right obliquely, to correspond with the course of the river towards our left. The left of their right and their centre were in position behind entrenchments on the crest of the cotton-field, sloping gradually towards our front and abruptly towards their rear. Their left was prolonged on a rocky ridge south of the Franklin Road, and covered the roads going southward towards Shelbyville. The river was fordable at any place where it could be reached, so that the enemy could easily cross it if their necessity required that movement; and with it in front they could hold in check, and do immense damage to an opposing force.

Our forces were, on the 31st, disposed as follows: To the left of the Nashville and Murfreesboro' pike, one brigade of Wood's division formed the left of the Federal line; Palmer's division was deployed to the right of the pike, leaving two brigades of Wood's and the whole of Van Cleve's division as the reserve of the left wing; then the centre, with Negley's deployed, and Rousseau's in reserve, but located as to be available at the extreme left as well as the centre. The three divisions of the right wing were deployed, extending the line a considerable distance beyond the Nolensville pike. The cavalry — two brigades — were equally divided upon the flanks.

The first movement was made by Van Cleve, who crossed the lower fords, and Wood prepared to follow him. But the enemy seems to have anticipated

Rosecrans' whole plan, and during the night had massed his forces heavily on our right, advancing at daybreak and throwing himself with great vigor upon McCook's extreme right line. Then he marched amidst a murderous fire, which cut down his men like stubble stalks, upon Willich's and Kirk's brigades of Johnson's division, which, after a desperate and unavailing contest, were driven back and crushed to pieces, leaving Egerton's and part of Goodspeed's batteries in possession of the rebels. Egerton had just before sent his horses to be watered, and they were still unhitched. He had barely time to put them in harness when they were shot; and after firing a dozen rounds, and having every horse killed, his guns and himself fell into the enemy's hands.

This was bad for us, and most dispiriting. But the rebels, flushed with victory, made a dash at Davis' division, and dislodged, after a tremendous resistance, Post's, Carlin's, and Woodruff's brigades. Johnson's division, in retiring, marched too far to the left, and were too much scattered and exhausted to make a combined resistance. But they had strewn the field with rebel dead—it was a fearful harvest of death. They re-formed, several times, in line; but the enemy was too heavy in his columns for a single line, and the division in every case had to fall back.

The right and centre divisions of the right wing having been thus driven, an attack was made with redoubled fury on McCook's and Sheridan's division. There they found a strong resistance for a time; but the line on his right having given way, Sheridan

was exposed in front, flank and rear. Twice this heroic division changed front, and hurled back the overwhelming mass of the foe; and when outflanked, and nearly surrounded, with every brigade commander killed or wounded, retired in good order. Negley, hard pressed and without ammunition, also gave way, and with Sheridan put the cedar woods between his men and the foe.

Our right wing was now thoroughly broken, and the retiring divisions almost doubled back on the left. Eleven of Johnson's and six of Sheridan's guns had been captured. Hundreds were killed, and 2,000 made prisoners. Then the enemy, by wheeling his masses to the right, and throwing them upon the right flank of the centre, and, at the same time, by attacking Negley and Palmer in front with a superior force, produced the greatest consternation. The original plan of the battle, owing to the prescience of the enemy, who was prepared for every move, was now useless. It had been scattered to the winds in less than two hours from the opening of the struggle.

While Negley's division was engaged, the reserve of the centre (lying behind the right brigade of the left wing) was ordered forward to his support. Rousseau's division moved into the cedars, in Negley's rear, and commenced its deployments. On a sudden he found that they could not bring up the artillery through the narrow paths and put it into favorable position. The infantry was deployed without engaging, save a battalion on the right, which was

assailed in flank and partially confused for awhile. In the end the whole division was moved a considerable distance to the rear, and finally formed upon favorable ground in the rear of the right of Crittenden's wing. Negley fell back, although Palmer was doing his best. He was to have made a forward movement before Rousseau stirred, but was prevented by the effect of the intelligence of the defeat to the right wing upon the men. Sheridan and Negley, by their skill, firmness and valor, covered the perambulations of the reserve, and that force was in readiness to receive the enemy.

The line of battle was readjusted to the new state of affairs. Rousseau and Van Cleve's advance having relieved Sheridan's division from the pressure which bore on it, Negley's division, and Cruft's brigade from Palmer's division, withdrew from their original position in front of the cedars, and crossed the open fields to the east of the Murfreesboro' pike, 400 yards in rear of our front line, where Negley was ordered to replenish his commander, and form his reserves in close column. Our right centre now extended from Hazen to the Murfreesboro' pike northward, Hascall supporting Hazen, Rousseau filling the interval to the Pioneer brigade; Negley in reserve, Van Cleve west of the Pioneers, McCook's corps on his right, and slightly to the rear on the Murfreesboro' pike, the cavalry still further to the rear of the pike, and beyond Overall's Creek. Palmer's division, the right of Crittenden's line, was the only one still remaining in the original position.

Rosecrans' position was now fork-shaped, the shorter line being Palmer's division. The left of this division, now the left of the army, was to the left of, and at right angles with, the Nashville pike, in a scanty grove of oaks, between the pike and the railroad, on a crest about four hundred yards in front. Stone River crossed the pike some distance further to the point, and ran parallel to it within a few yards of Palmer's position, where it turned squarely to the left for several hundred yards, and again turned to the rear. The stream near Palmer was deep, with one narrow ford, an excellent defence. Between Palmer's two brigades, in the front line, was a field, 300 yards, the right brigade lying near the skirt of cedar wood.

Palmer had sustained one attack unsuccessfully, while Rosecrans was forming his new line. He now had to resist another, and a most ferocious one, in front and flank, then exposed by the falling back of Negley. The right brigade was forced back in turn, exposing the left brigade to a flank attack, and rendering the whole position critical. But Hazen stood firm at the head of the left brigade until the forces on his right were driven back. He was now exposed in flank and rear, with one regiment only to protect it, although he soon received two battalions from the reserve. To beat back the enemy's double lines required terrible fighting, and they fought terribly. It cost a third of the brave brigade! But every moment the enemy was held back was worth a thousand men to the main line. Rosecrans hurried

the troops up to the new position with matchless speed and skill; and when, at last, the enemy assailed that line, the fresh divisions of Van Cleve, Wood and Rousseau, and the artillery massed on a commanding point, not only repulsed them, but they were charged, while retiring, by one of Crittenden's brigades. The force that followed to engage the new line, when Negley fell back, meant to co-operate with the one now endeavoring to crush the short arm (Palmer's division) of the crotchet line, and the two then took the main Federal line in front, flank and rear, before its formation was complete. Thirteen hundred men baffled all the attempts of the mighty hosts that were hurled against them for this object. They were wonderfully manœvered. When the enemy withdrew, the right of the brigade was swung to the rear, bringing it behind an embankment of the railroad, which formed a good breastwork, and enabled it to withstand successfully the subsequent flank attack made against it. Rosecrans also strengthened it with infantry and artillery.

But the battle was not yet over—more thunder of cannon, more whistling of bullets, more wounded and dead must ensue before that longed-for event could take place. The enemy had been repulsed with frightful loss. Again he came, formed in solid column—but it was too late. Rosecrans this time had comprehended his design, as he in the morning had comprehended Rosecrans'. The enemy tried hard to force the line. McCook's and Negley's divisions had re-formed in the new position, and paid the rebels

interest now for the trouble they had given them in the morning. They were driven back with immense slaughter in every assault which they made—although it is true that they also dealt great slaughter among our own troops. The right of the enemy's line, when it came up to assault for the fourth and last time Hazen's position on the left, was shattered and broken by a single volley—such a change had repeated repulses made in the *morale* of the troops which had fought so grandly and desperately in the morning. They made one more attempt after that—but again they were repulsed; and the day closed, “leaving us,” says Rosecrans, “masters of the original ground on our left, our rear line advantageously posted—open grounds in front, swept at all points by our artillery. We had lost heavily in killed and wounded, and many had been taken prisoners; also twenty-eight pieces of artillery—the horses having been slain, and our troops not being able to drag them off by hand. But the enemy had been badly handled also.”

Headquarters were established that night in a log hut on the right of the road, within short artillery range of the rebel front, and here a council of the Generals was held. More than seven thousand men were missing from our ranks; many of the regiments had lost two-thirds of their officers. Willich and several of Johnson's ablest brigadiers, were not present. The first was prisoner; the others desperately wounded. Shœffer and Roberts, Sheridan's brigade commanders, were dead. Wood and VanCleve were

disabled. Ten colonels, ten lieutenant-colonels, and six majors were missing — dead, wounded, or prisoners. Sheridan alone lost seventy-two officers. Out of sixteen hundred the United States regular brigade lost twenty-two officers and five hundred and eight men. The enemy held nearly two-thirds of the battle-field, and one-fifth of our artillery. Communications were intercepted in our rear. Some subsistence, ordered back to Nashville to be out of danger, had been destroyed by the enemy's cavalry. Artillery ammunition was scarce, and the rebel cavalry were prowling in the rear of our army, rendering supplies difficult to be got. The soldiers were weary and hungry, and now lay shivering in the cold December air, without fire. Added to this catalogue of horrors, was the gloomy darkness of the angry night, which presently burst its water sluices and poured down a perfect deluge of rain upon the sleeping armies.

The rebels had the advantage. They believed that Rosecrans would fall back on Nashville; but he had no such thought. He rode outside to reconnoitre, and on his return he said: "Gentlemen, we conquer or we die, just here."

He found that, after all, he had ammunition for another battle; the only question was where it should be fought.

On the next morning Rosecrans had his troops in almost impregnable position, and he waited the attack of the enemy. No movement was made, however, that morning, although later repeated efforts were put forth to break our centre. But they were

prevented by our artillery, and once severely repulsed by Morton's Pioneer battery. About 2 o'clock they appeared in a field a mile and a half away from Murfreesboro' pike; but Gibson's brigade with a battery occupying the woods near Overall's Creek, Negley's division and a portion of Rousseau's on the Murfreesboro' pike, opposite the field, spoiled the demonstration. A similar demonstration was made on Walker's brigade at night, with the same result.

Next morning the rebels opened by a fire from four batteries, but were soon silenced. Rosecrans designed, if possible, to throw his left wing into Murfreesboro'. About 3 o'clock a double line of rebel skirmishers showed themselves, followed by heavy columns of infantry, battalion front, and three batteries of artillery. Van Cleve's division was driven across the river by the swarming rebels. Meanwhile Crittenden was prepared for them. His artillery batteries were manned so as to sweep and enfilade them, while our left wing was well posted for their reception, and reserves were on the way. Fifty-eight cannon were soon pointed across the water, and opened fire, carrying death and destruction along their raging path. Rosecrans handled his army well. He could move it in any direction in a few moments, and reinforce any point. A rapid counter movement was made against the enemy's flank as he advanced. The firing was terrible on both sides. On came the rebels, grandly marching amidst the deadly fire, closing up their ranks every moment as the men fell — advancing and closing up

—closing up and still advancing. Our fire was incessant and deadly. Hundreds fell during that advance. Their line suddenly wavered, but they were pushed and cheered on by the rear lines—and still they advanced. A few yards further down the glade, they broke again—so dreadful was the rain of bullets—so heavy the death harvest. Reeling and wavering, they still advanced; but when close to the river they halted, although many stepped into the the water. Flesh and blood could not stand that storm of destruction. It was too fiendishly murderous. Our troops remembering yesterday, sprang upon them with the bayonet—fording the river—and they fell back before the white glitter of the cold steel. Many and many a brave fellow met his fate at that river's brim. Their retreat soon became a rout. They flung away every thing that could impede their flight—guns, ammunition, etc., and, followed by the bullets and the bayonets, plunged into the forest. Our troops pushed them for half a mile, amidst deafening shouts and wild, western huzzas, which far and near were responded to by the army, from line to line,

“And Jura answered, from her misty shroud,
Back to the Alps, that called on her aloud.”

The enemy was pursued by the glorious Nineteenth Illinois, which led two brigades of Negley's division, and Hazen's brigade of Palmer's, capturing four pieces of artillery and a stand of colors. Night now came on, and Crittenden's entire corps passed over, and with Davis occupied the ground of our advance,

which was formidably entrenched during the night. Breckinridge was defeated. There was inspiration, and a score of victories in these words. He had tried to repeat his game of the 31st on the left wing of the Federal army, but had failed — was driven back and his colors and batteries captured. The victory of Stone River was complete. At 3 P. M. the enemy fled through Murfreesboro', keeping up a faint fire through the pelting rain and storm to cover their retreat. By midnight the battle-grounds and entire vicinity were deserted.

“STONE RIVER, TENNESSEE ; }
28 miles below Murfreesboro' . }

“MRS. GEO. COATSWORTH ;

“*Esteemed Madam* :—Your husband was wounded in the late terrible battle of Stone River, but is now past danger, and we all earnestly pray for his recovery.

“*Do not attempt to reach him, as your life will pay the penalty.*”

These were the brief words handed me in a letter soiled and nearly defaced from long travel in a mail that had been taken and re-taken three times by the enemy. It was dated two weeks before, and emphasized “*don't come.*” Twenty minutes from the time I read the letter I was on the midnight train, whirling away, over the distant miles, to the sufferers at Stone River. Says our war history: “The rebels had expected Rosecrans to go into winter quarters at Nashville, and consequently prepared their winter quarters at Murfreesboro'. They sent forces into West Tennessee, to annoy General Grant's communications, and an immense number of marauders into

Tennessee and Kentucky, to break up the railroads, burn boats, and commit depredations and murder."

Reports of the battle had reached the homes and thrilled the hearts of the entire community. Supplies had been cut off, boats burned, and whole lines of railroad track torn up. Families had been violated and destroyed, and the country at large seemed panic-stricken. If it took letters two weeks to come from the field, how long would it take passengers, subject to many more interruptions, to reach the forbidden ground?

Few, and only men, dared to set out in quest of the fallen ones; but what was that to me? Was I not almost a soldier? and this was only the third time I had taken a midnight trip to save my wounded, and perhaps dying husband. From the brave Eighty-Eighth, we had received graphic accounts of "bluff games" with the enemy, where sharpshooters had pelted them with shot and shell, until surrounding trees were like "hitching posts for government mules on short rations." From September 8th to December they had been in one continued round of this detestable kind of warfare, and on reaching Nashville, at the close of the year, they hoped for a short respite. But here a fresh enemy awaited them. No ladies could travel with their rapid moves, or brave the dangers they endured, and few can comprehend the anxiety of the hearts left behind. The post-offices had been surrounded and almost besieged for weeks with anxious inquirers after the letter that was to give them the "last adieu" ere the battle opened, or those

soothing words, "all is well," after the battle closed. But the mail-route had been completely intercepted by the enemy, and weeks of disappointment and wild anxiety followed. I have often waited one whole hour behind the crowd at the door of the post-office for my turn to come, and then to hear the old answer, "Nothing for you to-day, Miss." (The post-master often gave it with tears. He thought me an anxious girl, with a *soldier sweetheart*). To the telegraph office I repeatedly resorted, but money and persuasion alike failed. Government business had to be attended to, and my case could not be made exceptional. It was a dark period in our land, and one common *wail* went up to Heaven for "the brave men who stood between us and the foe." One, two, three, four days and nights of interrupted, desolate journey, took us to Nashville. When we started the snow was several feet deep, and the atmosphere that of intensest winter; but as we advanced South, mud took the place of snow, and heavy sleet and steady rain made the roads almost impassable. We arrived at ten P.M. and no woman, save myself, was at the depot, or to be seen. An old fashioned stage-coach was the only means of further conveyance, and they all assured me that murders and depredations of the darkest kind had been frequent there for months. Not even men had for a long time ventured over those roads, and they who were going to-night were armed to the teeth, and accustomed to such adventures. The driver and others begged of me "not to go." But, in the face of this *good advice*, I took my seat in

the stage, surrounded by four dark-visaged strangers whose countenances inspired any thing but confidence. One thought, one hope, one determination alone was before me, and "I feared no enemy but defeat." The driver mounted, cracked his whip, and away the horses sprang. The mud was deep, and not a glimpse of light along the roadside cheered us; but the steeds were equal to their undertaking, and into the dense Southern forest they dashed, leaving mile after mile behind.

My heart arose in grateful thanks that the last change in my weary journey had been made, and that only a few hours of travel was between us. Five long months I had been tortured with fears of danger to him—five long months I had daily and hourly besought Heaven for his protection—five long months I had been told to "Wait a little longer, the nearness of the enemy, and other insurmountable obstacles, would prevent my reaching him;" but now all barriers were removed, all waiting had ceased; and, Oh, joy, I was almost there! 'Tis said the keenest sense of pleasure is experienced through sudden release from pain; and, verily, those dark, hazardous hours seemed the brightest of my life. But my dream of joy was quickly broken. The horses halted, and the sharp report of a pistol-shot cut keenly by my ear, leaving its circular track through my velvet cap. It brought me to a *practical understanding*. "My Heavens, 'Tom, we've caught a load of Feds, and a female spy among them," were the words that fell upon my astonished senses. We

were quickly made aware of the fact that a band of guerrillas was before us. The driver was dashed from his seat, and the reins placed in the hands of a rebel. The rest of our party were seized, disarmed, gagged and handcuffed, and many threats were loudly made, to "then and there put a pistol to their heads, and stop all further trouble." I was the only one left free, and the stage, filled with desperadoes, drove rapidly on. For the first time in my life, I realized danger around me; but a still small voice seemed to bid me hope. Eighteen miles from any known habitation—in a dense wilderness—in the hands of the vilest enemies, who were great in numbers, and darkness around, above, and ahead, what was I to expect? 'Tis at such times the *Hand* Divine comes near to us, we lay hold of it and trust with childlike faith. Truly "Man proposes, but God disposes." In the midst of their flight, the stage broke down, and, in the deep darkness of night, on the worst possible roads, we were landed in a thicket of trees.

The kind driver, who of all others seemed to feel responsible for my safety, hastened to my side. He had partially slipped his chains, and was enabled to reach out one arm for my protection. "Madam," said he, "for God's sake flee! This way—any way for escape!" In the detention caused by a break-down, we succeeded in leaving our unwelcome companions a few rods behind. None knew which way to turn; but, pressing forward, a dim light was soon seen far away among the stately old pines

whose heavy moans betokened the vastness of the forest around us. With the helping hand of the driver, I soon reached the light, despite the desperate roads and sleet and rain that impeded. The house was a log cabin, the former possession of some "poor white trash," that had, since the destruction of the regular route, been used as a half-way house, and Federals and Confederates alternately resorted there. Our captors soon followed us, and, for the safety of both, the driver withdrew before they entered the house. These wicked men now drank freely, and swore profusely. The *pros* and *cons* were very fully discussed of "a Northern spy coming among them, expecting safety, and with the *air* of an *Empress*, too, *absurd*." I was informed, with "unmistakeable vengeance," that my hours were numbered and, with startling oaths, they seemed to only await the faltering of my courage. But it gave few signs of wavering, and they indignantly withdrew for a few moments from the room. The driver again hastened to my side, and begged of me to flee the pursuers: "These men are drunken and desperate, and murders are of too frequent occurrence here to have any human power prevent them." "Never! I shall reach my husband to-night, and in safety," I replied, turning from one, who, in look and word, could utter only despair. I crossed to the opposite corner of the room, and commenced reading the letters on a wet, ugly-looking box. In dim chalk-marks, I slowly deciphered the name of my husband. *We had met!* The culmination of *five* months'

hope and prayer and expected joy was before me. I threw my arms around the ice-covered box, and, for a time, the war and all its horrors were gladly shut out.

He had come to meet me, perhaps to save my life. But, *Oh, life!* I cared not, then, for the gift; and my heart cried out in anguish, that God would take me in his love and hide me forever from this world of sin and sorrow. It was the one prayer of my heart — the inmost wish of my soul.

The noble young soldier who had volunteered to brave the perils of this journey, told me that my husband had died before I received word of his illness; and that his one wish was for my presence. He said the Colonel wanted to send an escort to conduct the remains to his friends, but so many sent in that way had been waylaid, and neither dead nor living heard from again, that he thought it safer for one man to come alone, who, with a box unlike a coffin, might get through in safety. Brave young Babcock said "he loved the doctor, and earnestly craved the privilege." The darkness, the lightning and the storm, with a journey of many, many miles through a dense forest, thronged with the prowling enemy, made the undertaking one of heroic daring. The stage had passed on bearing its wicked crew, and the darkness of the night being our only hope of safety, we quickly hastened back with the little box that contained all that was left of my earthly happiness. The journey that seemed dark down, seemed tenfold darker back; for hope

had given place to despair. Could I have had the parting word, or even looked upon his face ere death had robbed it of all identity — but all — all was denied me, and my heart rebelled against the cruel mandate. Yet, perhaps, I had been warned of its coming. A small voice whispered that I had. On visiting the prisoners, at Johnson's Island, we were taken across in a skiff. On a wild and stormy night we set out to cross Lake Erie. Tossed and driven like a frantic steed, the little boat, by the skillful hands of the oarsmen, bore four of us, eighteen miles, across the heaving water. 'Twas midnight, and as she plunged in toward the shore, rocking and moaning amid the sand that would not let her anchor, the trusty sailor, in his arms, bore us over the billows, and placed us one by one upon dry land beyond. In terror, I searched my dripping garments for the little bracelet that clasped my arm when I started. 'Twas gone. It bore the likeness of my husband, interwoven with the golden locks of my darling boy; and a superstitious dread crept into my heart, that never left it, until the explanation that now lay before me. Perhaps I was warned.

Days and nights, and interruptions, were again passed through; and, after all had given us up, and many supposed I had been waylaid, and was also dead, we reached home. On arriving at our own Chicago, the tolling of the town-bell was the first kindly greeting that met my ear. So frequent had this sound become, that it seemed like one grand bond of sympathy among the members of an afflicted com-

munity. Kind friends escorted us home, and a copy of a *Chicago Tribune* was handed me, bearing the following paragraph :

“ In the battle of Stone River, the 88th Regiment met with a severe loss in the death of their Surgeon, George Coatsworth, who was killed while exerting himself in the most laudable manner to save the wounded. He was a splendid man, a good officer, and known as one of the best surgeons in the whole army.

“ FRANK T. SHERMAN, *Col. 88th Regiment.*”

An extract from our War-history will show the part taken by the 88th Regiment, in this, one of the severest battles of the Rebellion :

“ The 88th Illinois Regiment made a splendid charge, most important in its developments and destructive to the foe. They were drawn up in line of battle, and, in front, over an open field, a heavy column of rebels advanced. The 88th lay close to the ground until the enemy were within forty yards of them, when they rose, took deliberate aim, and poured a terrible volley into the foe. The rebels rallied and advanced, but the 88th, quickly reloading, sent another volley into them, creating fearful havoc. A charge was ordered, and the 88th made a furious onset — with the grand charge into the river they plunged waist-deep — although a whole rebel division was disputing the passage, up the precipitous bank, bristling with bayonets and shot and shell, careless of the storm that was tearing through their ranks, unmindful of the brave fellows falling in the bloody track they made, they swept on, resistless as a Nemesis. The rebels try to make a stand, but they shiver like glass before them. In their hesitation, they stand as if dumb with amazement at the terrible charge. But, presently, their ranks waver, they break — they flee — and the day is saved in a grand charge, immortal as the charge of Balaklava. Col. Chandelier had

two horses shot under him; and at every stage of the battle, by every officer in the regiment, the highest skill and bravery were manifest."

The following resolutions were also in the *Chicago Tribune*:

"The officers of the 88th Regiment Illinois Volunteers, deeply feeling the loss of their Surgeon, Dr. Geo. Coatsworth, who was killed at *Stone River*, Tennessee, January 9th, 1863, were called together, by Col. Sherman, when a committee, consisting of Lieut.-Col. Chadbourne, Capt. Sheridan, Capt. McClurg, and Lient. Bigelow, was selected to draft resolutions expressive of their feelings. Lieut.-Col. Chadbourne, on presenting the resolutions, remarked that he did not feel this occasion to be an ordinary one; that he was opposed to the usual way of calling meetings and passing the customary resolutions. He believed that every one present felt the loss of a true friend in the death of Dr. Coatsworth. Resolutions were then drafted.

"WHEREAS, Providence has seen fit to remove from us our Surgeon, George Coatsworth, by death,

"*Resolved*, That we, the officers of this regiment, tender to his family our heartfelt sympathy in this their sudden bereavement. We bear willing tribute to his many excellences of character, and his greatness of head and heart. His death is an irreparable loss to us, and to the profession of which he was so able a member. In our friend we recognize a man of more than ordinary ability and attainments; our respect and love for him increased as a continued daily association with him developed those traits of character, which a less intimate acquaintance would fail to discover. We feel that not only has the regiment lost a true friend, but the profession one of its clearest thinkers, finest students and most accomplished operators. But though the loss is hard to bear, we find relief in the fact that he died in the noblest way a man can die—at his post, in the laborious discharge of his duty.

"FRANK T. SHERMAN, *Chairman*.

Suitable expressions were made, by the physicians of Chicago, on motion of the distinguished Dr. N. S. Davis, Editor of the *Chicago Medical Journal*.

One month from the time of his death on the field he was, on his 32nd birthday, buried at home.

A sad reunion that, on which his kindred came from far and near to welcome back the absent one. The tutors and comrades of his youth were there, and pondered upon his parting words, one year before: "Mother, I shall be with you again one year from to-day." The little box before them proved how surely and how well those words had been kept. The letter, informing me of his wounds, had been stolen by guerrillas — his coffin had been intercepted by them, and I had been captured — all in the effort to get him home. It was effected, but at what cost! One whole month, in the inclemency of mid-winter, under the crushing blow of my great loss, I was on the route, and in the storm, determined, at the risk of my own life, to give the soldier a home burial. Thus the brightest wedded life that Heaven ever smiled upon was wrecked. The one in early death — the other in early bereavement, from the sorrow of which death was courted as a relief. Like thousands of others, I shall ever look back upon those times with shrinking dread, and make it my daily prayer that God will never again permit our noble American people to engage in a bloody civil war.

It was a consolation to me that the entire families of both of us were strictly loyal to the cause in

which my husband fell; and may God reward them as they deserve for the continued heartfelt sympathy they ever manifested in us and the work; the affectionate, solicitous letters of daily and often hourly arrival—the kind aid tendered—the rush of help in the hour of need, and the regard so delicately manifested, by many of them draping so long in deep mourning, for the loss of him who was more to me than life. But, among the kindest, tenderest, holiest memories will ever remain the following letter, sent me from the field, by the brave 88th:

“HEADQUARTERS 88TH REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS,
“CAMP BRADLEY, MURFREESBORO’, TENNESSEE, *Jan.* 11, 1863. }

“MRS. DR. GEO. COATSWORTH:

“DEAR MADAM: Allow us to present to you a copy of resolutions, passed at a meeting of the officers of this regiment, expressing our respect and love for your deceased husband, and our deep regret at a loss which we must mourn in common with you. We feel delicacy in intruding upon the sacredness of your grief; but as we take pleasure in being the keepers of your husband’s later reputation, we feel ourselves privileged to approach you with our heartfelt testimony. And let us assure you that these resolutions are couched in no idle words merely, but rather that we deeply feel every word in them, and much more than they express. Dr. Coatsworth had been with us for some months, but each day as it passed showed us more and more the keenness of his intellect, the kindness of his heart, the genial nature of his disposition, and the innumerable excellences of character, which proved that we had just begun truly to know him. The future seemed to open up before him in all the brightness of its possibilities, and he was sanguine of a long life of future usefulness and labor; but this was not to be. The clouds of his early trials and achievements had lifted themselves merely that his sun might set in its natural brilliancy. At the opening of the battle of

Stone River he entered upon his labors with that earnest zeal which always characterized his devotion to his profession. Night and day he labored unceasingly, rest he forsook, and scarcely paused for necessary food. Forty-eight hours he thus labored, forgetful of himself, and only anxious to relieve the sufferings around him, but at length even his mighty strength gave way, and he sank into that grave from which he had rescued so many others. He died at the post of duty, from principles more glorious than the hero who falls by the bullets of the enemy. The war-record of Dr. Coatsworth stands untarnished, and his death an unparalleled sacrifice.

“Again let us offer you our sincere and heartfelt sympathy. As you mourn a devoted husband, so we mourn an endeared friend, and, through his mastery of his profession, an invaluable protector. We invoke for you, in your bereavement, the protection of that Providence who doeth all things well.

“We remain, Madam,

“With great personal esteem,

“FRANCIS T. SHERMAN, *Colonel*,

“A. S. CHADBOURNE, *Lieut.-Col.*,

“Geo. W. CHANDELIER, *Major*,

“J. SEYMORE BALLARD, *Adjutant*,

“N. S. BOUTON, *Quartermaster*,

“J. C. THOMAS, *Chaplain*,

“And all other officers of the Regiment.”



THE ENGRAVER'S WORK

John A. Palmer

HARVEY JOHN M. PALMER THE ENGRAVER

CHAPTER XII.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

As THE New Year of 1862 was ushered in by the fearful battle of Stone River and its important victory, so the New Year of 1863 was made memorable by the incomparable edict that freed four millions of souls, and forever abolished slavery, the prime cause of the war, from our rich American soil.

The Emancipation Proclamation, issued by our good President, was as follows :

“WASHINGTON, *January 1, 1863.*

By the President of the United States of America :

“WHEREAS, On the 22nd day of September, in the year of our Lord 1862, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing among other things the following, to wit:

“That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be thenceforth and forever free, and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any effort they may make for their actual freedom; that the executive will on the first day of January aforesaid, issue a proclamation designating the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people therein respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United

States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such States shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not in rebellion against the United States.

“Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, in a time of actual armed rebellion against the authority of the Government of the United States, as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the date of the first above mentioned order, designate as the States and parts of States therein, the people whereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana, (except the Parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemine, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terrebonne, La Fourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia, (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this Proclamation were not issued; and by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within the designated States, and parts of States, are and henceforward shall be free, and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of the said persons, and I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence, and I recommend to them that in all cases where

allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages, and I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

“And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

“In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

“Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

“(Signed),

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

“By the President:

“WM. H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*”

In regard to the question of slavery and emancipation, Mr. Lincoln has given a statement of the principles and motives of his policy in a brief letter, which must take rank as one of the most important documents of the war:

“EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *April 4, 1864.*

“I am naturally anti-slavery, and yet I never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it in my view that I might take the oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge in my primary abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times and in many ways; and I aver that, to this day, I have done

no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery. I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving by every indispensable means, that government, that nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation, and yet preserve the Constitution? By general law, life *and* limb must be protected; yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life, but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures, otherwise unconstitutional, might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that to the best of my ability I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery, or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and Constitution altogether. When, early in the war, Gen. Fremont attempted emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come. When, in March and May and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the Border States to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come, unless averted by that measure; they declined the proposition; and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored element. I chose the latter. In choosing it, I hoped for greater gain than loss; but of this I was not entirely confident. More than a year of trial now shows no loss by it in our foreign relations, none in our home popular sentiment, none in our white military force, — no loss by it any how or any where. On the contrary, it shows a gain of quite a hundred and thirty thousand soldiers, seamen, and laborers. These are palpable facts, about which, as facts, there can be no caviling. We have men, and we could not have had them without the measure.

“And now let any Union man who complains of the measure test himself by writing down in one line that he is for subduing the rebellion by force of arms; and in the next, that he is for taking three [one?] hundred and thirty thousand

men from the Union side, and placing them where they would be but for the measure he condemns. If he can not face the case so stated, it is only because he can not face the truth.

"I add a word which was not in the verbal conversation. In telling this tale, I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man desired or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new causes to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

Yours, truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

Hence the Emancipation Proclamation, and the reasons for it. The bone of contention, for which the war opened, and for which so many brave American citizens lost their lives, had vanished into a shadow, and superior military strategy should now close the conflict. This proved to lie in an eminent degree with *General U. S. Grant*.

CHAPTER XIII.

GRANT AND VICTORY, AND SURRENDER OF LEE.

Fall of Richmond — Sherman's Christmas Gift — Memorable April — Rebellion Closed — Grant sends for Sheridan — The Little Hero — Sherman to the Sea — Closing Events — Grant's Kindness to the Vanquished — Correspondence between Generals Grant and Lee — Terms of Surrender — Joy of the People and Great Demonstrations.

APRIL 3rd, 1865, "Richmond is ours," flashed over the wires to a grateful country, and future generations can not comprehend the excitement it produced. The year of 1864 was ushered in with the following dispatch from General Sherman to President Lincoln :

"I beg to present to you, as a Christmas Gift, one hundred and fifty heavy guns, plenty of ammunition, and also twenty-five thousand bales of cotton." Mr. Lincoln replied, "Many thanks for your Christmas Gift, the capture of Savannah."

Sherman's brilliant march to the sea had been completed, and he was now ready to press forward with the great leader in the brilliant series of victories that was to close the great conflict. April, 1865, is made forever memorable by the thrilling events that followed in quick succession. April 3rd, Richmond fell. April 9th, General Lee surrendered to Grant. April 14th, President Lincoln was assassinated.

The work of years had been crowded into a few months, and may be comprised in a few brief sen-

tences. After a brilliant series of battles at Chattanooga, General Grant was called to the command of the army of the Potomac. Sherman, and Sheridan, and Thomas, were left in charge of the West. Grant on the 4th of May, 1864, crossed the Rapidan on his way to Richmond, from which he was destined to return the Conqueror of the Rebellion. Upon crossing the Rapidan, he encountered Lee's entire army, and literally fought his way to the James River, and on to Richmond.

Grant's movements were particularly embarrassed by the rebel successes in the valley of the Shenandoah, and in the fall of 1864, he summoned Sheridan from the West, and put him in command of that department. The little hero soon introduced a new order of affairs, and eventually crushed out the rebel operations on that line. He then joined Grant south of the James River, and ably co-operated as leading in events of the final close. Sherman in the meantime having conquered all the South-west part, leaving Thomas in command of that section, made his famous march to the sea. Hood the rebel leader made one trial of strength with Thomas and was so disastrously defeated, that he was heard of no more. Sherman reached Savannah, and marched north through South Carolina and North Carolina. Lee evacuated Richmond, and a division of colored troops took possession of the Confederate Capital. Sheridan intercepted the flight of Lee's army, and finally the Confederate Forces surrendered on the 4th of April. Within the next ten days General Joseph Johnston

surrendered his army to General Sherman, in North Carolina. The other rebel Generals in the Southwest also surrendered their commands, and on the 14th of April, the day the President was assassinated, there was not a rebel openly in arms in all the land. The flight and capture of Jeff Davis, his incarceration and indictment, his imprisonment, and his final discharge, are matters of history well known. Thus in less than one year did the great hero of the Southwest close up the war for the Union, by the capture of the entire rebel army and the dispersion of the Confederate Government. The kindness with which General Grant treated the vanquished foe, and the terms of surrender, will ever be matters of interest to future generations. Says History, a messenger from General Grant reached the rebel lines bearing the following letter:

April 7th, 1865.

GENERAL :—The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to lift from myself the responsibility of the further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the army of the Confederate States, known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*

R. E. LEE, *General.*

It was afterwards ascertained that Lee and his forces were in full retreat; still he sent the following reply :

April 7th, 1865.

GENERAL :—I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you expressed on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and, therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*

This was promptly answered on the morning of the 8th.

April 8th, 1865.

GENERAL :—Your note of last evening in answer to mine of same date, asking on what terms I will accept the surrender of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply, I would say, that peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon, namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified from taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Lee then wrote the following :

April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL :—I can not meet you to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia, but should be pleased to meet you at 10 A.M. to-morrow to discuss the terms of peace.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*

Grant replied :

April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL :—I have no authority to treat for peace. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. The South, by laying down their arms, will save hundreds of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Lee replied, April 9th, " I now ask an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose."

An interview took place without delay, and the leaders of the two great armies, who had opposed strength to strength, and strategy to strategy, were face to face.

The terms of surrender are contained in the following correspondence :

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE,
VIRGINIA, *April 9th, 1865.*

GENERAL :—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, on the following terms, to wit :—Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States, until properly exchanged, and each Company or Regimental Commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms of Artillery, and public property to be packed and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each

officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, undisturbed by the United States authority, so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

General Lee wrote, "Your terms are accepted."

It was doubted by some whether General Grant's terms were not too generous, but the magnanimity of General Grant was equal to his bravery. (And few such armies as Lee's ever surrendered.)

The balance of General Grant's brilliant record is written in the History of Forts Henry and Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, the siege of Richmond, and the intricate and difficult command as Lieutenant-General of the Armies of the Union. His generalship rivals that of Alexander and Napoleon, and his armies eclipsed those of Greece and Rome, in their proudest days of imperial grandeur. The people acknowledge him as a gift of the Almighty Father to a nation in her extremity, and he has won the position he occupies, by his own perseverance, skill and bravery.

The joy of the people at the news of the 3rd and 9th of April was unparalleled. Bells rang, flags were displayed, impromptu processions with banners and music paraded the streets, strong men wept and shouted with joy, and in bonfires and illuminations night continued to blaze the glory of the day. Hymns of praise and earnest thanksgivings were sent heavenward from family altars, and places of secret prayer found many an out-gushing heart, thanking

God for the end of the great civil war. No more would our friends be sent to us in boxes, no more would hearts be broken, and homes desolated. The sword would be sheathed, the battle flags furled, and Belmont, Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, Perryville, Corinth, Stone River, Vicksburg, Atlanta, Dallas, Alatoona, Kenesaw, Jonesboro', Rome, Macon, Milledgeville, and the thousand other places of the dead were to be left as so many charnel houses of the past, and to the beautiful gardens of northern homes the great army was now to disperse.

CHAPTER XIV.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

April 14th — Mr. Lincoln's kindness towards the Rebels — Ford's Theatre — Booth's Plan — No Excuse for the Crime — Seward Stabbed — Stanton laid in wait for — Grant's noble treatment of Lee — Lincoln's entrance to Richmond — Effect of the Assassination on the People — Illinois Demands his Remains — Funeral Route — Arrival in Chicago — Rest at the Court House — Deposit at Springfield — Grant is Coming and the People are Consoled.

BUT alas ! all hopes are as shadows, the joy of a nation was soon turned to mourning. The ball and the knife of the assassin lay in wait to strike the final blow of rebellion, to make the last futile resistance to universal freedom. Suddenly and desperately they murdered our good President and convulsed the civilized world with horror. On the evening of April 13th, 1865, a young rebel shot President Lincoln, another of the band of assassins aimed a dagger at the heart of Secretary Seward, wounding him almost unto death, the life of General Grant, and Mr. Stanton were lain in ambush for, and were saved only through providential intervention. President Lincoln had been a great friend to the South, and his clemency towards error and treason had ever been such, that the vanquished South had every reason to believe he would be the same kind parent to her that he had been to the North. There certainly seemed no provocation for

this cruel, cruel deed, which was blood-thirsty in the extreme.

Ford's Theatre at Washington was adorned with unusual care, the draperies all being in great taste, with furled flags and emblems of peace and loyalty. The play was announced as being something rare and *recherche*, and it was publicly and widely circulated that the President's party had consented to be present. They were each one strongly urged to do so. General Grant, Speaker Colfax, Mr. Stanton and others were to be of the party. But the little duty-loving General as usual had business to attend to and left the city. Mr. Colfax also was called elsewhere, and Mr. Stanton could not attend. So the kind, obliging Mr. Lincoln, fearing a popular disappointment, and knowing of the extra preparation, consented against his own inclinations. When the President's party entered, consisting of Mr. Lincoln and Lady, Miss Harris, Senator Harris and Major Rathbone, the President was greeted with hearty applause and prolonged cheers. He bowed and was seated. The box was a double one, containing three doors, and was easy of access and egress. The play opened and interest in it increased to keen intensity. The President occupied a high-backed chair and leaned forward holding back the curtains of the box. The assassin gained admittance by shewing a card to the President's messenger and without waiting an acknowledgment entered the box, closing the door behind him. By a secret fastening he made it secure. He then walked up to Mr. Lincoln whose head, in-

clining forward, left the entire back of it exposed, and with diabolical coolness cocked a silver-mounted derringer pistol, and sent a ball crashing through the President's brain.

Major Rathbone sprang to his feet and seized the assassin, who dropped his pistol and struck the officer with a keen double-edged dagger wounding him severely in the arm and shoulder. The villain then parted the folds of the flag festooning the stage and sprang a distance of twelve feet, landing upon the platform, which he crossed, flourishing a dagger, and exclaiming "*Sic semper tyrannis*, the South is avenged," then, dashing through the excited crowd, he rushed to a side-door, mounted a horse he had got in readiness and rapidly rode away over the Anacosta Road. But in the leap the flag he had so grossly outraged clung to his spur, and checked him enough to break his limb. This interfered with his escape, and providential judgment speedily overtook his crime. In crossing the stage upon which he landed he was recognized as J. Wilkes Booth.

The audience, deeply absorbed in the play, for a time supposed the report of a pistol to be part of the tragedy.

The murderer had calculated on the audacity of the act as its security, and so it almost proved. The people were stunned.

The shot, the scene upon the stage, the escape were the work of a moment. Mr. Lincoln was immediately conducted to the house of Mr. Peterson on Tenth Street, and, wholly unconscious, survived until

the next morning at 7 o'clock 22 minutes, when death came. What a night of unspeakable horror was that, where, amid the wails of the wife so soon to be widowed, the tears and exclamations of Senate and Cabinet, the shrieks of women, the shouting of men for vengeance, and the grief-stricken multitude, our good President passed away.

There were circumstances attending this "cruel assassination" which made it unspeakably shocking. Mr. Lincoln had, it seems, a sort of personal regard for J. Wilkes Booth, and on that very night of the "dark deed" spoke to him kindly as he entered the Theatre. To be recognized by such a man was an honor, and one that *he* could hardly have expected to receive. When Booth first came to the Presidential box and looked upon the genial face of Mr. Lincoln his heart relented; he could not kill him; so he rushed out of the Theatre, and down to the saloon, where in a hurried and excited manner he cried out "brandy! brandy! brandy!" After drinking two full glasses of it, he returned to the fatal spot. Maddened by a power not his own, blurred and blinded, with conscience drowned in brandy, he could do the deed then, and he did it! What a world of conflicting feelings and emotions must have passed through his mind, between the could-not and the doing of it! In another part of the city of Washington assassination was darkly and desperately going on. At ten o'clock, within a few minutes of the time President Lincoln was murdered, Secretary Seward, who lay disabled from a recent accident, had

his private room penetrated by a villain-conspirator named Payne, who snapped a pistol at Mr. Fred. Seward the son, and struck him violently, knocking him to the floor. He then made his way to the bed-side of the Secretary, stabbed at his throat and wounded him almost fatally. Mr. Seward adroitly rolled himself from the bed and the wretch, alarmed by the cries of murder, rushed to the door. In his flight he wounded badly five persons, and for a time also got away. But justice quickly overtook both him and Booth, and sent them to an endless eternity as MURDERERS. "The intelligence of this double blow at the organic life of the State justly produced uncontrollable indignation. Peace had just been proclaimed. Lee had surrendered, and Grant had magnanimously returned his sword and received the parole of himself and his men upon their word of honor. Sherman had displayed the same spirit of kindness and clemency towards the men he had honorably defeated. Davis was permitted the boundless South to meander in, and an endless retinue to escort him in his ceremonious flight from harmless capture. Lincoln had ridden through Richmond weeping over the desolation the South had wrought for itself, and with his great, magnanimous heart holding out both hands to welcome back the mistaken brotherhood. There was no provocation for the assassin's hand. But clouds charged with electricity must explode, even though their lightning does shiver and level the finest tree of the garden. This weak demonstration of revenge was a relief to its

possessors, and Rebellion could not in any other shape have seen so well its own hideous deformity. It was afterwards learned, that General Grant and Mr. Stanton were to have been among the victims, but God willed it otherwise. Throughout the country strong men staggered under the intelligence. Bells tolled in every steeple, and mourning badges were on every house. In Illinois that grief was the deepest, because Illinois best knew and loved the slain Statesman. She had given him to the nation, and had sent him with loving benedictions and earnest prayers to the post of responsibility, of peril, of death!" The people of the whole country, as if by instinct, thronged their way to churches, and called for Christian pastors to lead them in prayer and enlighten them with exhortation. The cry of every heart seemed to be "Oh! Heaven, to thee for justice do we come, verily we do not understand the times in which we live!" Weep, weep, ye mourners, one great and common sorrow has indeed dissolved a nation in tears. "Wednesday, the 19th, was such a day of mourning throughout the land as the nation had never seen. The funeral services were announced to commence in Washington at 12, and at that hour every church, from ocean to ocean, was crowded with tearful worshipers. The buildings and the people were draped in mourning, and the sad dirge and doleful requiem resounded from every choir. In many of the principal towns in Canada, the observance was as general and impressive as in the States, and in some European cities the same demonstrations

of sympathy were made. All business was suspended, and the nation, aye the civilized world, was a mourner. Even the South seemed shocked at the audacious act, and at Baltimore, where little more than four years before the angry mob clamored for the blood of Abraham Lincoln, now a vast mass of sorrowful people stood in tempestuous weather with uncovered heads, doing reverence to the Great Emancipator. Illinois demanded that he whom she sent forth with her benediction to be the nation's leader, should be brought home to sleep in her own bosom. It was meet that his last resting place should be on the broad prairies, at Springfield, his former home, from which he spoke his good-bye to Illinois, and asked the prayers of fellow citizens to accompany him. It was decided to make the journey with the remains as rapid as possible, but the demand of the country compelled a modification. The people insisted upon the privilege of looking upon the face of their honored, martyred President.

It was not for ostentation, but because the love of the people would not be denied, that the funeral journey, along fifteen hundred miles, was such as the world never before saw. A car was fitted with elegant simplicity,—hung in heavy black, and festooned about the windows and doors. With appropriate funeral services, the remains were removed from the Rotunda of the Capitol, where it had lain in state, and hundreds of thousands of persons had looked upon it in sorrow, black and white, Jew and Gentile had mingled their tears of grief; and,

under the escort of the Twelfth Veteran Reserve Corps, attended by Lieutenant-General Grant, (the People's Idol), and members of Congress, were conveyed to the depot, where they were received by President Johnson and members of the Cabinet, and placed in the car. Prayer was offered, and the seven cars, all hung in deep mourning, moved away. At that moment a vast crowd stood with uncovered heads, and more than ever did Washington then feel its loss. At Baltimore the people stood in reverence and awe to receive him; at Philadelphia, the outpouring of popular love and grief was overwhelming. In New York the funeral cortege can not be described. It is estimated that not less than one hundred and fifty thousand persons looked upon the face of their martyred President, and that twice that number sought in vain to do so. At Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Ohio, and Indianapolis, like demonstrations of sorrow were made. But Illinois was impatiently awaiting, and on the morning of May 1st the funeral cortege returned to Chicago all that was mortal of Abraham Lincoln. Passing the monument of Douglas, his great opponent, the train moved slowly along, amid such a crowd as never before thronged the shores of Lake Michigan; and halting at Park Place, the coffin was borne to the hearse, beneath a most beautiful emblematic Gothic arch. The most imposing procession ever seen upon the American continent, then moved sadly towards the city.

The streets were hung with mourning; from roof,

window, lintel, trembled the touching emblems of bereavement; flags, at half-mast, were edged with crape, and heavy with the signs of sorrow. In doorways, in windows, on roofs, on temporary staging, provided for the occasion, and along the sidewalks, were thousands assembled to see the coffin, if they might see nothing more. The minute guns pealed, the bells tolled, and the coffin was borne to the Court-House. Placed upon a massive dais, it now awaited the mass, who thronged, in one compact, condensed crowd, day and night, to look for the last time upon the beloved face of their martyred chieftain. From the Sherman House my rooms faced the Court-House Square, and never, never, shall I forget the crowd of sorrowful faces that there assembled to do homage to their slain President. No day or night was known; but one compact crowd congregated to pass through, just to catch a glimpse of him whom a nation mourned. Among the events of history there have been great processions of mourners; there was one for the Patriarch Jacob, which went up from Egypt; there was mourning when Moses fell upon the Heights of Pisgah. There have been mournings upon the earth when the kings and warriors have fallen; but never was there, in the history of man, such mourning as accompanied this funeral procession. If we glance at the processions which followed him, we see how the nation stood aghast. Tears filled the eyes of manly, sun-burnt faces. Strong men, as they clasped the hands of their friends, were not able, in words, to find vent for

their grief. Women, and little children, caught up the tidings as they ran through the land, and were melted into tears. The nation seemed to stand still. Men left their ploughs in the field and asked what the end should be. The hum of manufactures ceased, and the sound of the hammer was not heard. Busy merchants closed their doors, and, in the Exchange, gold passed no more from hand to hand. Through three weeks the nation as yet had scarcely breathed, nor was the mourning confined to any class or sect. Men of all parties and creeds united in paying their mournful tribute. The Papist and the Protestant walked side by side in the sad procession, and a Jewish Rabbi performed a part of the solemn service. Senators, judges, governors, soldiers, and the poor negroes whom the soldiers had freed, were all here — and more persons gazed upon the face of the beloved dead than ever looked upon any human being. One perpetual stream of sorrowing humanity thronged, day and night, through the great Hall of the Court-House, which waved, from basement to dome, in heavy festoons of black. No house, in the loyal city of Chicago, but what, on that day, was draped in heavy mourning. The city seemed like one massive hearse cradling the sacred dead. At 9.30, on the night of May 2nd, the remains were conducted, beneath a gorgeous torch-light, from the city, and taken to Springfield, where, followed by like processions, and amid touching demonstrations of grief, he was buried at Oak Ridge, and there, surrounded by friends, he *rests in*

Peace. "Farewell, Chieftain! the nation mourns thee. Children shall lisp thy name, youth shall emulate thy virtues, statesmen shall study thy record and learn wisdom. Thou didst not fall for thyself. The assassin had no hate for thee; our hearts were aimed at, our national life sought. We crown thee our martyr, and humanity enthrones thee her triumphant son. Hero, Martyr, Friend, Farewell."

The warm hearts of our citizens did not revive from their sadness until General Grant came to them. The great Sanitary Fair was now to be opened, and it was meet, and, no doubt, wisely guided that the Great Chieftain, he, the bronzed warrior, who had fought those battles, suffered those hardships, endured those long campaigns and won those unparalleled victories, should meet those returned comrades of the field, and receive the country's first, best, congratulations. How he was received the following chapter will tell.

Altogether, it is the saddest story in American history! If well-substantiated rumors are to be relied upon, we have had more than one Presidential murder; and, indeed, no individual's life was worth a year's purchase, in days gone by, unless he could be handled like a puppet by the leaders of slavery. Buchanan (if nature herself had been willing to extend the base of his existence) might have lived and presided forever, so far as slaveholders were concerned—his sensibility was sufficiently accommodating; but, as for Mr. Lincoln, the real wonder is

that he escaped so long. Twice before we know of attempts being made upon his life, once by open violence and again by secret poisoning. But God's workmen never die until their work is done, and for that work he seems to have been spared.

CHAPTER XV.

SANITARY FAIR.

Funds at a Low Ebb—Fair Best Means of Raising Them—Mrs. Loomis—Mrs. Hoge—Mrs. Livermore—Mr. Blatchford—Hon. T. B. Bryan—Hon. Mark Skinner—Mr. McCagg—First Meeting—Organization—Voice of the Fair—Mr. Andrew Shuman—Building—Reception of Goods—Indian Costume—Inauguration and Procession—Fair Opens by a Speech from Governor Oglesby—First Evening—Union Hall Farm House, etc., etc.—Bryan Hall—Temple Platform—Foreign Departments—Letter from B. F. Taylor—Miss Snow—Mrs. Judge Bradwell—Dr. Tiffany—Judge Bradwell—Veteran Soldiers—Close of Fair.

THE funds of the committee were at a low ebb, and an appeal would eventually have to be made to the public in its behalf. A suggestion, like most others which were made by the active and suggestive Mrs. Livermore during the war, was acted upon, and it was agreed that \$28,000 of the proceeds of a fair to be held, should be given to the Home, and that the remainder should be handed over to the Commission. (The question of a fair being the best means of raising funds was early decided.) This important matter settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, another lady, Mrs. Loomis, moved that the fair should be opened February 22nd, on Washington's birthday, and that it should continue until March 4th, another great historical day—namely, that of the inauguration of President Lincoln. This resolution was put and carried, and the executive committee for the great enterprise,

now fairly determined upon, consisted of Mrs. Hoge, Mrs. Livermore, and Mrs. Blatchford, for the Commission; and Mrs. Hosmer, Mrs. Dickenson, and Mr. Bryan, for the Home.

The first meeting of the combined association was on the following Tuesday, at the office of Mr. Bryan, for the consideration of ways and means. A mass meeting was then determined upon and held, thus enlisting and securing the sympathy and support of all the humane and Christian community in the city and country. At this meeting Col. C. G. Hammond presided, and Hon. Lyman Trumbull addressed the meeting in an eloquent and powerful oration. The plan, and circular of appeal for aid, were then and there reported and adopted, and the following additions were appended to the executive committee: President, Hon. Mark Skinner; Vice-Presidents, Col. C. G. Hammond, E. B. McCagg, and T. B. Bryan. E. W. Blatchford, Esq., was appointed Treasurer and Secretary, and Mrs. Hoge, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Hosmer, and Mrs. Dickenson, Corresponding Secretaries.

Here, then, we have the society organized and ready for immediate action. Nor were the officers slow to proceed; on the contrary, the speed with which they arranged and transacted the vast amount of business which every day brought to their hands was amazing and well nigh incredible. To facilitate their labors, it was decided at a subsequent meeting, held in Metropolitan Hall on the following Saturday, that a committee of five ladies from each

division of the city should appoint two ladies from each church in the city, as a committee of that church, and their duties were to get the clergyman to bring the matter before the congregation, and use his influence to secure their help, both personal and pecuniary. This sagacious scheme enlisted all the churches in the cause, and most admirably did they discharge the duties of the offices which they undertook.

Thus matters progressed until the work accumulated so heavily upon the hands of these indefatigable workers that they were obliged to recruit once more, and this time from the ranks of commerce. Committees of business men were accordingly appointed to represent each branch of industry among us, and to give them time to work in the fair was postponed until May 30th. On Monday, January 16th, this organization was officially indorsed, at a meeting held in the rooms of the Sanitary Commission. The various officers of the fair were also appointed at this meeting.

A publication, called *The Voice of the Fair*, was issued by the committee, to record progress, and all was going on, "merry as a marriage bell," when the saddest calamity that ever befell a nation in the hour of its pride and triumph, came upon us in the assassination of the great and good President Lincoln. The editor of the *Voice* says:

"The main building for the fair is already under way. It was intended to lay the corner-stone with appropriate ceremonies, but on the day appointed for that purpose the

astounding intelligence that our beloved President had been assassinated absorbed the thoughts of all. The erection was commenced quietly. The structure will cover Dearborn Park, near the lake shore, having a frontage of 162 feet on Washington street, and a depth of 386 feet to Randolph. A central hall, 386 feet in length, 55 feet high, and 60 feet wide, with arched Gothic roof, will be devoted to the denominational booths, and other displays of fancy articles. A wing on each side, full length, 44 feet wide and 16 feet high, will be occupied by the heavier goods. The wings will be connected with the central hall by entrances at the middle and each end. The building will be of wood, plain, and will depend for ornamentation on the internal display of goods, except that the Washington street entrance will be fitted with circular windows of stained glass, surmounted by a large American eagle on an ornamented shield. On each side of this central building will be a massive tower, sixty feet in height, with embattlements, from which will be displayed the national flag."

The assassination cast a gloom over the city, and produced an impression too deep for words to express. As we have seen, however, in the above quoted paragraph from the *Voice of the Fair*, the business of that enterprise was only partially and temporarily suspended. Instead of a public display, at the ceremonial of the laying of the foundation stone, that interesting event came off quietly. The *Voice* soon became an attractive feature in the fair. All its profits were to be given to the soldiers; and the chief men of letters, belonging to our literature, promised to contribute their mite to its pages. Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, H. W. Beecher, Artemus Ward—and even President Johnson, and Mr. Stanton, Secretary Welles, and

Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, were under pledges to contribute something. Among the lady writers there were Mrs. Stowe, Grace Greenwood, Gail Hamilton, and Anna Dickinson; and among the Governors were their Excellencies Oglesby, of Illinois, and Stone, of Iowa.

While the fair was thus progressing, arrangements were being made in Chicago and Springfield, on a scale of great magnificence, to receive the remains of our martyred President with becoming honor. They were advertised to reach this city May 1st, and it was now April 27th. There was now energy enough, and to spare, in Chicago, to meet the obligations both of the fair and the funeral with credit; and both duties were well discharged.

In the meantime, the committee had laid the whole world under contribution for the fair, and at this early period valuable presents of merchandise and manufactures had been received from St. Petersburg and London; through the Secretary of Legation, in this latter city, the autographs of Richard Cobden, W. E. Forster, and other distinguished publicists were sent to the executive; and I name the fact because these two great men had always been our most powerful friends in England.

To stimulate our own people to their utmost exertions and generosity, the executive issued the following manifesto:

"The Executive Committee of the Northwestern Sanitary Fair to the Public :

"The executive committee having in charge the Northwestern Sanitary and Soldiers' Home Fair, make the following statement of facts :

"*First.* The wants of the suffering soldiers are more pressing now than at any time during the war, and the means to relieve them within the control of the Sanitary Commission are less adequate.

"*Second.* The bravest and the best of our fellow-countrymen, who shall have been wounded in the last charge and the crowning victory, are in danger of suffering the most.

"*Third.* No former contributions can absolve the patriot from listening to this appeal in behalf of the 300,000 men now lying in hospitals, at least 100,000 of whom are permanently disabled, and will need aid for a long time to come.

"All persons having in their hands money contributed for the fair, are urgently solicited to forward it at once, and the committee will see that it is credited to the department to which it belongs.

"EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE."

They also stated the kind of things they would like to have sent to the "Trophy and Curiosity Departments."

"We wish Indian costumes and relics of the Revolution or Rebellion, battle-flags, old armor, captured arms, old books and manuscripts, rare coins, Continental money, rebel currency, autographs and photographs of distinguished men and women, old commissions, shells, mechanical devices and models, articles connected with the institution of slavery and its marts, from the *block* to the *driver's lash* !"

The *Voice* says, respecting the dimensions of the building:

“The building will be the largest of the kind ever erected in the city of Chicago, already renowned for its immense wooden structures; and yet it is feared that the building will be inadequate for the fair. It will cover the entire space of Dearborn Park, including the iron fence around the same, and will be 385 feet in length by 162 feet in width. It will be formed into three distinct halls, connected at either end and in the centre by passages 43 feet in width, all being under one roof.

“The centre hall, extending from Washington street to Randolph street, a distance of 385 feet, will be in the form of a gothic arch, 60 feet in width at the base, and nearly joining in the top centre at a height of 50 feet. It will be supported by twenty-three trusses or arches, about sixteen feet apart.

“The two smaller halls, one on each side of the main hall, will be 43 feet wide by 12 feet in height at the eaves, the roof rising gradually to a height of 16 feet in the centre. There will be three other halls, or aisles, connecting the centre or side halls, one at either end, and one in the centre, each of which will be 43 feet in width and 62 feet in length, extending through the main and side buildings the entire width of the whole building.

“There will be an open space of eight feet between the centre and side buildings for the admission of light through a large number of windows, three feet by seven. The centre building will be further lighted through forty-eight windows, twenty-four on each side, in the arched roof, at a height of thirty feet from the ground. These windows will be four feet by six in size. In the top centre of the main building will be an open space, seven feet in width, protected by an overhanging roof, four feet higher, which will answer for the double purpose of affording light and thorough ventilation. There will also be a similar mode of affording light and ventilation for the side buildings. Light will also be afforded for the side and end halls through windows three feet by seven, at a height of eight feet from the ground, and only seven feet apart around the entire building.

“There will be doors for entrance and exit on Washington street, one on Randolph street, one on Michigan avenue, and one on Park place. The principal front and entrance will be

on Washington street, in the centre of the building. The doorway will be twelve feet wide, and on either side of the doors will be handsome windows of stained glass. In the centre of the building, on either side of the main entrance on Washington street, is to be a handsome frame tower 60 feet in height, surmounted by a staff 34 feet in height, which will bear the national colors. Over the main entrance will be a large and handsomely stained glass window 25 feet in height. Surmounting the centre of the gothic arch, between the centre towers, is to be an eagle six feet in height, supported by a large shield bearing the national device. On the corners of the building, fronting on Washington street, are to be towers 30 feet high, surmounted by flag-staffs 26 feet high.

"The entire amount of timber in the building will be 400,000 feet. The cost of the lumber and carpenter work, exclusive of the roof, is to be \$19,000. There will be 70,000 square feet of roofing on the building, which is to be covered by felt, making all the structure water-proof.

"The contract for the building has been let to Mr. T. Menard, under the supervision of Mr. A. Bauer, architect. The building will be completed on the 20th of May."

No great national undertaking ever received a more prompt and generous aid from our people than this bold project of a mammoth fair for the benefit of the soldiers. Nearly every one—at all events, with few exceptions—racked his wit to devise some new scheme by which he might bring funds to the enterprise. Among these schemes was the "Army of the American Eagle." It originated with one of our merchants, Mr. Alfred Sewell. His plan, which was most successfully carried out, was to procure album pictures of the eagle captured in Wisconsin soon after the breaking out of the war, presented to the Eighth Wisconsin regiment, and carried by them in all their marches and battles to the end; to

enlist the boys and girls of the country in selling these pictures for the benefit of the fair, the little merchants being enrolled as "The Army of the American Eagle." The "Soldiers" of this "Army" enabled the Commander-in-Chief to contribute some \$16,000 to the fair.

On May 11th, Mrs. Livermore writes to the executive that the funds of the Fair, in cash and goods, have reached the enormous sum of \$30,000. Chinese and Japanese articles, selected in San Francisco, costing there, in gold, \$1,500, are worth five times that amount in New York. The artists of Boston send an album, containing fifty original sketches, worth \$5,000; and Mrs. Livermore announces the astonishing fact that Mr. Sewell pays \$2,000 a week into the treasury, the result of his Army of the American Eagle sales. Minnesota will send \$25,000 in goods; Michigan, \$50,000; Good Templars \$18,000 to \$20,000. In the same report, the same lady says, that for the Art Gallery, Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains has been secured, among innumerable other works of more or less attraction. Miss Hosmer's Zenobia was also promised. The Musical Department was growing prodigiously, and in short the prospect was that the fair would turn out an immense success. I never doubted it; I was employed in various ways, officially, and unofficially, connected with the movement, and had ample opportunities of witnessing the prodigious energies the executive put forth to accomplish its success.

On the 25th of May the *Voice* announced that on

the Tuesday next following, the great fair would be inaugurated, when addresses were to be delivered by distinguished persons, along with a poem, written for the occasion by Buchanan Read, who was to be present and recite it in person. The *Voice*, dating from the day of the opening, was to be published every day, instead of once a week, as heretofore.

Duly, according to the previous announcement, the great fair was opened on the 30th of May. The *Voice* of the mighty mart is unusually eloquent over the vast labor achieved; and, indeed, it has good reason to be so. New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Boston, and other States and cities had, aforetime, reared glorious palaces to the honor of humanity and civilization; but, says the enthusiastic writer, "We crown the lofty dome amid the clouds—an everlasting monument of the gratitude and generosity of the American people—while the nations, admiring, cry 'Grace, grace unto it!'" History will crown with immortality the Sanitary Fair, and poesy embalm it with verbal music.

"The procession was in three divisions, and properly officered and marshaled, and notified to meet at twelve o'clock sharp in the following order:

"First division on Wabash avenue, with its right resting on Lake street.

"Second division on State street, with its right resting on Lake street.

"Third division on Dearborn street, with its right resting on Lake street.

"At twelve o'clock, punctually, all the bodies composing the procession were in their respective positions, and ready for the move. Some delay, however, as is always the case on

occasions of this kind, occurred, and it was very nearly one o'clock before the word "forward" was given.

"Every thing having been arranged in the most perfect manner possible, the first division, which was stationed on Wabash avenue, received the word and commenced the march up Lake street. As they passed along the other divisions fell in in the appointed order, and soon the whole procession was in motion. The following are the names of the bodies composing the procession and the order in which they marched :

FIRST DIVISION.

Detachment of Police, Capt. Nelson.

Band.

Chief Marshal, R. M. Hough.

Assistants, Dr. Brock McVicker and Philip Wadsworth.

Brig. Gen. B. J. Sweet and Staff.

Military escort, commanded by Lieut. Col. L. C. Skinner.

Eighth Regiment V. R. C.

Lieut. Col. Martin Flood.

Fifteenth Regiment V. R. C.

Twenty-fourth Ohio Battery, Capt. Hill.

Dearborn Light Artillery, Capt. James Smith.

SECOND DIVISION.

Band.

U. P. Harris, Chief Marshal

Assistants, J. J. Gillespie, Charles Charleston, and August Herr.

Fire Department, with Apparatus.

THIRD DIVISION.

Band.

Col. John Mason Loomis, Marshal.

Assistants, Christian Wahl and J. L. Hancock.

Executive Committee of the Sanitary Fair in Carriages.

Orator and Poet in Carriages.

Governor Oglesby and Staff in Carriages.

Governors of other States in Carriages.

Mayor Sherman and Common Council in Carriages.

Union Veteran Association.

Ellsworth Zouaves.

Lincoln Zouaves.

Twelve wagons of the Northern Illinois Coal Company with
Coal for the Fair.

Chicago Bildungs Verein

Colored Masonic Fraternity.

ROUTE OF PROCESSION.

“The route taken by the procession was as follows : West on Lake street to Market; South on Market to Washington; East on Washington to Clark; South on Clark to Van Buren; East on Van Buren to Michigan avenue, and North on Michigan avenue to the fair building.”

Just as the procession was nearing the Union Hall, a portion of the 24th Ohio battery, stationed near the Soldiers' Home, delivered a salute of 100 guns. It was the largest procession ever seen in Chicago, and the whole proceedings passed off in the most successful manner, with no accident to mar the felicity of the occasion.

The inaugural ceremonies were opened by the Hon. T. B. Bryan; Mr. Buchanan Read recited the announced poem which he had written for the occasion. A hymn, written by O. W. Holmes, was then read, but not sung, on account of the roar of human voices in the building—the band struck up instead, and treated us to some inspiring music. Then came a grand speech by Governor Oglesby and some music by the 8th Reserve Corps, and the glory of the ceremony was over.

I was present at the opening of this gay, glad scene, and to attempt to describe it would be almost

as vain as an attempt to gild the sunset. The chief buildings were on Dearborn Park, between Washington and Randolph streets, and occupied about two acres. The design was as elegant as it could be so as to subserve the purposes for which it was erected. The centre, or nave, of the great building stretched from end to end of it, and was of cathedral dimensions, being 400 feet long and 60 wide. The roof was an arch, supported by the sides of the building, without the aid of pillars—a difficult achievement.

This part of the building was called Union Hall, and was divided into compartments, and assigned to the different religious and other societies, and to the Foreign Departments in the following order:

European,	European,	European,
Retail Dry Goods,	Jewelers,	Unitarian,
Baptist,	Pianos,	Universalist,
Congregational,	Sewing Machines,	Presbyterian,
Episcopalian,	Glass and Crockery,	College,
Methodist,	Glass,	Books,
Friends of Progress,	Miscellaneous,	German,
Public Schools,	Michigan,	German,
Spiritualist,	Horse shoes,	Norwegian,
Michigan,	Fair Badges,	Catholic.
Rochester,		

It was a truly poetical and romantic sight to behold this hall, during the evening, when all the bannered roofs and glittering stalls were lighted up by the blaze of innumerable lamps. Entering at the main doorway, it was indeed a fairy picture

which burst upon the astonished beholder. Whatever goes to the adornment of the "human form divine," or to the use and service of the human hands, was to be found there in abundance; while the side aisles were filled, the one with machinery of the lighter sort—washing-machines, cooking-stoves (by gas), churns, and agricultural implements, and the other with upholstery work, carpets, broad-cloths, hats, caps, books, photographs, paintings, etc. The Fine Art Department, at the entrance, was divided into rooms and open spaces, the walls of which were covered with photographic specimens, some of them very fine.

Apart from the main building, although adjoining it, was the Floral Department, which consisted of a series of gardens and walks, flower-beds and shrubs, grottoes and ponds, and statues, on the margins of which several aqueous birds were dotted—while in the waters floated a pair of majestic swans. On a rocky eminence—a tiny island, on which some fine green plants and shrubs flourished—was perched the noble Eagle which had fought his dozen battles with his Wisconsin regiment. Then there was a rustic bridge over a pile of rocks, from which issued everflowing springs of water; and beyond the bridge was the far-famed Jacob's Well, where, dressed in the costume of the East and her tribe, stood the charming Rebecca and her handmaidens. An observatory towered over all, from which the gardens, grottoes, fountains, and flowers could be seen at a glance—the eye resting, at last, upon the

open glass rooms of the tempting refectory, where hungry and thirsty soldiers, by scores, were partaking of fish, flesh, fowl and fruits, ice-creams and wines. There was no possibility, however, of seeing the fair at a single visit. It required all the time that it occupied to see half the curiosities and articles of use and luxury which were accumulated within those walls.

The New England Farm House was the center of a great attraction all through the fair. The ladies of the First Baptist Church had the direction of it, and they acquitted themselves with great credit. It occupied the south part of the Soldier's Rest, and the *Voice* thus enthusiastically spoke of it at the time:

“ Here is a huge fire-place, and an oven, sufficiently capacious to bake for half New England. Here they tempt you with nice ‘Rye and Indian’ loaves, nicely browned; Pork and Beans *a la* Yankee; Pumpkin Pies, which a ‘Green Mountain Boy’ would revel in, and genuine doughnuts, all served up by ladies clad in the antique costume of ‘Auld Lang Syne.’ The furniture is a collection of relics unique and interesting. Here, too, will take place a genuine Marriage Ceremony, in costume, every evening, provided suitable candidates present themselves in sufficient numbers. ‘There is still room’—to which significant fact ‘eligible, single gentlemen’ will do well to give ‘earnest heed.’ No fees for the services of eminent divines; no charge for bridal trousseau, which will be provided for the occasion. A splendid chance for old bachelors !”

The Rev. Dr. Tiffany did perform a delightful ceremony of the kind, on one occasion, to the satisfaction of the parties concerned and the delight of every body present.

At the northeast end of the building was the "Monitor Hall," where was daily enacted, for the benefit of our country cousins, the terrible fight of the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, which revolutionized naval warfare for all time. A fort, mounted by miniature cannon, and a model of the *Great Eastern*, were also exhibited in this department, and the ordnance and boats were donated by the Pittsburg foundries.

The most charming of all the departments, however, was Bryan Hall. It was arranged with genuine skill and taste, and was alone worth thrice the fee demanded for all the show. The whole room was superbly decorated with the memorial flags of the war. Tattered and torn, pierced and rent, dirty, bloody, smoked with powder and shredded with rifle-balls, they hung in all their glory, a symbolical and sublime constellation, celebrating the bravery of our troops in battle. They were the most touching sight in the Hall.

The platform of the Hall was occupied by our German citizens, and they made one of the very finest exhibitions in the whole fair. In the centre of the Hall stood an octagonal Temple, about thirty feet in height and twelve in diameter. It was the observed of all observers, catching the eye the moment one entered the room, and its contents were among the most valuable of all the articles of curiosity and *vertú* which the air contained. It seemed as if the Goddess of War herself had built it with her own hands, and with all the implements

of her practised warfare. Swords and muskets were crossed, and, as it were, stacked on the dome, and drums were arranged round about them. An abundant drapery, intertwined with evergreens, enveloped the architecture, and the dome was surmounted by an eagle, around which significant emblem of the national power and pride and aspiration were folded the clustered stars of the banner of the Republic. The services of this rich and beautiful Temple, which although not the largest of the duties, were assigned to me by the executive. It was as pleasant and agreeable as any of them. I was surrounded, however, by objects which were anything but agreeable to my eyes or feelings. There were the emblems of a dead slavery—the foul and hideous gyves and manacles wherewith the “chivalry” were wont to enchain their unhappy negroes at the instigation of their own caprice or passion. These were a literal torture to me—although I could not choose but thank Almighty God that, like Othello’s, their “occupation was gone.” The Editor of the *Voice* turns a very eloquent paragraph over these inhuman irons for the body and soul of the slave. There was sent to us, from his plantation, the bell which used to summon Jeff. Davis’s slaves to the field, and the editor exults over the loud-mouthed instrument in this fashion :

“Jeff.’s Plantation Bell is turned for once to good account. It will ring as well as able, night and morning, for the closing and opening of this department. Ring, old bell, your loudest and

sharpest call. Nevermore before the dawn irradiates the eastern sky will you summon the heart-broken bondman to unrequited toil. Your tones fall no more, like the shrill voice of incarnate fiends, upon the startled ear of slaves! Liberty has confiscated you; and you may now rejoice, delivered from the degradation of an unwilling instrument of tyranny. Ring out a pæan of thanksgiving! Here, too, is a huge, rough iron collar for a slave's neck—an affecting souvenir of the loving regard of slaveholders for their servants, and a gentle instrument of enforcing upon the reluctant heathen the claims of Christian civilization. Ungrateful creatures! You were not melted into contrition even by those touching proofs of pious interest."

The contributions continued to flow into the hands of the executive with a profusion that was astonishing. The city and the country seemed to be united as one man in their efforts in this enterprise. The associated actors of McVicker's Theatre and the Museum gave a grand complimentary benefit to the funds, in Crosby's Opera House, on the 30th of May, and illustrious men, from all parts, sent various presents, according to their ability, to testify how deeply they sympathized with the object. The patriotic people of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, who are always foremost in all good works, sent their mite also, with their names attached, to show that they were not ashamed of their colors; and the same may be said of the public-spirited people of Sunderland. Professor Goldwin Smith also sent, from the same country, a fine historical painting, with the following note:

"PARK ENDS, OXFORD, *April*, 1865.

"DEAR SIR: The subject of the picture is Clara bringing water to the wounded Marmion, at Flodden Field. I thought

the subject would be appropriate to the occasion. The painter is Mr. Briton Riviere, a young artist of this city. The style is somewhat pre-Raphaelite, and in witnessing the picture, allowance should be made for this, as for the youth of the painter.

"I wish I were a millionaire, that I might make a more valuable offering.

"I feel a double pleasure in showing my sympathy as far as means will permit, because, besides my respect for the beneficent labors of the Sanitary Commission, I have the most grateful sense of the kindness which I personally received from many friends at Chicago.

"I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"GOLDWIN SMITH."

It was evident from the first that the fair would prove a great success, and so it did. The arrangement of it into departments, and giving them in charge of the various religious societies of the city, contributed not a little to this end. There were the Roman Catholic, Moravian, German, Friends of Progress, Hyde Park Presbyterian, Universalist, Unitarian, and Philadelphia Departments — each under the charge of its own members, with the exception, of course, of the out-of-town cities, to which special parties were deputed as managers. Mrs. T. P. James came all the way from the Quaker City to take care of "Philadelphia." And this is why the fair was so successful — because all did their best to make it so.

The Foreign Department, at the north end of the Union Hall, furnished some of the richest and most varied displays to be found in the fair. Speaking of this department, and of the center-tables, and of the pretty women and fair girls who super-

intended them, the Editor of the *Tribune* grows exquisitely tender over the latter articles—the human ones, I mean. He enters more into detail than I can afford to do over the English, Berlin, Paris, China and Japan, London and Liverpool Departments; and he writes the following about the center-tables and their adornments:

“The center-tables of the European Department are all arranged with exquisite taste, and present an immense variety of miscellaneous articles. On the first table, between two flower-vases, there stands a mysterious looking box, carefully covered up from observation. If the cover could be removed, which it seldom is, it would disclose nothing less than the famous dressing-case to be presented to the ‘prettiest lady in Chicago,’ if such a personage can ever be found. One would like to take a sly peep at the interior of the ballot-box to see what names were there inserted. There is more than one fair lady in the vicinity of this valuable treasure who might seem fairly entitled to the distinguished honor of possessing it. On the top of the case stands a statuette of the donor, Mr. James McHenry, of London. Around the stall is a large collection of fancy goods, silver plate and cushions too numerous to mention.

“On the second table are fancy goods, books, albums, rich cushions, vases and baskets of every conceivable variety.

“The third is devoted principally to perfumery and ornamental vases, bouquet stands, and the like, all very excellent in their kind.

“Last, but certainly not least, comes the children’s table, presided over by Miss Carrie Wilson and Miss Hattie Hubbard, assisted by a number of ‘Daisies’ and ‘Annies’ and ‘Berrys’ and ‘Mays,’ whose fair, fresh faces, and vivacious demeanor are really more attractive than the goods which they are in charge of. There is no disparagement intended to the very rich display of baby’s dresses, Japanese fans, skeleton leaves and other curiosities to be seen. But who except *pater familias* ever cares to examine these, when some bright-eyed ‘Carrie’ or ‘Hattie’ is busy expounding their excellences.

"The eye unconsciously wanders from the table to the fascinating forms and faces bending over it, and all the admiration is absorbed in the wrong direction. It is not wonderful that this table has been doing a large business since the fair. The visitor is compelled to admire some faded-looking old Chinese fan and to purchase it, simply because the presiding fairy says it is lovely. The children are nicely represented, and very nice and agreeable little children indeed they are."

The fortune-teller, whose temple was located at the southwest corner, did an excellent business, and the wax effigy of Jeff. Davis drew thousands to it.

The fact that the fair was divided into different sections, in various parts of the city, rendered it a difficult matter to visit the whole of it one day. The Union Hall and Bryan Hall were about a mile apart, and the other specialties were scattered, and not under one roof. The Artistic Departments were the Picture Gallery and the Horticultural Hall—this latter being as truly a work of art as Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains. In the former were collected, by Mr. Volk, the sculptor, paintings from all the studios of our best artists all over the Union, and numerous foreign ones. Such a display was never seen before in this city, and it will be a long time before another such is presented to us. I can not undertake to notice in detail, and, indeed, this is not the object which I have in view in writing this memoir of the fair. I desire merely to present the striking features of it, and in such a form that it may be useful hereafter. Bierdstadt's Rocky Mountains, and Hertz's wonderful picture of a New England Corn-Field, with its sweet bit of rural life and scenery, were among the most notable of them all.

The *Voice* gives us a better description of the Horticultural Hall than I have seen in print, and I will here insert it, although I have already gone over the salient points of it. Letter from B. F. Taylor:

“ From the centre of Union Hall go into the east wing, and stopping to provide yourself with the indispensable ‘Voice of the Fair,’ which you purchase from a charming ‘Angel in disguise,’—a disguise which fails to deceive the gallant purchaser—enter the precincts of Union Hall, and turning to the right ascend the steps, and a scene of enchanting loveliness greets the eye. Imagine Central Park epitomized and intensified, and you have the Hall. It is four hundred feet long, sixty wide, and forty high, and lighted by windows of stained glass, which mellow the ‘garish light of day.’ The entire circumference is fringed with cedars, deciduous trees are scattered here and there, and interspersed among them all varieties of evergreens found in this or the eastern continent. The remaining space is artistically laid out into meadows, lawns, ponds, flower plats, and broad graveled walks. At the south extremity, we are informed, is a neat apartment, containing a choice and extensive assortment of flowers, vases, and horticultural tools. Over and around this rises ‘Point Lookout,’ which is reached by a winding staircase. The upper part is gaily festooned with the national tri-color; while further down the green turf is seen, and dwarfed spruces climb ambitious upward. Amid these a clear spring bubbles fresh from its pebbly source, dances gaily on and laughs down the rocky steep, forming a miniature cascade. Flowing northward it winds among grassy meads, washes the shores of petite islets, is arched by rural bridges, coquettes with the bending flowers which mirror themselves in its bosom, and replenished by the waters of a dozen fountains, glides on and disappears from sight. Near the cascade is a dainty park from which two fawns gaze out in mute astonishment and admiration. Hard by is an antelope, and four eagles perched proudly on their favorite points of observation.

“ To the northward is a lakelet fed by half a dozen fountains, whence the waters fall with ever varying musical cadence, and in pearly drops haste to hide themselves in the bosom of the

dimpled lake, or shivered into impalpable mist seek companionship with their flowery neighbors, drawn by nature's great law of affinity. In graceful pose the statuary quartette — the Seasons — stand smiling by, and from the adjacent shrubbery charming statutes peep slyly forth. Beyond the fountains the flowers cluster lovingly together, as if in reciprocal congratulation of their rare good fortune in being permitted to offer their fragrant incense on the altar of humanity and philanthropy.

“From all lands these trees and flowers have come to beautify and adorn this shrine of patriotic devotion. In generous rivalry they vie with each other in adding to the attractions of this charming spot. The pine from Scotland and Austria, and the spruce from Norway contend for the palm of excellence, with the evergreens indigenous to American soil. Charmed by the dulcet tones of Freedom's voice, the *hoya carnosa* and *colleus*, from the West Indies; the blooming cactus from Central America; the nodding cactus, the golden *arbutelon*, and the spreading *begonia*, from South America; the patient century plant, from Mexico; the *Washingtonia gigantea*, from California; the *euonymus*, and alban *camelia*, from Japan; the *eugenia*, from China; the delicate *acacia*, from Australia; the queenly *oleander*, from Florida; the Ethiopian *colla*, the Syrian *myrtle*, and Grecian *laurel*; all, and hundreds more, have hastened hither, displaying their richest hues, and perfuming the air with their fragrant breath — to unite with our own splendid Flora in sending up their glad tribute of thanksgiving, that the foulest stain which ever disgraced our escutcheon is washed away, and to join in a tender message of sympathy to the scarred and suffering heroes who consecrated themselves a votive offering on Columbia's altar, and infused into her blue veins the crimson tide from their loyal hearts. From cages here and there pendant, the mellifluous Florida red birds send out a gushing stream of melody; the versatile mocking-bird echoes the melody, and the plumed orchestra catch up the inspiring theme, and the hall resounds with their choral songs. Scattered around are rustic seats and arbors; tiny ships float lazily on the lakelet's placid surface; in crystal aquaria fishes sport in glee and display the golden sheen of their finny sides. Nothing which taste could suggest or skill devise is wanting to render this pleasant to the eye and delightful to the ear. Mr. A. H. Hovey, chairman of

the Committee on Horticulture, is entitled to the gratitude not only of the managers of the fair, for his indefatigable exertions, but of every lover of the beautiful who has gazed upon this scene of enchantment, for

‘A thing of beauty is a joy forever.’

and among the sweet reminiscences which must forever haunt the memory will be this fairy land, realizing the dream of poetic fancy.”

Among the distinguished visitors who came at various times to the fair, to show their interest in its proceedings and objects, were Governor Oglesby, Senator Yates, the gallant General Logan, — whom I always regarded as the Prince Rupert of the war — and General Sherman, already spoken of — and, surely, among the greatest of all generals, ancient or modern.

It was now the 16th of June, and the fair was drawing rapidly to a close. A vast amount of money had been realized, but scarcely half of the goods had yet been sold. The committees had at last recourse to raffles, and, by this means, a prodigious quantity was disposed of in a short space of time.

The *Voice of the Fair* ceased to be published as a daily paper on the 16th June, and was continued twice a week from that time to the close of the exhibition. The day exhibition closed on the 20th of June, and the fair was only open of an evening after that date; but it continued to be well attended to the end. Mrs. General Grant was a daily visitor, and some handsome presents were offered to, and accepted by, her.

As a wedding is always an interesting ceremony, I should scarcely be pardoned if I were to omit recording in this place that a real "splicing-match," after the fashion of ancient New England, took place in the New England Farm House, on the 17th of June. It is thus described in the *Voice of the Fair*:

"On Saturday, at half-past two o'clock, a wedding was celebrated under the auspices of the original hymeneal divinity. The blind god himself was the prime mover in the affair, and was only known in his ancient character of *Cupid*—the name he used to bear before the scales fell from his eyes, and his name was changed to Cupid-ity. The entire 'Family' was present, clad in the quaint habiliments of 'ye olden time.' The happy bridegroom, Mr. George C. Clapp, was dressed in a profusely embroidered suit of drab silk, which once enveloped the manly form of one of the now immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence. The lovely bride was attired—pardon our ignorance of technical terms—in a satin skirt and a lace upper dress, which was first introduced into genteel society six-score years ago, and doubtless excited the envy of less favored members of the *ton* of those days. The bride rejoiced in the cognomen of Snow, which gave one a delightful sensation of coolness, with the thermometer on the rampage; but, alas! it was of short duration, for while we gazed, the Snow, if it did not 'melt, thaw, and resolve itself into dew,' did mysteriously become mist, to assume its niveous form no more forever.

"Hon. J. B. Bradwell luxuriated in the suit presented by Lafayette to General Putnam, and Mrs. Bradwell graced the wedding *trousseau* in which Mrs. Putnam was led blushing to the hymeneal shrine. Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany officiated in full canonicals, wig, etc., and was a *fac simile* of a Puritan divine. The Dr., on his way to the wedding, chanced to meet Bishop Simpson, and bore himself so much in character that the Bishop accosted him as Cotton Mather, a very pardonable instance of mistaken identity. From the wall Queen Anne and Sir Walter Raleigh looked approvingly on. The old wooden clock in the corner seemed rejuvenated, and ticked with unwonted alacrity.

The old cradle, wherein twenty generations had been rocked, was slightly agitated, and all the surroundings seemed to sympathize with the joyous occasion. The entire ceremony was most admirably managed, and the bridesmaids were pronounced incomparable in their charms. Indeed our reporter, in a moment of enthusiasm or lunacy, actually started for the altar, tragically ejaculating that he would be 'spliced' to one of them 'or perish in the attempt.' He was only recalled to his senses by one of the 'aunties,' who assured him that they were all 'engaged!' This statement, after diligent inquiry, he pronounces a foul calumny, and desires the same to be here recorded to the everlasting discredit of the aforesaid 'aunty,' whose name he will not immortalize, but whose memory he will hold in perpetual detestation.

"Several ancient pieces of music — among them 'Come, my beloved, haste away,' and 'Home, sweet home,' were sung by the choir; a bountiful collation of wedding cake distributed, and a large amount of kissing indulged in, which must have been interesting and agreeable to all the parties participating in the delightful osculatory exercise.

"After the wedding party had started on their honeymoon excursion, it came to pass that grandmother — Mrs. J. M. Loomis — was invited to 'rise and lean upon her staff.' Thereupon, the soldiers connected with the Rest presented her with a silver tea-set. She was quite 'overcome' by the matter, whereupon, by request, Dr. Tiffany responded for her, complimenting the boys, as they justly deserve, for their generosity and fidelity. The ladies of the Farm House then complimented Mrs. O. B. Wilson, their President, with the famous 'musical chair.' These tributes are richly deserved by these ladies for their untiring and patriotic labors."

By far the most affecting sights which I beheld during the fair were the visits which the veteran soldiers, returned from the war, paid to the various departments at various times. I have already alluded to these visits; and, as the day of closing drew rapidly nearer and nearer, these visits were more and

more frequent. It must have cheered the brave fellows, as they wandered through the aisles of this immense temple of industry and patriotism, to see how they had been thought about and cared for while they were away fighting the battles of their country. It was worth all the labor which had been bestowed, ungrudgingly, upon the fair, to see their eyes glisten over the fairy scenes before them; to see the thousands of people, young and old, and the troops of glorious women about the booths—all of them to render honor to *them*!

The 24th of June saw the close of the fair; all that vast labor had come to an end. Bryan Hall I was very sorry to leave, having spent many happy hours there. It was, in some respects, the most interesting of all the departments, on account of the patriotic character of its relics and the national embellishments. Bryan Hall was the receptacle, the acropolis, of all the nation's treasure, in relics and trophies; every thing whose history made lustrous the heroism of the people, was clustered there.

For those who died, and whose lonely graves are smothered by rich verdure, and decked with wild flowers, it stood as a mausoleum; for those who survived, it lifted its flag-capped dome, as the grandest arch of triumph beneath which warrior ever passed. On Tuesday, 19th of June, its doors, which had opened to receive the streaming thousands of visitors, were closed forever. All these marvelous appointments of war were shut in from the public eye. The drooping banners, the dismal shackles; the white, the

blue, the crimson drapery; the splendid paraphernalia on which fed so many greedy eyes—all that incomparable imagery, on which was so artistically woven those instruments of war which generally inspire terror, was withdrawn.

I had, in the performance of my self-imposed duties as an attendant of the celebrated Temple, which stood in the middle of the Hall, been so long surrounded by these objects, that I could hardly realize the fact that I should go among them no more. It was almost like closing Eden's gates against our first parents. All things must have an end, however, and this great enterprise had been nobly conducted throughout, and nobly answered its purpose. Mrs. and Judge Bradwell, my devoted friends, were the heart and soul of this Bryan Hall Department—untiring in their attentions and industry, always courteous to every inquirer, and deserving of the highest praise for their generous devotion to the great cause which they had espoused. Nor must I forget to mention Thomas B. Bryan, President of the fair, to whose exertions, advice and means, the fair was so largely indebted.

Thus ended this vast pageant, the memory of which history will ever hold dear—the largest that the world ever saw, arranged for a patriotic object. In a short time the Union Hall was dismantled. The roofs were once more bare; clean gone forever were the flags and banners, two long miles of bunting which had decorated it. The stalls were all pulled down, and the goods conveyed to the warehouses for

general disposal. Never more would the feet of the citizens pace those aisles ; never more would the fair women and girls show themselves at the sale-booths. The musical instruments, the long stalls of silver and gold, the costly fabrics, the hundreds of sewing machines, and the tens of thousands of articles which filled up the shelves and platforms, were all gone ; and, in a few more days, the mighty framework of the building was taken down, the materials sold, and not a plank was left to show to posterity where the great Temple which America built to testify her love for her brave soldiers had stood.

CHAPTER XVI.

INCIDENTS OF THE FAIR.

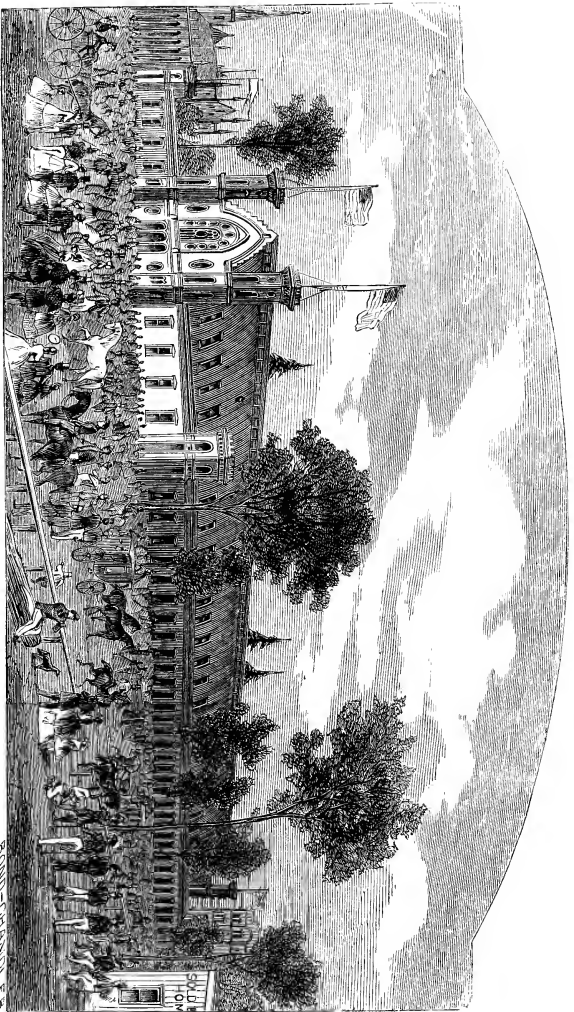
Interesting Letter from Gen. Grant—He presents his War-Horse to the Fair—Description of Jack—Lincoln Catafalque—Implements of Chivalry—Jeff. Davis's Bell—Jeff. Davis's Dress—Lincoln Log-House—General Grant at the Fair—Salute of One Hundred Guns on his Arrival—Wild Enthusiasm—Grant at Union Hall—Grant at Church in Chicago—Other Churches Come in, and file down one Aisle and up the other, to see Grant—The Great Hero at Bryan Hall—Honorable Judge Bradwell—"General, these Girls are Dying to Kiss You"—"Well, I don't See any of Them Trying to Do It"—General Grant at the Board of Trade—Union Hall, again—Grant at the New England Farm-House—Grant Requested to Thrust a Carving-Knife into a Big Squash—Its Seeds Sold for Twenty-five Cents Each—Cæsar's Ovation out-Cæsared.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, }
WASHINGTON, May 31, 1865. }

Mrs. Ellen E. Sherman :

DEAR MADAM—As a slight testimonial of the interest I feel in the great North-Western Fair, now being held in Chicago, for the benefit of sick and disabled soldiers, who have endured so much for the maintenance of our Government, permit me, through your agency, to present to this loyal and charitable enterprise, the horse "Jack," well known in the Western armies. I left Illinois on him in July, 1861, when commanding the 21st Regiment of Volunteer Infantry of that State. I rode the horse more than all others put together, from the time of leaving Springfield, on the 3rd of July, 1861, until called East, in March 1864.

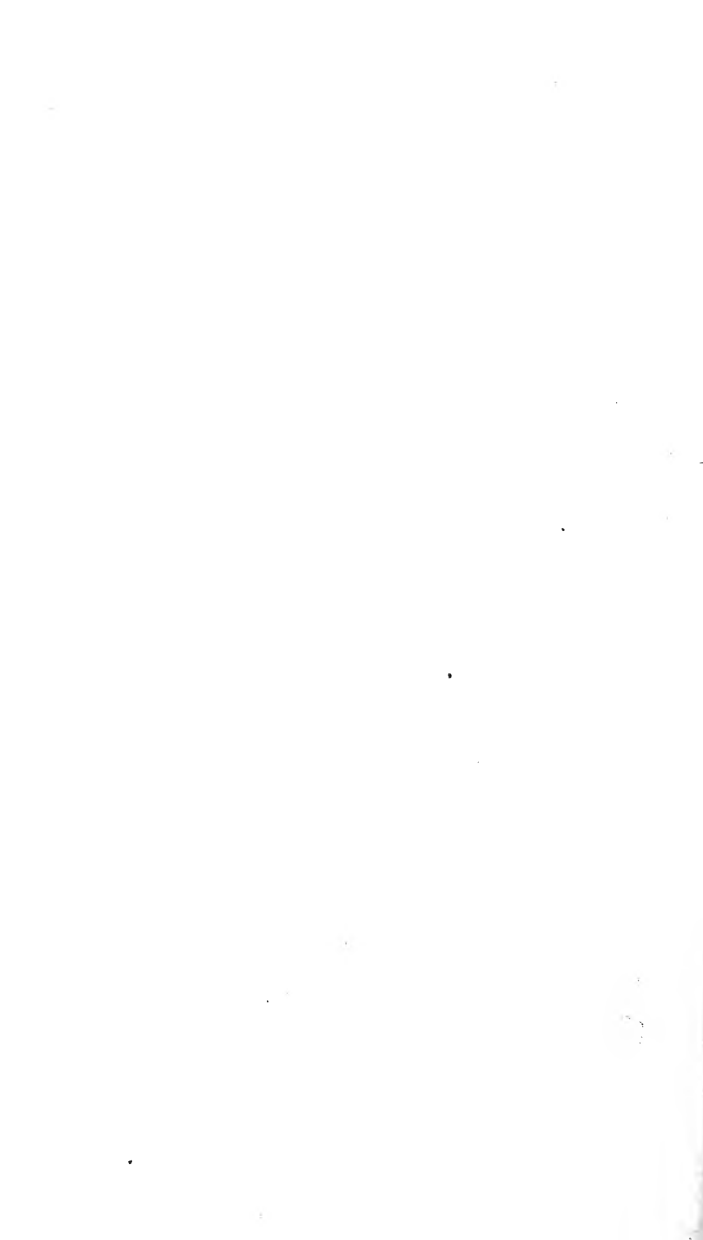
On my promotion to the command of the armies of the United States, I left "Jack" in the West, latterly with J. R. Jones, United States Marshal for the Northern District of Illinois, residing in Chicago. Mr. Jones has been directed to deliver the horse to your order. If I was not deceived in the purchase of "Jack," he is now near eleven years old. He is a very fine



GREAT SANITARY FAIR.

May 1st to 15th, 1864.

ROND-CHANDLER



saddle-horse, and very gentle in harness, but requires whip and spur. Hoping the Fair will realize the full expectations of loyal people, and do credit to the great and growing North-west, where it is being held, I remain, very truly your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

Lieutenant-General.

Every great military leader has had his favorite charger, his faithful war-horse. Cæsar, Cyrus, Alexander, Napoleon, the Iron Duke, Washington, and others, have all, in turn, been served by this tried and true companion, who have borne their distinguished leaders through every peril. Whether up the rocky Alps, over pilgrim plains, through swamps and trackless wilds, up death-laden fortifications, or in the civic triumphal procession, this faithful steed has proudly borne the hero of the day. The history of these noble animals would be a history of the wars of mankind, but I do not propose to give it; still, it is quite proper to aid the artist in a description of the famous charger, who served our country so well by serving others. Jack was a milk-white steed, and, as I remember him, in holiday prance at grand reviews and dress-parade, his alert step, trim form and graceful motion, as he skimmed over the plains, revived visions of the Holy War and its Crusaders. He was a great favorite in camp, and all eyes turned to gaze as Jack passed by—some averred it was out of regard for the beloved commander, whose superiority even Jack seemed instinctively to feel. Be this as it may, the name of the favorite war-horse is justly transmitted to history as being dear to the American people.

The sacrifice it must have cost the General to part with the animal who had borne him safely through so many perils, yet the cheerfulness with which he did it, is one of the most beautiful incidents recorded in the archives of the fair. He and Jack together have fought the great battle of liberty; and now that they could no longer serve the country side by side, as an earnest of continued regard, Jack was given to the soldiers. In presenting him, through Mrs. General Sherman, the above letter accompanied the gift. It was not, by the writer, intended for history, yet to that it now belongs; and the loyal people of the West regard it as the most interesting document connected with the great North-western Sanitary Fair.

To the Arms and Trophy Department we now hasten. The first object that meets the eye is the Lincoln Catafalque, studded with stars, in the fundamental dome which covered it. It was close to "My Temple," as they called it, and day or night I could not shut it from my eyes. We all loved and revered Mr. Lincoln, and believed it his special mission to conduct our Government through its great war in liberating the slaves; and a better or more noble man, in the highest significance of the word, never filled the Presidential chair. Under the mourning drapery of that Catafalque he had been conducted in his coffin from Washington to our city, to receive the last homage of his loving people. Among the thousands of the perpetual stream who poured in, night and day, to look at his face, not a dry eye,

owned by a loyal man, was seen; and the presence of this perpetual reminder of the dear dead had a fascination, and inspired profound feelings of awe. All around it lay relics from Southern plantations: a mammoth chain and ball, by which they bound their slaves; a sample of the whips by which they gently admonished them; and scores of other instruments of torture—those symbols of the cruelty of the “chivalry,” which they used in their “humane and merciful dealings with their slaves, who loved them so, who did not want to be free, who hated the Abolitionists of the North as much as the ‘chivalry’ did themselves.” There was also the Jeff Davis Plantation Bell, a natural curiosity; on the opposite side of the Hall, the figure of Davis, dressed in the coquettish style of his escape in skirts, brought a fund, from twenty-five cents per head, of \$2,500. The dress is now in the possession of a Chicago lady—fell to her by lottery. The Log-House of Mr. Lincoln’s early years was to me of unspeakable interest. I visited it many times, and had many a good talk with John Hanks, who had brought it to the fair. How strange it seemed, how like the phantom of a dream, to see that old, ruined cottage, brought here to a mighty fair in Chicago, as a curiosity, because a certain Abraham Lincoln, who, in his teens, had been a rail-splitter, chanced to live in it, and that rail-splitter had become the President of the United States!

But he was more like a patriarch than a President. The people were literally his children, and he did his

best to be just to them all. Party passion and strife were not for him, as President of the United States. He saw no party but one, and that was the nation ; nor had he any feeling of enmity toward the Southern people. It was the inflamed traitors, who had led them into rebellion, that he would deal with ; for the people, he had an infinite pity and compassion. Most earnestly did he strive to bring the revolted States once more within the folds of the Union, almost lowering the dignity of his great office by his overtures to them ; he would meet them half way ; was willing to concede any thing that would not compromise the interests of the Republic, or bring dishonor upon the American name. But they were deaf to his noble pleadings—misinterpreting them—attributing to fear what sprang from the highest impulses of generosity and goodness ; they could not understand his greatness. Abroad, this original “rail-splitter,” this despised “country lawyer,” won the respect of all the European statesmen ; and kings, when they pronounced his name, forgot the diplomatic smile, and assumed an earnestness of tone which they use only on great occasions of state, or on themes sacred to the best affections of the soul. It was the case with the present Emperor of Russia, with the late King of Belgium, with her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain—to such height of honor and esteem had the “rail-splitter” risen, with kings for his compeers. He had caused the name of America also, as Cromwell that of England, to be spoken of with an equal respect and rev-

erence—was tried, and not found wanting, but equal to the emergencies of the nation. Dark enough was the whole political and moral world on this continent when he assumed the reins of government: the poor slave, in the ripe hour, stood upon the soil of his birth, for the first time in American history, a free, responsible man and citizen. That proclamation was a new Magna Charta, the greatest and the boldest deed done since Runnymede. We all saw what it must inevitably lead to. It was the trumpet-blast of freedom to the African race here, to the struggling nationalities all round the planet. During the revolutions of the war, slavery was abolished, as we all know, rebellion crushed, the Union restored; but he who had brought much of this about, by his wisdom and prudence, his forethought and energy, had been suddenly cut off in the glory of his conquests, by the hand of a miserable assassin, who sought to revenge upon him the defeat and humiliation of the Southern rebels.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

One of the greatest sensations of the fair was the gift by Abraham Lincoln of the original draft of the Proclamation of Emancipation, written and corrected by that hand that was always raised for justice and humanity, and stretched forth to elevate the lowly. It was accompanied by a letter also written by himself. Hon. I. N. Arnold, Hon. Owen Lovejoy, and other representatives, had deeply interested themselves in procuring for us this gift, so timely and appropriate, now possessing sacred interest.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, October 26, 1863. }

*To the Ladies having in charge the North-Western Fair for the
Sanitary Commission, Chicago, Illinois:*

According to the request made in your behalf, the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation is herewith inclosed. The formal words at the top, and the conclusion, except the signature, you perceive, are not in my handwriting. They were written at the State Department, by whom I know not. The printed part was cut from a copy of the preliminary proclamation, and pasted on merely to save writing. I had some desire to retain the paper, but if it shall contribute to the relief or comfort of the soldiers, that will be better.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

Hon. T. B. Bryan purchased the copy, paying the sum of \$3,000, and generously donating his purchase back to the fair. Copies were struck from it, and sold for high prices, and thousands of dollars were realized. The original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation was afterward donated to the Chicago Soldiers' Home, and Mrs. Henry Sayers was appointed a committee of one to effect sales of it, for a permanent fund. 'Tis scarcely necessary to add that it could not be in better hands.

The popular interest in the fair continued to the end; no one was at all tired of it; every body visited it; the goods of the patriotic still continued to flow into the warehouses of the executive. On the 12th of June it was announced that \$200,000 had been reached, and not a third of the stock on hand sold! Great events, however, in the history of the fair had occurred during the week. General Grant had arrived, and the whole city was in a state

of intensest excitement to see the General who had saved the country. We had known of his courage long before, and all the city had gone out to meet him. I was driven to the station by a friend, whose carriage was crowded to excess, like others, and all the streets were lined with people *en route* for the famed *rendez-vous*. We had what seemed to be a long time to wait; but at last the guns boomed as a signal that the hero of the war, the saviour of the Republic, was at hand. In a few moments we beheld the train slowly moving into the station; then again the guns boomed, and a double rank was formed, from the platform through the warehouse of the station to the street, to let the General pass.

It was twelve o'clock noon, on Saturday, the 10th of June, when the General arrived. All round the station, the open spaces and the main roads were thronged with vehicles and foot passengers; flags, banners, and bunting streamed over the streets, and from house-tops and chamber windows; bands of music played enlivening military airs, when the General mounted his horse, and escorting him, accompanied by his staff officers and some of our most prominent citizens, the vast procession moved slowly back to the city. It was, indeed, a mighty ovation; all the trades of the city were represented in it; all the learned societies—long lines of carriages and horsemen, interspersed by military bands, and a number of cadets from South Bend; then followed the citizens, eight and ten and twenty deep—the whole escorted by the committee of the great fair, on

horseback, to Union Hall, while a salute of one hundred guns was fired by Company A, Chicago Light Artillery.

Union Hall, through its entire length, was densely packed; nothing could be seen but a vast sea of heads, flanked on either side by the booths gaily bespangled with starry flags, and ornamented with red, white, and blue.

When the General entered the north door, escorted by Hon. T. B. Bryan and Col. Hancock, and attended by Gen. Hooker, Gen. Sweet, Senator Yates, and others, a select choir of singers struck up the "Red, White and Blue," and the crowd broke into the wildest enthusiasm—cheer followed cheer—and thousands of handkerchiefs were waved by fair hands. Upon reaching the platform, General Hooker stepped forward, amid great applause, and said:

"I beg to present to you our Lieutenant-General Grant. He is the officer of whom you have been reading for the last four years, and who has reflected honor and glory on you and your land from that time to this. I have been requested by the societies of this city, the representatives of its trade and commerce, and by the projectors of this great fair, to welcome General Grant to Chicago. As it regards General Grant, as it regards yourselves, no more pleasant duty could devolve upon me. Pre-eminently patriotic and pre-eminently faithful, this people have watched with intense interest every step he has taken from the beginning of the rebellion to its conclusion; and they have watched his campaigns, and have watched his course with the sublimest satisfaction. They have sympathized with his labors, his perils, and his privations; and they have gloried in his unrivaled victories and successes. And for still greater reason this people have a right to be proud of General Grant. No man lives who has been more faithful to his Government, and to the

principles, the humanity and the sacred causes involved in this rebellion than this brave officer, who is now present before you for the first time. Gentlemen and Ladies—The most acceptable introduction that I can make of your Lieutenant-General to you is, to turn him over to you. That I will now do." [Tremendous cheering.]

GENERAL GRANT

then stepped forward, and was received with the most unbounded applause, which continued for several minutes. After it had subsided, he said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: As I never made a speech myself, I will ask Governor Yates, of Illinois, to return the thanks which I should fail to express."

The General then stepped back amid loud cheers, and Governor Yates came forward. Governor Yates said:

"This, indeed, is an unexpected duty upon my part. General Grant has devolved upon me the duty of returning to the citizens of Chicago his thanks for the splendid reception they have given him on this occasion. Fellow-citizens, while I feel ill prepared for this duty, yet I conceive it to be the most precious moment of my life that I should have the honor of replying, in the name of this most distinguished citizen, to the people of Chicago, to the people of the State of Illinois. Some four years ago, as you will see in a paper published in the city of Vicksburg, it was then and there announced that a certain Captain Grant had made a report to the Governor of Illinois of the number of arms that the State of Illinois had at that time, and that Captain Grant, as the paper read, had reported that the State of Illinois had nine hundred rusty muskets for the defence of the Government of the United States. But, fellow-citizens, before two years had elapsed, that same Captain Grant stood under the tent of General Pemberton, smoking his cigar, while

the glorious stars and stripes waved over the battlements of Vicksburg. And, fellow-citizens, we have followed him from that day to this, at Donelson, at Belmont, at Shiloh, at Pittsburg, through the Wilderness, at Richmond, Lee's surrender, until all along the banks of our rivers, along the ocean coast, from house-top to steeple, floats to-day, in proud, unsullied splendor, our ever glorious star-spangled banner." [Great cheering.]

"Fellow-Citizens, I have often said that you must allow me the honor of having commissioned Ulysses S. Grant. I did not know that the gentleman was so great a man then, or I might have been a little more complimentary. Now his name, crowned with garlands and wreaths of shining victories upon more than one hundred battle-fields, proclaim him the delight of this country and the world—and next to the noble Lincoln, he is now the choice and the honor of the nation; and, fellow-citizens, I am here to-day to say that the proudest reflection that thrills the heart of this brave soldier and General is, that we have gloriously triumphed, that our nation is preserved, that our Government has been maintained, and that we have our free institutions for us and our posterity forever." [Great applause.]

GENERAL SHERMAN

being loudly called for, stepped forward, and said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am here to-day to listen; I am not going to make any speech whatever—always ready, always willing, always proud, I was willing to do any thing the Lieutenant-General asked me to do, and I know he never asked me to make a speech." [Cheers and laughter.]

General Grant—"I never asked a soldier to do any thing I could not do myself." [Renewed laughter.]

"Rally Round the Flag" was then sung by the choir, the vast audience joining in the chorus.

Mrs. Grant was then called for, and came forward, amid the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs. Mrs. Sherman also received the same indications of favor.

Some wag then called for Mrs. Hooker, and a thousand voices caught up and echoed it. General Hooker came forward and said:

"I am greatly indebted to you for the interest you manifest in Mrs. Hooker. When I came here I hoped to bring her with me to respond in person to your compliments."

After music by the band of the Fifteenth Reserve Corps, the concourse dispersed. It is impossible to convey an idea of the enthusiasm manifested on the occasion; it will never be forgotten while the heroic deeds of the gallant General shall be remembered by a grateful nation.

Generous as this reception of General Grant was, it was a trifle exceeded by the reception which he met with in that same hall from the ladies in charge of the departments and others. On the Sunday forenoon, he attended church service on Indiana avenue; after the service was concluded, the congregation filed down one aisle and up the other, to look at the hero and grasp his hand. It was soon found that all the neighboring churches were flowing in—and to his immense credit I say it, the General sat out the infliction, and left the church a fit subject for the hospital, so terrible was the punishment he received from the shock of ten thousand hands! On Monday the enthusiasm increased, but at nine o'clock the General performed the greatest military movement of his life. This was a successful flank move on the people of Chicago, enabling him to visit Union Hall in quiet and peace, remaining there till ten

o'clock. There were present a large number of the most beautiful "aids," and the General was instantly surrounded by this volunteer staff. Here a most laughable incident occurred. Mrs. Livermore said to him, "General Grant, these girls are dying to kiss you — but they don't dare to do it." "Well," said the gallant General, "if they want to kiss me, why don't they? Nobody has offered to since I have been here." Instantly about a hundred fairies pounced upon him. He attempted a retreat, but in vain; he essayed to break through the rosy ranks, without success. Then, for the first time, he confessed himself vanquished, and calmly awaited the event. Never was a man subjected to such an ordeal. On came the maidens by squads, in file or singly; they hit him on the forehead, pelted him on the nose, smacked him on the cheek, chin, or neck. There must have been dozens of kisses lying around loose, hidden in the General's whiskers. During this terrible ordeal, the hero of a hundred battle-fields blushed till his face became almost purple. At last the girls were partly appeased in their "noble rage," and he escaped.

As the General was expected at Bryan Hall at ten o'clock, a crowd gathered there long before the hour, and at ten o'clock not a foot of standing room was left in the hall. When the General appeared, attended by the Hon. T. B. Bryan, he was greeted by deafening cheers, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy.

After order was restored, the Hon. J. B. Bradwell introduced the General in a most felicitous manner:

"In this hall, ornamented by the trophies gathered from a hundred battle-fields, won by the skill and ability of the greatest commander the world ever saw, [applause;] beneath this flag, under which, less than four years ago, our beloved Lieutenant-General Grant, as a colonel, went out from our own State, [cheers,] we are proud to welcome him. [Cheers.] He has done what all history said it was impossible to do. When eight millions of people organized a gigantic revolt, he compelled them to surrender, subdued the rebellion, and has been the means of freeing millions of slaves.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to introduce to you Lieutenant-General Grant." [Prolonged cheers.]

General Grant bowed and said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I never make speeches, but I am deeply grateful for the honor you bestow upon me." [Great applause and prolonged cheering.]

After being introduced to all who could crowd around him, and paying a brief visit to the art gallery, the General retired, followed, as usual, by a large throng.

In answer to a special invitation, General Grant visited the Board of Trade, also. It having been announced that the visit was to be made, the public were prepared for it, and consequently, as has been the case wherever the General has appeared, there was a large concourse of people around the Board of Trade rooms awaiting his arrival. His reception was of the most enthusiastic character, and cheer after cheer rent the air on his appearance.

Being conducted to the large hall of the board, he was escorted to the platform, where he was formally received by the board, whose warm greeting he

acknowledged with that quiet ease which is peculiar to him. The lobby of the hall was filled to overflowing by citizens, who cheered right lustily every time they caught a glimpse of the well-known face of the General.

N. K. FAIRBANKS,

in a neat and appropriate speech, welcomed the General on behalf of the Board of Trade; he welcomed him as one who had done more to bring about peace than any other in the Union; he welcomed him as a citizen of Illinois, and he welcomed him because, through his exertions, commerce and trade had been restored to their former standing. He also thanked him for the return of the brave Illinois troops to their homes after having assisted in bringing peace to our country.

GENERAL GRANT,

in rising to respond to the welcome, was received with the most unbounded enthusiasm, and after it had subsided he said:

"My friends, I can not adequately thank you for the kind welcome you have given me; I shall call upon my old friend Mr. Washburne to return to you the thanks I should fail to express."

He then resumed his seat amid loud and long continued cheering.

MR. WASHBURNE,

on behalf of the General, thanked the Board of Trade for the welcome they had given him. He

made a fine, brilliant, patriotic speech, during the delivery of which he was frequently and loudly applauded. On the conclusion of Mr. Washburne's remarks Governor Yates was loudly called for, and in answer to the calls he took the platform and delivered one of those stirring speeches which he knows so well how to make, and which never fail of being well received.

Three rousing cheers were then given for General Grant, after which the General was escorted from the hall, the crowd manifesting the greatest enthusiasm as he passed along. On reaching the street he had again to run the gauntlet of a large crowd, and as he drove off to his hotel he received another burst of hearty cheers.

Soon after noon the large crowd began to throng Union Hall. Thousands who had come on Saturday and vainly endeavored to catch a glimpse of the General's face, came again to-day, "determined to see him," as a lady remarked, "or perish in the attempt." Thousands of fresh arrivals swelled the vast throng, and before three o'clock the hall resembled a tree on which a swarm of bees had just alighted. At four o'clock, by another flank movement, General Grant reached the gallery by a side entrance, and stood before the audience. Cheer after cheer rang through the hall, and every demonstration of joy was visible and audible in the vast multitude. The General simply bowed his thanks, and

soon retired. The following was his speech, as taken by a *short-hand* reporter:

“—————.”

This speech is certified to be genuine and accurate—*verbatim et literatim*—*et* any other *tim* in the Latin vocabulary.

The New England Farm House was then honored by a visit. The “old ladies,” “aunts,” “darters,” and “the folks” generally were introduced.

By special request the General struck a carving-knife into a huge squash, the seeds from which were put on sale for twenty-five cents each. They were warranted to be genuine.

In the evening the General and staff, with General Sherman and staff, visited the Opera House, and created the wildest enthusiasm.

The General left on the following morning for Washington, having completed a triumphal ovation such as Cæsar, in all his glory, had never enjoyed.



R. J. Oglesby

GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS

1865-66

1865-66

CHAPTER XVII.

BIOGRAPHIC.

HON. RICHARD JAMES OGLESBY.

A MAN who has served with distinction in two of his country's wars; who has occupied the leading position within the gift of his State; who has won distinction at the bar and in the forum; who has accomplished all this, and more, by the dint of his own ability and energy—such a man, statesman, and orator, is Richard James Oglesby, late Governor of the State of Illinois. Governor Oglesby is justly entitled to a prominent place in that roll of honor where patriots' names are written in letters of gold, and in those annals where the lives of great men and good men are pictured for the gratification and benefit of their people. His life is one of those upon which a nation lays claim; but, as in the case of Lincoln and Grant, the people of Illinois have a special interest, and a sort of family pride, in contemplating the noble character which that life encircles, the development of which has been coincident with the growth and prosperity of the leading States of the North-west.

Governor Oglesby is a native of Kentucky. He was born in Oldham county of that State, July 25, 1820; so that he is still in the prime of life, and his career, which has already been so brilliant, can scarcely be said to have as yet begun. Though

born in Kentucky, he came to Illinois when he was about twelve years old, settling at Decatur, which place he has always regarded as his home since that time. If space permitted, nothing would be more interesting than to trace the rise and progress of the young Kentuckian. Governor Oglesby is a perfect type of a self-made American statesman. Both of his parents had gone to their long home before he had arrived at an age to appreciate a mother's love or profit by a father's advice and aid. His early life was passed in a country and in a time in which education, in its present significance, had not yet become popular, and Richard Oglesby never had the advantage of so much as eighteen months of schooling in the whole course of his life. From the age of twelve years to that of sixteen years his character was forming in the trying situation incident to an orphan's desolation. At the latter period he returned to his native county, where he learned the carpenter's trade, and afterward worked at it in Decatur until the year 1844.

It was at this time that young Oglesby first indulged his inclination for the learned professions, and commenced the study of law with Judge Robins, of Springfield, afterward practicing it in Sullivan, Ill. His professional duties were soon interrupted, however, by the Mexican war, and, returning to Decatur, he was the most active man in raising a company, which was assigned to the Fourth regiment Illinois volunteers, and of which he was elected first lieutenant. He took part in the siege of Vera Cruz, and

commanded his company at Cerro Gordo, showing, throughout the campaign that martial spirit which was afterward so effective in his espousal of the cause of the Union in the rebellion of the Southern States. Returning from the Mexican war, Oglesby took a full law course, and received his diploma at the Louisville Law School. He then developed an ardent desire for travel and adventure. He crossed the Plains to California, at a time when crossing the Plains was a hazardous undertaking, and subsequently visited Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Oglesby's political career began in 1852, when he was an elector on the Whig ticket. In 1858 he was a candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket of his district, against Hon. Jas. C. Robinson, and reduced the standard Democratic majority by several thousand. In 1860 he was elected to the State Senate by his party, but resigned his seat in 1861 to volunteer his services to his country in the war against the rebellion. He accepted the proffered colonelcy of the Eighth Illinois regiment, and from that time till ill health forced him to retire, he was one of the most active and successful commanders in the Western armies, always holding responsible positions above his rank.

Colonel Oglesby first commanded the forces stationed at Cairo, Ill., then those at Bird's Point, Mo. He was associated with the general movement made by Grant against the rebel army at Belmont. Transferred to the command of a brigade in the army of West Tennessee, he was the first to enter

Fort Henry, and led the advance from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson, through the thickest skirmishing of the war; and on February 15, 1862, his command was attacked by the rebel army, losing one-fifth of the brigade in its gallant resistance. After the evacuation of Corinth, Colonel Oglesby commanded an entire division for several months; but, on the return of the commanding officer, he took charge of his own brigade, and led it into the terrible battle of Corinth, on the 3rd day of October, 1862. It was from this battle-field that Colonel Oglesby was carried, as it seemed, in a dying condition. A ball had entered his left lung, whence it has never yet been extracted. It was for his gallant conduct in this battle that he was promoted at once from a colonelcy to the rank of major-general, above his superiors in command, a distinction which he had merited before by his heroism and ability. Oglesby returned to his command as soon as he was able to do so, but the pains from his wound were so acute that he was forced to tender his resignation. This was accepted only six months afterward, when it was apparent that he could no longer endure the hardships of the campaign.

The people of Illinois, we are glad to chronicle, paid an immediate and hearty tribute to the patriotism of General Oglesby, by choosing him as Governor of the State by the largest majority ever given for any officer. He was inaugurated Governor on the 16th of January, 1865, for four years. The unanimity of the choice was well indicated in his

.

inaugural address: "I do not disguise the fact," he said, "nor do I desire to do so, that I have been chosen to this high position by the Union people of our State without regard to party, and am expected by them to administer its executive affairs with a view to no partisan or selfish purposes, and thus relieved of many of the burdens which usually attend a mere party triumph, am left free, with you, to follow the path of duty pointed out so clearly that I hope to be able to adhere to it." That he did so, well and ably, is a fact of too recent history to require any confirmation here. His term was one of the most trying and exacting, and he gave perfect satisfaction to the people who elected him. Another short extract from his inaugural address will show how uncompromising a Union man Governor Oglesby has always been: "The people of Illinois are not aiding in the prosecution of this war," he said, "with any view of at last, and when resistance to our laws is no longer possible, entering into any flimsy and deceptive compromise, to cajole ourselves and the rebels into a fallacious and senseless settlement of the difficulties. They are in hostile rebellion against the national Government, savagely and without cause waging a cruel and barbarous war on us, and should be made to feel the strong arm of the Government. When they lay down their arms and shout for peace, as they took them up and shouted for war, it will be time enough to arrange for them the terms upon which they shall be permitted to participate in the Government." How happy it would have been for our country if all men had felt and spoken like this!

Governor Oglesby is one of the most genial as well as of the ablest of our public men. His countenance is open ; his heart is fresh ; his smile is benign ; his words are pleasant ; his actions are generous. As a public speaker, his expressions are homely, pointed, and direct. He has much of the same force and magnetism when addressing a mass-meeting that Webster possessed. Still a young man, other and greater distinctions await him if his life shall be spared to enjoy them. But even as it is, the name of Richard James Oglesby will ever be a proud one in the history of Illinois and of the United States.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS O. OSBORNE.

Among the gallant soldiers Illinois contributed to the defence of the Union, one of the most conspicuously yet unostentatiously brave, was Thomas O. Osborne.

A man of ardent feelings, quick impulse, and patriotic enthusiasm, he was one among the first to offer himself to his country in the hour of peril.

Of keen perception, excellent judgment, and undaunted courage, throughout the entire rebellion he was one of the most energetic, useful officers. His determination and perseverance proved equal to his bravery ; for, although wounded many times, and often dangerously, he persisted to the end of the conflict, where, in a brilliant charge, he aided in the

final victory of the Union arms. If he has made thousands of admirers, to whom his name is dear and held almost in reverence, as among the most prominent on the roll of honor, he has won a proportionately greater number of hearts in the communities where he is well known.

Thomas O. Osborne, the civilian, is not less beloved than Thomas O. Osborne, the soldier, was respected.

Major-General Osborne hails from the State of General Grant's nativity. He was born in Jersey, L. C., in the State of Ohio, and is one of the most thorough graduates of the University of that State. After receiving his classic degrees, he pursued and mastered a course of law studies, graduating with honors. With characteristic foresight he then removed to Chicago, as the center of his future labors. Here he commenced on his own personal merits, and by his genial presence and versatile talent soon won a place at the bar, as well as in society, that many do not achieve during a life-practice.

He was, at this early age, pronounced a man of uncommon promise; and shrewd observers predicted the highest step in the pinnacle of fame for the assiduous young attorney. Bearing a marked resemblance to the lamented Stephen A. Douglas, he was said to have his virtues without his faults — his capabilities, and the good judgment to guide them. Had there been no great national struggle, *Mr. Osborne* would have achieved distinction; but war came, and the blood of the young patriot was aroused. The rebellion found him holding an enviable position, in earnest

pursuit of his profession; but to the mandates of duty he gave prompt and active response.

No better index to a man's purity of principle can be found than the fact that he left a place of positive eminence at home, and took up the sword as a private soldier. It was an example worthy of Mr. Osborne, and one that was afterward largely followed in the State.

The most interesting passages in the life of any man who has been identified with the war—and of all true patriots—are those to be found in its history. This is justly the case with General Osborne, as the reader will learn, and as fully as the limits of this brief sketch will permit us to outline his brilliant martial career.

His name was first enrolled as a private soldier; but he was not content to have singly offered himself to his country. It was due to his energy that a regiment was soon formed, which he tendered to Governor Yates, under the title of the "Yates Phalanx," by which name it was known and distinguished throughout the war. Governor Yates decided that the exigencies of the time did not warrant his acceptance of the regiment. Then came the Bull Run disaster. The regiment was at once offered to the General Government, and by it accepted as an independent organization. Osborne was unanimously elected as its colonel, but declined in favor of Captain Light, who had seen service in the Mexican war. Light, however, was soon afterward dismissed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Osborne

was appointed to fill the vacancy. The "Yates Phalanx," with Osborne at its head, was assigned to, and remained constantly with, the eastern armies. He was in command of his own regiment, the West Virginia, two cavalry companies, and a section of artillery, under General Lander, at the time Stonewall Jackson, with a force of 15,000 men, made his first raid into Morgan county. These troops attacked Osborne's gallant little force, and the latter held out thirty-six hours under the most disheartening circumstances. Osborne led the attack at the celebrated battle of Winchester; and with his own regiment, four Ohio companies, and one battery, he repulsed two charges made by Ashby's terrible horsemen. He preserved the line, and was the most efficient man in the only victory that was ever gained over Stonewall Jackson. In the Shenandoah Valley, in the long march to Fredericksburg, in supporting Banks, in reinforcing McClellan, all historical events, Osborne was a leader.

He commanded the first brigade of Terry's division in the attacks on Charleston and Fort Sumter; he also had charge of the trenches in the furious siege on Morris Island. It was here that the discharge of a large gun disabled him for a time. After the fall of Wagner and Sumter, he returned with his regiment to Hilton Head. Here their term of enlistment expired, and prompted by the enthusiasm of their leader, the "Yates Phalanx" re-enlisted, and were the first to receive veteran honors.

At Drury's Bluff we next find the gallant Osborne; he charged the enemy's front, and in that desperate engagement received a wound that proved nearly fatal. With his arm shattered and bleeding he gave orders that his men should not know it, and remained in his saddle some hours, encouraging and cheering them on, until the victory was finally gained. It was of him and his men that Butler said, "Had we more men like these the victorious results to our arms would have been greatly hastened." His wound occasioned the only leave of absence Osborne ever took from active service. He was promoted to a brevet-brigadier-ship, reported for duty, with his arm in a sling, and hastened on to the charge before Richmond. April 2, 1864, he led his brigade against the enemy's works; and, in the hand-to-hand contest, dismounted from his horse and followed on foot. It was one of the most daring, gallant affairs of the entire war; the whole garrison were captured.

Osborne was now made a full brigadier, and his old regiment was presented with the eagle by the Secretary of War. General Osborne led the advance immediately after against Lee's forces, and with a desperate "charge bayonets," compelled the rebels to retreat. In his official report Foster said that Lee's retreat was cut off by the prompt efficiency of General T. O. Osborne. "On recommendation of General Grant and the Secretary of War, Osborne was now made a Major-General." It was richly deserved for efficient and meritorious services

before Richmond and Petersburg, and gallantry on the 2d and 9th of April. The war now virtually at an end, General Osborne resigned at once and returned to Chicago. Here he was received with the warmest applause. The Scottish hero, in the days of Bruce, was not more toasted or lionized by the grateful hearts he led against Edward the First, than was this descendant of stern Old Scotia by the grateful hearts and admiring friends of the "loyal North-west." General Osborne was soon appointed and confirmed as Postmaster, under President Johnson, but he declined to serve under his terms of administration. He has since been elected to the honorable and responsible position of Treasurer of Cook county. Far advanced at an age when most men begin, a natural statesman, possessed of rare oratorical powers, great energy and marked ability, combined with a popular personality and unswerving integrity, there are future honors awaiting Thomas O. Osborne, by which his countrymen can repay in part his noble conduct during the war.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHICAGO AND HER INFLUENCE ON THE WAR.

In God's World Great Institutions Grow—Progress and Climate of Chicago—Spirit of her Inhabitants—Her Grain and Pork Markets—Success the Test of Genius—First Shipment of Wheat—Statistics—Her Railroads—Political Convictions—Would such a Practical City Go to War?—Her Pulpit—Her Press—*Tribune*—*Times*—*Journal*—*Republican*—*Staats Zeitung*—Reverend Dr. Eddy—*Christian Times*—Mary Ashton Livermore—Board of Trade—Express Companies—Railways—The War-Built Churches, Schools, and Charitable Institutions—A Future War shall not Blush at Chicago's Record in the War of 1861.

“If the war comes, what will Chicago do?” was a question asked from one prairie horizon to the other. This city, and all pertaining to it, has been exceptional. Planted where nature seemed most niggardly in provisions for a great city, where the deep slough prophesied the impossibility of solid foundations or permanent streets; where the surrounding country for miles was a sterile plateau, there was nothing promising the beauty and power of the great city. There may have been some who then saw that here was the gateway of the North-western trade; but we doubt it. In God's world, great institutions are not *made*—they grow. So the city grew; it was wanted, though men knew it not. The railway era was to transform every thing, and values were to leap out of the ground; and commerce came with snowy wings, as the great prairies began to bloom into beauty; and soon this, which a distinguished United



George Lammie

States surveyor said might become a considerable trading-post but for its distance from Fort Wayne, became second only to New York as a center of business. Onward it strode, dredging the torpid river into a harbor with a score of miles of wharf-frontage, pushing out docks and piers, erecting depots and elevators, constructing blocks of business houses unrivaled in substantial elegance, and pushing eastward, westward, northward, and southward her lines of railway communications, until, from the obscure trading-post, it became the first primary grain, pork, and lumber *depot* in the world.

Beauty came with utility; the unsightliness of the city gave way before the touch of capital and taste; broad avenues were opened; lines of trees tossed their arms on high; residences worthy of princes rose; elegant churches opened their sacred portals, while educational structures, unequaled in the Union, invited the children of the rich and the poor.

Statistics of mortality showed that no city was more healthy. The open plain and lake forbade the possibility of malaria, and the imperfections of early drainage were counteracted by the open soil and rapid evaporation. The climate, with the exception of the variable spring, is desirable; winter is stern and bracing, and summer is delightful. The grand old lake perpetually modifies the burning heat, and sends up toward nightfall over the glowing city a gentle influence rather than breeze, filling all homes with comfort, and wooing sweetest sleep. Autumn rivals the Italian after-summer. The sky is incon-

ceivably glorious in crimson and gold; the air is tremulous with a haze barely perceptible, while the temperature is delicious. It is such an autumn, pouring glory on lake and land, as would have delighted Dante.

Young as the city was when the war came, music, sculpture, and painting had their temples and their worthy beginnings. The press of the city, secular and religious, daily and weekly, had taken rank as only next, if *next*, to those of the national metropolis. Its leading men were comparatively youthful, and youthful pluck was conspicuous in their methods of business; they struck in a manner truly Napoleonic; they introduced commercial trades as novel and irresistible as the warlike movements of the Corsican "corporal." Caution raised its finger, and consideration said failure was inevitable. The truth was, these young men were placed in a new order of things, and were prudent in apprehending its needs, and in adjustments to it. If success is the test of genius, the business men of Chicago may be content to accept the record of history for their vindication.

In 1838, the first shipment of wheat was made by Walker and Company, and amounted to 78 bushels. In 1848, the shipments, by lake, were 2,160,800. In 1858, the receipts were 9,639,644; in 1867-8, 13,483,261. In 1858, the receipts of corn were 8,252,641 bushels; in 1868, 25,223,468 bushels. From 250 cattle packed in 1863, the number advanced to the total received of 813,797. The lumber trade of

1847 reported, as receipts, lumber 32,118,225; shingles, 12,148,506; lath, 5,655,700. In 1867-8, the receipts were, lumber, 8,832,662,770; shingles, 447,039,295; lath, 146,846,280. In 1849, the first bar of strap-iron was laid on the Galena and Chicago Union railway; now, the Chicago and North-western owns and operates 1,176 miles of track; the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy stretches to Burlington, and southward to Quincy, and thence away over the great river to grapple Kansas and the South-west, with branches to Peoria and elsewhere. The Rock Island and Pacific crosses the Mississippi at Davenport, and reaching the capital of Iowa, thence by western lines, makes part of the links binding the oceans in unity. The Chicago, Alton and Saint Louis traverses a country of exhaustless fertility, and clasps Saint Louis and Chicago with an iron bracelet. The colossal *Illinois Central*, starting from Cairo, reaches the Mississippi at Dunleith, and lake Michigan at Chicago. The *Michigan Central*, *Michigan Southern*, and *Fort Wayne* lines, are outlets to the East, to which the Chicago and Columbus promises another. Such are some of the achievements of these "visionaries." Pretty solid, one would say! No dead men partially galvanized are they who, in a few years, do work so super-Herculean.

The political convictions of such a people were earnest and even fiery. Worn-out platitudes had no power to sway them; timid conservatism had no influence over them, while they equally refused metaphysical abstractions, demanding that any party

challenging their allegiance should prove that it meant to do something. Douglas resided in their city; Lincoln was nominated in its wigwam, and two such men never could have headed parties of dreamers. *They* meant business, and they *did* business. Their contests, and those of their followers, were of *concrete* ideas; they moved for *results*, and carried with them the enthusiastic young masses of city and state.

It was of such a city, the question heading this chapter, was asked. Had its *trade* smothered its patriotism? Devoted to its own growth and enamored of its own greatness, cared it for the perpetuity of a common country? Would this intensely practical city go to war for an idea? It did; and from the outset the prescient prudence of its business men foresaw that measures for which the country was not then ready, must be adopted before the war could end with a preserved and united country.

With the fall of Sumter, all doubts as to what Chicago would do vanished. That eventful Sabbath morning when the news reached us described in a previous chapter, told that Chicago was to take a stand astonishing as it was gratifying.

The pulpits of that time, in our city, were remarkable for their strength. The occupants were, many of them, men of rare eloquence and power, and their early, manly delineations of the authority of Government, the wickedness of causeless rebellion, the duty of Christian men to stand by the right, influenced not only the city, but being caught up and repeated

by the press, were echoed elsewhere, startling the people as with the sound of trumpets.

The thunder-tones of the Pattersons, Clarkson, Eddy, Tiffany, Everts, Collyer, Ryder, Cox, Cheney, Collier, Colver, Swazey, Fowler, Vincent, Kidder, Bannister, Locke, Bishop, and others, rang through city and country like the messages of Jeremiah or Ezekiel. Volumes could be filled with the choicest eloquence, addressed by these clergymen, to thronged houses and crowded streets. But no one produced so marked an effect, in one sermon, as did Bishop Simpson, in his celebrated Wigwam sermon.

An immense audience, of all denominations, and of no denomination, gathered where Lincoln was named for the Presidency, to hear this prince among preachers. As he advanced, enthusiasm arose until it swept over all bounds, and found vent in applause never before heard in religious assemblies. With prophetic ken he described the elevation of the crushed people, not merely through emancipation, but military renown. That was *new doctrine, then*. Through the great prairies, and over the mountains, it was repeated, and with each repetition, there was an increase in the number who received it. The influence of the Chicago pulpit was felt in all the West. Confessedly less conventional and homiletical than in staid cities, *en rapport* with the broad, earnest, spirit of the city and surrounding country, it was easier for it to discuss topics and meet questions usually barred from pulpits.

The metropolis of any country averages much

ability in each vocation, and fairly it may be concluded that representative men of the churches were here, and their influence had untold weight. Chicago clergymen were called in many directions to repeat, in vast assemblies, their burning words. No claim of superiority above their brethren is made; they were where interest centered, and silence became impossible.

The *Daily Press* of the city—it is almost impossible to over-rate its influence at that time. Confessedly of high order, and great ability, if it had gone wrong, it might have ruined the city and stayed the rising tide which was to sweep rebellion from the land. No pains nor expense was spared to put the country in possession of all important facts. Correspondents were not only with every army, but with each corps, division, and brigade; even with each regiment and company. Abuses were promptly denounced; extravagance rebuked. Leaders were admonished that the people who fought meant *their* ideas should dictate the manner of the war and the conditions on which it should cease. It may have been sometimes hasty and injudicious—may have condemned inconsiderately—but it pricked many a bubble-reputation, and consigned not a few pretenders to early retiracy.

The *Daily Tribune* had become a great power. It had a large circulation, and was ably conducted. After the consolidation of the *Press* and *Tribune*, it had a brilliant staff, among whom was John L. Scripps, Wm. Bross, Dr. Ray, Joseph Medill, Horace

White, Geo. P. Upton, H. M. Smith, later of the *Republican*, etc.

Mr. Bross was one of the pioneers of the Press. Active, a superior statistician, a wise administrator, an efficient public speaker, he busied himself effectively with all public interests. By early life in sympathy with the poor; by political association and belief in the right of freedom and the wrong of slavery, his position was not doubtful, and he did efficient service to his country ere he was elected Lieut.-Governor of Illinois, on the ticket of 1864, with the gallant General Oglesby as Governor. Mr. Medill wielded a trenchant pen; woe to him who provoked its merciless satire; at home or in Washington he was busy, and his paragraphs burned like fire into popular conviction. Both himself and Mr. Bross lost, each, a brother in the field, and neither was more tolerant of slavery than it had cost him so heavily. Mr. Ray, now of the *Post*, was a writer of bold originality and genuine power, who cut right into the heart of a sham, no matter what tinsel he spoiled. Horace White, a young man, early displayed the ability which has since placed him at the head of the *Tribune*, while Messrs. Upton and Smith were journalists of rare ability in their peculiar departments. Mr. E. Colbert, formerly of the *Times*, and later of the *Tribune*, is a man of remarkable mental training and versatility. His pamphlet on the Historical and Statistical History of Chicago is of genuine value, and has afforded assistance in this chapter—heartily acknowledged. The *Tribune*

attained a circulation rivaling the great journals of New York. Its last reports, seen by the writer, gave: Daily, 25,000; Weekly, 33,000; Tri-Weekly, 9,000. The war-contributions of this paper amounted to \$12,573.

The *Chicago Times*, organ of the Democratic party, under the very able management of Messrs. Story & Worden, has been a most powerful journal. It took its position, boldly avowed its principles, and sternly maintained them. The *Times*, by its vigor and energy, took the leading position in the party with which it acted, and sustained it to the last.

The *Evening Journal*, as an afternoon daily, wielded great influence. It was ably conducted, and has, through a series of years, preserved its dignified rank, and has made few changes in its appearance. The Messrs. Wilson have been long conducting it. Though they have filled important positions at home and abroad, they have steadfastly attended to the duties and interests of the *Journal*. Mr. Andrew Shuman has been for some years *Managing Editor*, and has impressed his taste, skill, and ability on every department. The *Journal* gave its steady and unflinching allegiance to the Government, and its constant support to the national authorities, denouncing unsparingly those who were in opposition to crushing out the rebellion. Its managers gave largely of money and influence to sustain the war. It has commanded a wide circulation and leads in the great Western plains beyond the Missis-

issippi River. It has ever been the chosen organ through which the stirring poems and gorgeous prose of B. F. Taylor have been given to the public.

Among the Germans the *Staats Zeitung* was a prominent organ for the Government. Boldly radical, and conducted by gentlemen of culture, it stood with Teutonic tenacity to the country that sustained it. Its clarion tones stirred the hardy, liberty-loving Germans, and they flocked to the standard of their adopted country as their sires had to that of Fatherland.

The *Weekly Press* of Chicago, especially the religious press, wielded a power hard to measure. It sent its papers into homes where men read them at leisure, and took their teachings into the sacred confidence of their religious convictions.

First among them in point of talent and wide circulation, was the *North-western Christian Advocate*, organ of the Methodist denomination in the North-west, from 1856 to 1863 under the editorial control of Rev. T. M. Eddy, D. D.

In Chicago, where the name carries inspiration with it, this fact is sufficiently conclusive. On the Sunday morning that announced the bombarding of Fort Sumter, Doctor Eddy preached a sermon in which he took the ground that the war was an armed conflict between freedom and slavery, and that slavery, which had taken up the sword, should perish by the sword! Such disrobing of the naked truth was new then, and immeasurable was the influence

exerted by this one person, as he proclaimed through the press, and from the pulpit, where he often preached day and night, for many days in succession. His paper was the first to advocate military emancipation and the employment of the freedmen in the national armies. Its columns were ever open to, and eloquent with, hearty appeals to the relief associations, and for men to swell our forces. We who have witnessed can testify to his great zeal for our country in the hour of her peril and those who defended it; to his sympathetic, watchful, tender care over families bereaved, and orphans. To thousands of hearts whom the war has made sad, the name of Doctor Eddy will ever bring tears of tribute, and children are not alone in having learned to love and revere it almost as that of a patron saint.

The *Christian Times*, organ of the Baptist church, under the care of that Christian gentleman and scholar, Reverend Doctor Smith, did most excellent service in its large Christian denomination. Ably conducted and unmistakable in tone, nobly patriotic, generous in management, it did its full share toward creating the spirit which made the North-west one in soul, while millions banded in one struggle.

The *New Covenant*, under the able management of Reverend D. P. Livermore and his talented lady, exerted an influence in many ways second to none in the city. Mr. Livermore wielded a weighty, truthful pen, and spoke with force and eloquence from the pulpit, advocating the measures of the day in behalf of freedom.

Mrs. Mary Ashton Livermore became one of the historic persons of the war, not only from the use of her editorial pen, but from her personal services in the Sanitary Commission. A woman of superior intellect, marked executive ability, rare discernment, great endurance, and marvelous industry, she read, and wrote, and lectured,—organized relief societies, visited hospitals, worked for and in the great fairs, conducted, with Mrs. Hoge, the entire business of the North-western branch of the Sanitary Commission—performing an amount of business which, in times of peace, seems almost incredible. Mrs. Livermore is a large-hearted, whole-souled, inspiring woman, and there is no failure when her “shoulder is at the wheel.” We wish our brief space would permit us to say more in her behalf.

The Advance (the *Independent* of the West) was not published until subsequent to the war, but its editor, Doctor W. W. Patton, was an influential spirit. He was chairman of the committee which waited on President Lincoln, to bear the prayers of the citizens of the North-west for a proclamation of emancipation, and later was the Vice-President of the Sanitary Commission. He proved an able officer (visiting the field and witnessing distributions) and an able defender of freedom and the Union.

Doctor R. Patterson is a choice spirit, than whom none is more powerful. Last, though not least, I would speak of our own good, pure-minded Rev. Dr. Swazey. A man who has moulded the diverging elements of the Third Presbyterian Church;

who was the first to suggest and stimulate a life-membership to President Lincoln in the Young Men's Christian Association, and whose pure, unselfish devotion to good has won him the admiration even of his enemies, could not be far wrong. To the families who have been bereft by the war, Doctor Swazey has been ever on the alert to care for them; he has ministered in a thousand ways to their wants, and often sacrificed himself to their benefit. No minister of the Gospel in Chicago is doing more good in the community, by his example and life, than Reverend Arthur Swazey, D.D.

From the *Press* to the *Trade* we turn. The prompt action of the Chicago Board of Trade was such as struck a key-note responded to every where. Its perfect ethical code, its daring generosity, and vigorous move, gave it a reputation in Europe as well as America. Patriotic resolutions soon declared the sentiments of the Board, and prompt action seconded the resolutions. It raised a battery which won distinction in the sternest conflicts. It promised that all the bodies of its members killed or dying in the service should be brought home for burial, and that promise was sacredly kept! Too poetical for history, it may seem, but so it was, that these guardians of trade, considered so opposed to sentiment, would not rest until from *Southern death-fields* these hero boys were gathered in, and the long lines of wooden boxes tenderly laid away beneath flowers and grassy lawns, by direction of mother, wife or sister.

Large orders for grain were received from New

Orleans and elsewhere in the South, asking speedy shipment, tendering gold in payment. Perhaps one of the earliest evidences given the South of the stern, unconquerable spirit of the North, came in the telegraphic answer—"No traitor can purchase corn or provisions here."

On the 15th of April, 1861, President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand men. The Board of Trade promptly subscribed \$5,000, partly in private and partly in corporate subscriptions. It at once telegraphed to Washington an indorsement of the issue of treasury notes, and urged that they be made legal tenders. It declared loyalty to the national Government an indispensable prerequisite to admission to membership. The Board recruited and placed in the field the Seventy-second, Eighty-eighth, and One Hundred and Thirteenth, three years regiments, known as the First, Second and Third Board of Trade regiments; also, the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth and One Hundred and Sixty-ninth, one hundred day regiments—the Fourth and Fifth Board of Trade regiments. Its subscribers paid over one hundred thousand dollars in paying bounties, in the relief of two hundred soldiers' families, and the general care of its regiments.

The news of Grant's glorious victory at Fort Donelson was received on Board of Trade between ten and eleven, A.M. There was a grand outburst of enthusiasm, and in a few moments the sum of five thousand was contributed by them for the relief of the sick and wounded. That *same day* a train was

rolled out of the Illinois Central depot, richly freighted with supplies from the Board of Trade to the battle-field. Such prompt, patriotic response cheered the armies and the heads of Government, and struck the key-note of patriotic unselfishness on the great triangle of trade, commerce and finance. The stroke was answered by the hearty chorus of store and store-house; of mills, manufacturers, banks, railway depots, and schooner wharves; monstrous trip-hammers thundered their deep bass, and noisy machines answered with shrill tenor! It is beyond doubt that the action, words and deeds of the Chicago Board of Trade were worth to the country during the war, armies of men and millions of dollars. Colonel John L. Hancock was then its worthy president, Charles Randolph its efficient, conscientious vice-president, and Colonel John L. Beatty, its popular secretary. Colonel Beatty is an old Mexican veteran; his sympathies were actively with Grant and the North, and his fine presence, able address, gentlemanly bearing, and inspiring words, were legions of strength. He is, in the truest sense, a gentleman and a scholar.

The express companies were not behind in patriotic spirit or deeds. Mr. James C. Fargo, general superintendent of the American Express Company, knew no half-way measures or stinted policy. That company paid the salaries of all its enlisted employees, while they remained in the army, sometimes amounting to fifty or sixty; and it is estimated that not less than sixty thousand dollars were expended

for the war by this company. It transported all sanitary supplies free.

The Chicago railways displayed unmeasured liberality in the transportation of nurses and sanitary agents, Christian commission laborers, etc., etc. Their contributions must have swollen to immense aggregates. A partial statement secured from one company—the *Chicago and North-western*—is an index of what was done by these companies:

“In the beginning of the war, large numbers of men enlisted for the three months’ service, and served with distinction in the Army of the Potomac. In August, 1862, one hundred and fifty men enlisted, for three years, in the Eighty-ninth Illinois Volunteer Infantry regiment, (otherwise known as the Rail Road Regiment). As showing the generosity of the officers and employees of the Chicago and North-western Rail Road, it may be stated that a large sum of money was contributed by them, and judiciously distributed, each month, in sums ranging from \$10 upwards, to each of the families of these volunteers. Taken altogether, the number of men who volunteered in defence of their country, under the auspices of this company, will nearly reach the number of five hundred, or half of a full regiment. Of this number barely half of them ever returned home, the majority of them falling in the heat of battle, and others dying of slow, lingering wounds and contagious diseases. During the great Sanitary Fair, held in Chicago, a large portion of the goods which went from all parts of the country to fill the halls, was contributed along the different lines of this company and its connections, and, every thing for that noble cause, and in fact everything consigned to the Sanitary Commission, during the four years of strife, was transported with the greatest care, *free of cost*.

“During the whole war, troops were constantly being transported over its lines from the States of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, employing all their facilities for the comfort of the men, and hurrying them forward to the seat of war with

the utmost speed and safety ; using special trains in cases of emergency, and rendering all the aid in its power to the Government in overthrowing the rebellion.

“ At one time, in the latter part of the war, it became necessary for the Government to use a large number of locomotives, to transport troops and provisions to points where there was an absolute and immediate necessity for the same, and demands were made upon the leading railroads throughout the North for engines to supply the wants of the soldiers. This company had at that time some thirty new locomotives just constructed at the East, which they designed placing on one of the new divisions of the road, which, on the arrival of these locomotives, would be opened for business. The Government requested the loan of these, to which the company assented, but to the great detriment of the company's interests, as, for several months they were unable to meet the demands of that division, for want of the proper amount of rolling stock.

“ The number of men transported during the late war amounted to about 109,500, for which the company received but a very small portion of the revenue which would have accrued had the men been general passengers and not in the service of the United States.”

The above is but a “report in part” of one company! Such examples lessened the cold materialism of the question, “What will it pay?” It inspired throughout the community a love of country, the spirit of trade, and transposed a heartless utilitarianism into noble patriotism. Hence it was, that in the enormous outlays of the war education was fostered, munificent endowments were made, and libraries were given to institutions of learning. Churches were built, charities multiplied. The trade of the country was consecrated in the bloody baptism of Patriotism—was “born again;” were it irreverent to say, “from above?”

The mystic and benevolent orders of the city were not least in their deeds of kindness. Brothers were sought among strangers, visited in the hospitals, on the battle-field, and the graves of the battle-slain brothers were searched out and honored.

Was the example of Chicago needed in the prompt equipment of troops in the hour of peril? On the 19th of April, 1861, Governor Yates telegraphed General R. K. Swift to raise and send forward armed men as soon as possible. At 11 A.M., on the 21st, the General was *en route* for Cairo with 505 men and four six-pounders. Thenceforward each call was answered with prompt response. Mr. Colbert assumes that the military expenses of Chicago and Cook county, for the suppression of the rebellion, was sixty-two millions of dollars. Other chapters will show the work of its patriotic citizens, especially in their fairs, rests, homes, etc. The example of Chicago, in these respects, told upon the country. It is not claimed that other cities did not perform their work bravely and laudably, but that Chicago is exceptional, as is its rapid growth, its breadth of country, and its central position. Had it delayed or temporized—nay, had its patriotism been of the feeble sort, the national struggle would have been prolonged. Its mission was to show an example of rapidity—of efficiency; and in war, as in trade, to suggest new methods, and perform them. In the days shortly coming, when the city plat shall extend from Hyde Park to Evanston, and over a million of souls shall call this most beautiful of American

cities, *Home*; when its sisterhood of colleges shall number their students by thousands, and their endowments by the million; when rows of warehouses shall have crowded the stately churches and palatial residences *up town*; when pure water shall flow through our turbid river; when Chicago shall be as Rome for empire, as Florence for art, as Paris for refinement and beauty, as London for massed population, as Glasgow for industry; if to *that Chicago* shall come the call of a threatened nation, if along its broad boulevards armed men shall tramp, and a citizen soldiery be called again from *its* homes of marble and wood, the Chicago of *that* war will remember the Chicago of 1861-'5, and no patriot need dread the history it will write.

If the reader is tempted to regard as visionary any of these paragraphs, let him pause and consider the facts of the growth of the last thirty years—when the country was wild and waste. Let him remember that the hand of this city is just reaching for the latent wealth of the imperial West; that where it touched a rood of ground, twenty years ago, to-day it touches a thousand acres, and is still reaching for more.

Remembering this, let him don his prophet-mantle and read the future, if he can!



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CHAPTER XIX.

HON. WILLIAM BROSS.

WILLIAM BROSS, the subject of this sketch, whose name is familiarly connected with the growth and material progress of the North-west, is emphatically a self-made man.

His success in life has grown out of his own internal energy, unassisted by extraneous aids or mere adventitious circumstances. Remarkable strength of will, force of character, and honest directness of purpose have been alone the elements which have enabled him to rise from humble beginnings and win an honorable and distinguished place among men. In the space at our command, we must pass briefly over the principal events of this stirring, busy life; but, perhaps, these very events will tell the story of that life, and furnish the example for others to follow, better than whole pages of comment or moralizing.

He is the oldest son of Deacon Moses Bross, now a resident of Morris, Illinois, and was born in an old log-house, in the North-west corner of Sussex county, New Jersey, about two miles from Port Jervis.

The first nine years of his life were spent in that locality, at the end of which time his family removed to Milford, Pa., where he remained until manhood, engaged in the active life of the lumberman. He commenced his classical education, at the Milford

Academy, in 1832, and, two years later, entered Williams College, from which he graduated with high honors in 1853. During the next ten years he filled the position of public instructor at various academies in his native State and achieved an enviable success as a teacher.

One year after his graduation he took to himself a wife, the only daughter of the late Dr. John J. Jansen, of Goshen, New York. After nine years of married life, and ten of teaching, he made the first great change which led to his after success, by removing to Chicago, where he arrived May 12, 1848, as the active partner in the bookselling firm of Griggs, Bross & Co. His connection with this firm lasted about a year and a quarter, when the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Bross made his *debüt* in newspaper life by publishing the *Prairie Herald*, a religious newspaper, in conjunction with Rev. T. A. Knight. In 1852, the year which first saw Chicago start upon its unexampled commercial career, he shared all the activities of the time, was not slow to perceive the greatness in store for his adopted city, and determined to aid in making that growth a healthy one, and in placing Chicago among the great commercial centres of the country. The result was the establishment of the *Democratic Press* in connection with the late John L. Scripps, Postmaster of Chicago during Mr. Lincoln's administration, the first number of which was issued in 1852, and appeared as a conservative Democratic sheet, reflecting the political principles of Mr. Bross himself.

When the Republican party was formed, in 1854, he became one of its earliest adherents, and the politics of the paper were changed accordingly. But politics were only a secondary element in the paper. With his untiring energy he speedily made it the commercial organ of the North-west, and devoted it to the building up of Chicago and the West. All his spare time was devoted to the gathering of statistical facts, and these appeared not only in other columns of the *Press*, but in pamphlets which were scattered broadcast, and had the effect to direct the attention of capitalists to Chicago. With his keen, well-nigh prophetic foresight, he grasped the whole future of Chicago, and wrote powerful articles on her railroad connections, and her lake commerce, and on the systems of canals which were to connect her with tide-water, and find a European market for the products of the West.

In 1855, he was elected a member of the Common Council, and served in that capacity for two years, paying special attention to the commercial development of the city.

The panic of 1857 seriously affected the *Democratic Press*, and, on the first day of July, 1858, it was consolidated with the *Tribune*, under the style of the *Press and Tribune*, a name which was dropped two years after for the *Chicago Tribune*. Mr. Bross has worked devotedly on the *Tribune*, and the results and manner of that work are well known throughout the West.

During the war he took no uncertain part upon

the side of uncompromising loyalty and determined opposition to the overthrow of the Government. He gave liberally of his means to the prosecution of the war. His voice was always heard to encourage and support. Believing Mr. Lincoln to be the friend of liberty and humanity, and the proper person to conduct the ship of state through the troubled waters, he labored assiduously, both in the columns of the paper and upon the stump, for his election. He exerted himself day and night in canvassing Southern Illinois for that purpose, which, owing to the large element of Southern population in the lower counties, was inclined to favor the rebel cause. When Mr. Lincoln was elected, and the storm of secession set in, he gave all his energies to the work of recruiting, and contributed liberally of his means to that direction. He also took a very active part in the organization of the Twenty-ninth U. S. regiment colored volunteers in Illinois and neighboring States, which was commanded by his brother, the late lamented Colonel John A. Bross, who was killed at Petersburg, Va.

The people of the State of Illinois appreciated his efforts in behalf of the Union cause, and elected him their Lieutenant-Governor, on the ticket with the gallant General Oglesby, by a majority of more than thirty thousand. In the discharge of the duties of his office, and especially as presiding officer of the Senate, he was prompt, vigorous and decided, and brought to that office a rare dignity and courtesy which commended him even to the bitterest of partisans.

In 1865, in company with Hon. Schuyler Colfax and others, he made the overland journey to California, during which journey he informed himself on details of the Far West and the Pacific coast. The results of that trip have appeared in the columns of the *Tribune* and in numerous lectures which have been delivered all over the West, before the Chamber of Commerce of New York, the Illinois Legislature, the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and other societies. After his western tour he also made the tour of Europe, visiting Liverpool, Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Rome, Florence, Naples, and Genoa, his vivid impressions of which have also been sketched in very entertaining *Tribune* letters.

During his eventful life, Mr. Bross has not been spared severe family afflictions. He has had four sons and four daughters, and of these only one of the latter is living. The rest sleep in the beautiful Rosehill Cemetery, where the parents have raised a touching monument to their memory.

It would be useless to give here a personal description of Mr. Bross. Probably every one of the readers of this volume is familiar with his genial face, his strong, symmetrical appearance, and few have not felt the greeting of his firm, cordial hand. His main characteristic is strong, sound, sterling, practical common sense, which has stood him in good stead, as he has worked his way up from that humble log-cabin of his boyhood to his present high and honorable position. He is yet but fifty-four years of

age, and therefore in the very prime of life. With his quick, active nature and his robust health, which has never been impaired by excesses of any kind, he bids fair to reach a green old age, and continue active to the last. Work never tires him and he never tires of it. He is simple in his habits and unostentatious in appearance, although the hospitalities of his home are as elegant and refined as they are hearty. He is a good hater of shams; hypocrisy is foreign to his nature; he is sincere in every word and work, and he demands the same attribute from those about him. His is no half-way nature, such as Beecher calls "silver-mist well-wishers;" but he is "upright and downright," and loves and hates with all his might. He is a fast and valuable friend; liberal in his donations and ready in sympathy for all struggling to make their way in the world in the face of difficulties. His private charity will never be known to the world, and yet there are thousands who will look back to him, to his ready assistance, and to his hearty aid and practical advice, as the fountain-head of their after success.

His temperament is free, genial, and affectionate. He is beloved in his family as a devoted husband and father, among his friends for his manly honesty and pleasant personal traits, among those associated with him in business for his fairness, and candor, and agreeable presence. He is a strong, forcible writer, dealing with facts and logical conclusions, and not given to the ideal or the imaginative. Hence his writings carry great weight with them, and strike with

telling force. Persons who have read his articles on finance, or those graphic railroad and canal editorials which almost seem like the words of a prophet, so truthful have they proved, will acknowledge the verity of these statements. As a speaker, few can surpass him. During the past ten years there has not been a canvass in Illinois in which he has not spoken, and often on the platform with Lincoln, Trumbull, Logan, Oglesby, Colfax, and other statesmen. His oratory is forcible and eloquent, and like his writings, noted for carrying conviction. As a jury-pleader he would have been almost incomparable.

Mr. Bross is at present the president of the *Tribune* company, although his multifarious cares in connection with other business interests, do not permit him to give much of his time to the paper. Still he makes his influence felt in it, for he could not be identified with any thing, with that large indefatigable nature of his, and not become a vital, influential part of it. The unspotted record of his life is well known to the public, and the American young man can find no better exemplar of the results of honesty and industry than have culminated in the life and labors of Governor William Bross.

MRS. JUDGE JAMES B. BRADWELL.

Mrs. Myra Bradwell, wife of the Honorable James B. Bradwell, and youngest daughter of Eben Colby, now of Elgin, Illinois, is one of the most efficient of

the patriotic women engaged with the various soldiers' aid societies of the West during the late war. She was born in the town of Manchester, Vermont, February 12th, 1831.

Two years after, her father removed his family to the state of New York, and from thence, in the fall of 1843, he came west to Illinois. Here Miss Colby availed herself of all the facilities for education afforded by the new country, and by her energy and perseverance, so prominently displayed later in life, overcame all difficulties and at an early age was qualified and employed as a teacher in some of the most important institutions then in the West. As an educator, Miss Colby was eminently successful; she possessed those rare qualities which secured the love of the children at the same time that she insisted upon unqualified obedience, and with these combined an ability to impart instruction possessed by few and in which she is excelled by none.

In the spring of 1853, she was married to her present husband, and together they visited Memphis, Tennessee, with the intention of making it their permanent home. Going among perfect strangers, and with limited means but brilliant anticipations, it is not strange that they met with obstacles to success which they had not contemplated, and which would have discouraged less determined and persevering natures. They returned to Illinois, and settled in Chicago, in 1855; and here Mrs. Bradwell's whole time was given to her social and domestic duties till after the commencement of the war, in 1861. In

the fall of that year, her husband was elected Judge of the County Court of Cook county, to which office he was afterward re-elected, and which he still fills, with credit to himself and with satisfaction to his constituents. The Judge, at the time of his first election, and previous thereto, was an earnest Democrat, at the same time Mrs. Bradwell was an equally earnest Republican; and this well illustrates an important trait of her character: she is an independent thinker—accepts no principle at second hand or upon mere authority.

The rebellion, which broke so many party ties, made a Republican of her husband and an earnest supporter of the Government during the war for its suppression. He was especially earnest and more than usually successful in raising men to fill the various calls for soldiers. One company, known as the Bradwell Guards, named after himself, was raised and sent into the field almost entirely through his exertion and influence. Mrs. Bradwell was no less earnest in patriotic work, though in a different field. Quite well do I remember that when a dollar subscription was proposed, as a basis upon which to begin the Soldiers' Home, Mrs. Bradwell took the little pass-book, and directing and inspiring others, went, in storm, and rain, and wintry frosts, from door to door, soliciting the mites and adding them together—thus laying the foundation of a great work, and also a mighty energy in herself, which afterward culminated in her obtaining a State appropriation of thousands.

With others, she established the Soldiers' Home in Chicago, and when established, performed her full share of the work for making it a success. It is not too much to say that the Home, as a permanent institution, owes more to Mrs. Bradwell than to any other one person. When it was dependent upon charity, she begged for it; when its duties were performed by the unpaid labor of its friends, she gave up her social pleasures and domestic duties that the Home-work might be done—laboring day after day, and almost night after night, frequently not reaching home till eleven or twelve in the evening. At the session of the Legislature, in 1867, Mrs. Bradwell, at the request of the managers of the Home, visited Springfield, and by her exertion and influence obtained State aid for the institution, of twenty-four thousand dollars; thus making it, pecuniarily, a success beyond any contingency. For several years she performed for the Home either the duties of Secretary or Treasurer, and more recently of both. It is impossible to itemize the work done by Mrs. Bradwell in connection with this institution. As Secretary, she has written hundreds of letters soliciting for it aid and influence; as Treasurer she has kept its financial accounts and paid its bills; as a member of the Home Board, she has given her time to overseeing its general management.

But the Home was only one of the patriotic enterprises in which she was engaged during the war. She aided in establishing the Soldiers' Rest, and labored earnestly for its success. Some idea of the

work performed by those engaged in this enterprise can be gained from the fact, that in one week, when Mrs. Bradwell was at the Rest, about twenty thousand meals were furnished to the passing soldiers. She was an equally earnest laborer with all the Soldiers' Relief Societies of our city; nor to these alone was her time and work confined. Of the "Woman's Relief Society," in those times so much needed for aged mothers and helpless families of soldiers, the *Chicago Journal* speaks thus:

"That Mrs. Judge Bradwell and Mrs. L. Kimbark have charge of the enterprise, is sufficient indication of its complete success."

Mrs. Bradwell encouraged, labored for, and helped those poor creatures as though each one had sisterly claims upon her bounty.

With her husband she put forth renewed energy to make the great Sanitary Fair a success. No one who visited the department of "Arms and Trophies," at Bryan Hall, can forget the taste and perfection of this rarest collection of the whole Fair; nor need they be told of the labor of bringing them together and effecting such glorious results. This department was under the entire supervision of herself and her husband, and owed its great success to their united labors. For thirty-one days, consecutively, with the exception of a single Sabbath, (and sometimes working all night,) she was engaged in this work. With a fine and delicate organization, it is surprising how she endured the fatigues to which she was subjected; but her will-power was all-sufficient for the task.

She would lay her plans with care and foresight, and with gentle persistency work up to them with the skill and self-poise of a lieutenant-general. Commanding while seeming to serve, leading when appearing to follow, no obstacles were too great for her to remove from her path and make the way clear for her purpose.

Her husband's position and popularity gave her rare opportunities for usefulness, but her own versatile talents and inexhaustible genius gave her still greater.

Said an eastern lady: "When we were told that our department was to be under the supervision of a judge's lady, we expressed our regrets. We pictured her as being tall, dignified, controlling—fond of being seen and doing nothing—and so far as we thought of self, we bemoaned our position at her side; but, when a little lady, in deep black, came among us, taking us warmly by the hand, and talking to us of the hills and dales of New England—the lawns on which we played in youth, the grand old elms that drooped above the school-house, where she like so many of us had attended,—she at once charmed us into service; and when, with moistened eye and touching accents, she told me of the loss of her darling daughter, just the age of my own I was then in mourning for, my heart went out to her in a warm, fixed, firm embrace that time can not overcome, and I have ever since proved her to be my highest ideal of woman." This is no uncommon feeling for Mrs. Bradwell to inspire, and it is almost impossible to be associated with her and not to love her.

With the close of the war, Mrs. Bradwell's labors did not cease, but continued on through years, and in every enterprise for the alleviation of suffering she was one of the leading spirits.

Perhaps we ought now to leave Mrs. Bradwell, but we can not forbear following her a little further.

In the fall of 1868 she commenced the publication of a weekly paper, called the "Legal News," devoted, as its name implies, to the law. This was certainly a novel enterprise for a woman, even in this age of "woman's rights;" but few believed in its ultimate success at the time—now it is a necessity to the lawyer, and he would as soon think of practicing without the statute as without the "News."

In May, 1869, Mrs. Bradwell issued a book of rare usefulness, containing the State Laws of Illinois.

Mrs. Bradwell is an advocate of what is called "woman's rights," insisting upon women having the ballot and being placed upon a political equality with men. The success of her own efforts is the strongest argument in favor of the demand. But it is not as editress nor as engaged in her patriotic labors that we love best to think of her—she has demonstrated in herself that one can be talented and still be womanly. She is a patriotic wife and mother. Four children have blessed her married life; two of them rest sweetly above, and two yet remain to adorn her daily life with joy,—and may that life be long and blessed.

WILLIAM D. T. TRAVIS.

The subject of this sketch was born in Augusta county, Virginia, July 13, 1839, of a parentage and ancestry allied to the best families of the Old Dominion, his remote ancestors coming to this country in descent from a noble family of Welsh and Scotch-Irish. His mother belonged to the Virginia family of Trimbles; was related to the De Priests, De Laney's and Nesbits, and was first cousin to the eminent statesman and orator John Randolph. Long before the tide of emigration to the West had fairly set in, and when Mr. Travis was quite a lad, a little colony was organized in his immediate neighborhood, which his family joined, and settled in a locality in the central-eastern portion of Illinois. His father, who had been wealthy, met with reverses of fortune, and young Travis at a tender age found himself compelled to earn his own livelihood; and thus at that age when the young are usually obtaining their education, he was compelled to resort to the very prosaic occupation of a prairie herdsman of cattle. His ambition for knowledge was intense, his temperament was poetic, and a decided artistic vein ran through his composition. With these elements in his character, it was not a difficult task for him to find opportunity for study, even under the disadvantages of his situation. Nature became his teacher and educator, and he brought to his study all the forces of his character,

and all his innate love for the beautiful and the artistic. He studied nature in all her varying moods, cultivated his oratorical powers as did Demosthenes, alone with nature. His pencil was in constant practice, and aided by his strong natural bent, he soon excelled in sketching—a gift which was to stand him in good stead in after years. The cattle he was herding, the billowy roll of the prairies, the distant stretches of forest, the sunshine and calm, and the storms which swept over the great inland sea, all afforded him rich subjects, which he soon learned to treat in a most graphic and powerful manner.

Naturally of a retiring disposition, his lonely life on the prairie only tended to foster his inclinations towards seclusion, and this was still further influenced, if not made permanent, by a disappointment in one whom he had trusted, which still further drove him to live within himself, as it has so many other men of genius before him, and only made him the more determined to gain honor and fame by his own efforts and merits. At the same time he was untiring in his efforts to help maintain his father's family, and at last had succeeded in so far securing comfort for them as to enable him to attend school. He entered the Waveland Collegiate Institute, in Indiana, and supported himself and paid his tuition by teaching and giving private lessons in drawing until the war broke out. He was no less positive and decided in his patriotism than in his other ways and modes of life, and at the very first call of President Lincoln for three months' men, he enlisted in the Twelfth

Illinois Infantry, Colonel McArthur; and at the reorganization of that regiment, re-enlisted for three years. For sufficient reasons, he procured his transfer, taking with him his younger brother, Henry, and joined the Twenty-Second Illinois regiment, Colonel Dougherty, in which he acted, by detail, as the Colonel's Private Secretary. Through all the trying scenes of war he never forgot his literary or artistic pursuits, and his pen was constantly engaged sketching the graphic scenes of the battle-field. The skill of his pencil and his pen, in both an artistic and a literary point of view, won for him the admiration and confidence of his superior officers, and at the close of the Chattanooga campaign, in 1853, the commanders of the army of the Cumberland commissioned him to paint, from his field-sketches, a series of grand national paintings, which he is now using to illustrate his lectures on the history of those thrilling episodes of that period of the war. During his campaigning, he also sketched and wrote for *Harper's Weekly* and the *New York Illustrated News*, and yet never lost any of the active experience of the war, always attending to his duties as a soldier. His affable address, courteous bearing and gentlemanly manner, made him a universal favorite.

Faithful to his duties on the post, courageous in the field, inured to danger, privation and suffering, serving his country well and faithfully, wielding a facile and vigorous pen, filled with genuine artistic instincts, and skilled to portray upon the canvass with rare grace and truth the scenes of the outer world as

well as the visions of his own creation, with unusual elocutionary powers, and working his way up from boyhood to manhood's success unaided by extraneous means, Mr. Travis is a model to American young men, and, should he be spared, will make his mark as a great and national artist of whom the country will be proud.

His paintings have already secured him a little fortune, and opened up to him the prospect of a fame second to none in the West.

Mr. Travis drew inspiration from the war-scenes daily enacted and increasing around him. He portrayed with equal skill the calmer beauties of the drill, dress-parade, passing the guard, and grand review, or the thrilling events of the long march—the quick advance, the skillful manœuvering of miles of compact forces, the charge of bayonets, the death-struggle, the exultant victory; and again, where the field is strewn with the sorrowful, mangled dead, where the victor weeps over his harmless enemy, and buries him from his sight forever. These scenes touched his quick sympathies, and while he could never forget them, others might have done so, had not his artistic genius made that impossible. Many of his paintings are touched with a skill that would quite equal that of the renowned “old masters.”

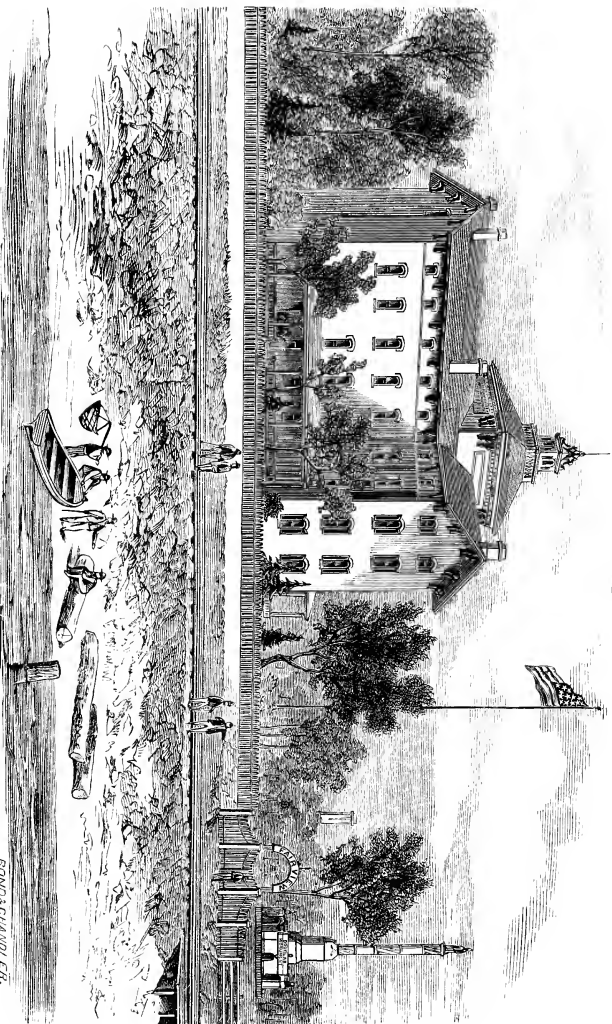
CHAPTER XX.

SOLDIERS' HOME OF CHICAGO.

Its Origin—First Meeting of its Founders—Old Mansion House—45 Randolph Street—Number of Meals Taken During First Year—Expediency of Furnishing Meals—Necessity of a Permanent Home—The Baldwin Property—Fair View—Location and Valuation of Home—Its Presidents—First, Second, Third—Its Present Board of Directors—Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. McAuley, General White, General Beveridge, and Others—Mrs. Livermore's National Home.

It does not lie within the scope of this work either to give a detailed history of the war, or to trace the rise and growth of those public benevolent institutions whose purposes became so dear to the popular heart, and whose aid the contribution of the millions of the loyal North not only extended at last to every camp and battle-field, but made it accompany the Union soldier from the moment when he was marshalled under the flag, to that in which, returning by long and toilsome journeys, he was honorably mustered out.

These must receive, as they are receiving, one by one, perpetuation in separate volumes. And when the record of all shall be complete—when it shall be related by what pains, and toils, and sacrifice of our noble womanhood these benign institutions were devised, fostered and reared, the records will be among the most inspiring and useful from which the historian of a coming generation may draw. Nor will these formal records embrace all,



SOLDIERS' HOME.

Chicago, Ill.

BOND & CHANDLER.

for it must be considered how it was that for every citizen who thus worked to found and organize public charity, there were scores who devoted themselves to the private wants of the soldier or his family, from his own immediate neighborhood. Grand as were these Home Commissioners, in themselves, and nobly as they compassed their high ends, and mitigated as was never before done the horrors of war, they yet appear but a representation, and as it were crystallization, of the great patriotic "Soldiers' Homes."

The Chicago Soldiers' Home had its origin in a well-defined and pressing need of the times, and stands, although an infant to-day, as perhaps the most distinctive among the monuments of woman's patriotism and patriotic works. Before the war had been two years in progress it had become apparent that the end was not yet to be; that each successive campaign, even to the bitter end, must be attended with increased bloodshed and suffering; and that, consequently, aside from those who had served out their time, there would be increasing multitudes of the sick, wounded and destitute to be cared for on their way home, and be provided for on reaching their destination. Accordingly, in 1863, scores of the wealthiest, noblest and most refined women of Chicago met in mass meeting June 3, at Bryan Hall, to organize and provide for soldiers *en route*.

On the twelfth, at an adjourned meeting, the report of a special committee was adopted establishing a "Soldiers' Home," for the gratuitous refreshment and temporary lodging of our soldiers on the

way to and from the army. The organization was at once perfected and officers elected, among whom was a Board of Directresses. Some difficulty was experienced in securing a proper location, and at last the old "Mansion House," number 45 Randolph-street, was secured, the building in which one of the leading spirits of this enterprise, Mrs. Judge Bradwell, passed her first day in Chicago, twenty years before. The work of the society was at once entered upon under the care of a Superintendent and Matron; but the old house, although serving very well for the purpose of a temporary "Rest," proved too small and was ill located for a permanent "Home," the necessity of which had already become palpable and imperative.

To meet this need the Government, co-operating with the Board, had erected quite extensive buildings on the lake shore near by. During this first year there were forty-six thousand, three hundred and eighty-four arrivals; ninety-six thousand, nine hundred and nine meals; and sixteen thousand, four hundred and eighty-one lodgings provided; and two thousand five hundred and fifty-seven were medicinally treated; the money value of the outlay being estimated at forty-seven thousand, one hundred and sixty-two dollars. It may not be out of place here to give a description of the manner and alacrity with which a meal was served. The dinner of the Home being over, and the kitchen-boys, detailed soldiers, who served, now for the first time in many weeks taking a little rest, a regiment was announced, who wished a meal

at once. Up sprang the boys. The tables would seat two hundred. Here were one thousand before them. The water over the fire and already hot was made into boilers of intensely strong tea. To increase the quantity ninety gallons of water were heated in kettles. Sufficient slices of bread were cut and spread with butter. These were interlaid with four thousand slices of ham and boiled beef, and placed on huge tin plates at near intervals, and the tables garnished with pickles, prunes, etc. The soldiers filed into the room, two or three companies together, and seated themselves at the long white pine tables covered with tin dishes. The fresh tea and sandwiches were appetizing as though served from the finest plate. Thus a regiment was refreshed, and the hungry, weary, fainting boys sent on their way rejoicing. The regular meals of the Home were merely incidental, and these regimental meals were given at any and all hours of the day, or night, in sleet and snow, and frost and rain.

The necessity of a permanent Home being apparent, the Baldwin property, at "Fair View," then quite without the limits of the city, was purchased in March, 1864. Soon another piece of ground, the Langley estate, was found and bargained for, the Baldwin place being sold for the sum paid for it, and the proceeds, nine thousand dollars, expended in the erection of a plain structure, designed as the wing of a more imposing edifice. Hitherto the Home had been able to care for but fifty invalids at one time, but the new building increased the accommodations

to eighty. Yet now the arrangements proved quite inadequate, and during the winters of 1864-5 many had to be turned away.

During the second year there were sixty thousand, one hundred and three arrivals; one hundred and sixty-seven thousand, two hundred and sixty-three meals were furnished; and in addition to the subsistence dispensed at the Rest, a large amount of supplies—blankets, socks, flannel-shirts and drawers—were furnished to the destitute. The number of permanent inmates in another record during the year, was seven hundred and sixty-seven. Most of the time the number was nearly six hundred, and the majority of them had to be clothed as well as fed, and yet all was still the result of private liberality and labor. During the last two years of the rebellion, the Rest was personally superintended by a committee of citizens appointed by the Board from week to week. Only about seventeen hundred dollars per annum was paid in salaries and to servants, while the entire current expenses of the Home, beside, was less than five hundred dollars per month. The wing, of which mention has been made, cost fifteen thousand dollars, and in 1865 the main building was erected at a cost of thirty thousand, five hundred and sixty-three dollars, being opened on the tenth of May, 1865. Down to the close of the war, the entire number of arrivals was one hundred and twenty-six thousand; and of meals given, three hundred and fourteen thousand. The inmates of the Rest received rations regularly from the Government; but the other

expenses of the Home were met by voluntary contributions.

The location of the Home is in South Chicago. The building and grounds are now within near reach of the city limits, and instead of the rural out-look, with a distant suggestion of the city, the Home itself now seems almost *urbs in rure*. Magnificent residences have risen on every bound and shore for miles beyond. Some years have passed since the publication of the report from which we gathered the above statistics, and the Home property was then estimated at one hundred thousand dollars. The time is not far distant when it will approximate half a million dollars. From the proceeds of the great Sanitary Fair it received eighty thousand dollars, and from the State Legislature, through the efforts of Mrs. Judge Bradwell and her able husband, it received twenty-four thousand dollars.

The first President of the Chicago Soldiers' Home was Honorable T. B. Bryan. For years he bestowed upon it very freely of his great energy, influence, and possessions. On his retiring, Honorable Judge James B. Bradwell became President by a unanimous vote. He entered into the work with characteristic energy, and in a few months effected results such as most men would have accomplished only in years. During much of the period of its active growth Judge Bradwell continued its President. When Mr. Bradwell declined longer to fill the position, Mr. Howard was elected, and is now its popular and meritorious President.

Its Board of Directors comprises some of the ablest spirits of the West. Among them are Generals Julius White and Beveridge, Mrs. H. Sayrs, and others. Mrs. Sanford is now its worthy Vice-President. She is an efficient lady, and one who throughout the entire war exerted herself in the most laudable manner for our country and the saviours of our Republic. Mrs. McAuley, the gifted daughter of Mrs. Henry Sayrs, is also a member of the present Board and a lady deserving more notice than our space permits. A superior education has developed rare natural gifts, and being possessed of youth, beauty and influence, she has cheerfully laid these with many of her brightest years upon the altar of her country.

But from this local State Home to the National Soldiers' Homes, we must now turn, and here let the abler pen of a talented lady speak for us. Says Mrs. Mary Ashton Livermore:

"While at Dayton, Ohio, we made a brief visit to the Soldiers' Home, established some three miles from that city. By an act of Congress, all the forfeited and unclaimed pay and bounty of the army during the war, amounting to about eleven million dollars, was appropriated to establish a National Soldiers' Home, of which there are to be three, the Eastern at Augusta, Maine; the Central and largest at Dayton, Ohio, and the Western at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"These are to be made sufficiently ample for the accommodation of all the homeless, military invalids of the country. We have been informed that another large appropriation has been made for these Homes. For years there has been a Soldiers' Home in Washington for the disabled soldiers of the regular army, which has been maintained by a fund accruing from a tax of ten cents, assessed monthly on the private soldiers, who were the only par-

ties ever likely to need a home of this kind. The provision for its support was so far beyond the need, that in the course of years this fund had accumulated to about thirteen million dollars. This sum is also at the service of the three National Soldiers' Homes, if it is needed. So it will be seen that there is no lack of means to take care of the brave men, properly, and in the best manner, who have laid health, and limbs, and earthly prospects on the altar of their country. The grounds of the Dayton Home are beautifully located on the slightly, airy, fertile bluffs of the Miami, three miles from Dayton, and comprise about five hundred and eighty acres. These grounds are laid out with artificial lakes, and streams, and fountains, with elegant drives, and walks, with rare shrubbery and flower gardens, and green-houses, so as to make it an earthly paradise. Horticulture and floriculture, as well as substantial agriculture, are attended to, and those of the men who are able, are to have a share in the beautifying and cultivating of their home. Every man's occupation, or trade, or specialty is ascertained, and, as far as possible, is ministered to. It is meant to make each of these Homes a little world of itself, with all the means of living, improvement, and enjoyment within itself. There is a reading-room and library which is to be well stocked with the best of books and periodicals, and is to be kept up by the addition of new reading matter, and properly taken care of by a competent librarian. There will be a gymnasium, a billiard hall, a hall for concerts and society meetings, and a chapel, a Good Templars' Hall, a Free-Masons Lodge, a brass band, and, indeed, any thing that can conduce to comfort, happiness or profit. There is a regularly appointed chaplain to every Home, but once in two weeks pains are taken to secure in rotation the services of the various clergyman near them, of whatever denomination. There was but one story told by all—'we are taken care of in the best manner, every body is good to us, every thing is done for us.'

"General Ingraham, who was with Banks at Port Hudson, and subsequently stationed near Washington, is Superintendent at Dayton. He is a grand, white-haired, military-looking man, who appears to take a fatherly interest over those under his care, and of whom the soldiers speak in a way that is pleasant to hear. The sadness naturally awakened by seeing so many physical wrecks of men, whose shattered, maimed bodies tell of

their efforts in behalf of our common country, is mitigated by their reiterated statement that they are well cared for, and as happy as outward circumstances can make them. We had some hours unrestrained chat with them, and heard not one complaint.

“The time is coming when these three Soldiers' Homes will be among the most famous places of resort in our country. Tourists will take them in their routes of travel, and ‘Young America’ will there learn anew the meaning of the word *patriotism*, as it listens to the stories of heroism and sacrifice, which these enshrined invalids can tell.”

CHAPTER XXI.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

SKETCH OF MRS. HENRY SAYRS.

IN one of his most finished and characteristic orations, Cicero expresses pride in the fact that he was a "*novus homo*" — a new man. By this term the Romans designated citizens who had achieved pre-eminence in some worthy pursuit, and had arisen from among the people to the highest and most honored place in the gift of the nation; and Cicero took a laudable pride in having become one of the "new men" of his day.

While the late war has raised up thousands from the ranks of "citizens," loaded them with honors, and gloriously crowned them "new men," the noble women who have worked at their side, and been the inspiration, and often the origin, of every new and revolutionary enterprise, have earned titles as merited as the chiefest of our leaders, and won victories as great as Cicero ever dared to boast.

American women no longer follow in the dull, beaten track of examples, but striking out into new and untried paths, lay their plans and execute their purposes with self-poise, and fearless of results. The late war has developed in woman new character, and enabled her to rise to a measure of usefulness that

was hitherto, even by herself, undreamed of. May God speed her in the work.

Among the first ranks of "new women" raised up to us by the late civil war, stands prominent the name of Mrs. Henry Sayrs. That books are not already filled with her patriotic labors, and distant lands sounding the praises of her name, is because she lives so completely in the heart of her home and friends that her true womanly nature desires no more. Her fine presence and able address might have won distinction as a lecturer; her diversified talents would have been legions of strength in any department of these thrilling times; but ambition courted no such publicity, and indifference to applause bound her to the spot where *works*, not *words*, told the story of her life. There is no need of history to repeat it, her deeds of kindness are written in grateful joy upon the inmost heart of the soldier and his family. She has drawn tribute-tears from hardened hearts, and blessings from dying lips; she has brought hope to the hopeless, strength to the weak, and light to the obscure abode of the desolate widow and orphan; she has, in the fullest sense, "fed the hungry, clothed the naked, taken in the stranger, visited the sick and in prison," and toiled night and day for years to build comfortable homes for the "war-scarred heroes" daily pouring into them.

Clara Barton worked on the field, Mrs. Sarah C. Sayrs *worked at home*. Elizabeth Cady Stanton thrilled thousands from the public forum, but the

subject of our sketch thrilled thousands who received the kind benefaction from her hand, and moved to great patriotic deeds scores of our Chicago capitalists.

The author first saw Mrs. Sayrs in earnest debate, against numbers, in behalf of the Unitarian department, at one of the Chicago Sanitary Fair's meetings. Mrs. Hoge had the chair, and was exercising a weighty influence, as usual, in the general disposition of affairs; but Mrs. S., and her Unitarian interest, was not to be generally disposed of. In clear and distinct terms she presented the *pros* and *cons* of the case. The chair replied, and "the voice" was in its favor. Mrs. S. spoke again and again—the veto was attempted; with this her powers awakened, and with an eloquence that would have honored Senate halls, she made herself heard and appreciated in that vast audience, who, from all parts, quickly whispered, "She's right; Mrs. Sayrs carries the day."

Upon inquiry, I found her name among the leaders of every patriotic enterprise, and the great motive-power of many that without her would have failed.

WAR-WORK OF MRS. HENRY SAYRS.

Mrs. Sayrs' first labors in connection with the war commenced at the very outset of the great struggle. The news of the first battle and the immediate call for lint and bandages, found her in readiness to answer it. She gathered her family about her, and impressed her help into the good work; she explained to them quietly what was needed and what she expected, and planned out a week's campaign among the bandages, which was a successful one, and resulted in the completing and forwarding of no small store of hospital material. From this small beginning in the family, Mrs. Sayrs arose, step by step, to those great public works and well-planned measures auxiliary to the prosecution of the war, which not only aided towards its success, but which made her name known on every battle-field and in every hospital.

Her next step was to organize an Aid Society out of the Sewing Society of the First Unitarian Church, now the Church of the Messiah, which established a great work in supplying clothing and delicacies for hospital purposes, acting in its own behalf and independent of Sanitary commissions. From this point, as a centre, Mrs. Sayrs' labors have radiated to every movement undertaken in Chicago for the benefit of the soldier. Possessed of rare executive ability, she planned great measures of relief. She was not only skillful in performing what others proposed, but she

had the talent to originate, and the energy and force of character to make all her plans successful. She was a born leader, and her position was soon recognized as a representative woman in all the great schemes of relief. In sanitary commissions, soldiers' fairs, aid societies, homes for the immediate and permanent care of disabled soldiers, projects for the relief of refugees and negroes, and every plan which had for its object the care or consolation of the soldiers' widow and orphan, you find the traces of Mrs. Sayrs' indomitable energy and loving labor.

Into all these projects she entered with an industry and a patience which never flagged; with her intensely active nature she could not do otherwise. Where weaker ones questioned, she acted; where the cautious hesitated, she took the advance; where the unskilled lost time in picking at the "Gordian knot," she resolutely solved the question by cutting it; no purse under her pleadings refused its largess. She claimed and obtained the hearing of business men because she was a business woman and knew how to state her plans briefly and explicitly. She was entirely practical in thought, word, and deed.

In June, 1863, the Board of Managers of the Soldiers' Home was organized. There was only a temporary management however effected during Mrs. Sayrs' absence from the city. Upon her return she actively identified herself with the movement, commencing with the meeting which was called to make arrangements for a *permanent* Home. As will be remembered, it was proposed at that meeting to lay

the foundation of the Home with contributions from the public at large. The city was distriated and the canvassers commenced their work. It is enough to say that Mrs. Sayrs' lengthy report, at the subsequent meeting of the Board, wherein she maintained that "dependence for the work must be upon the loyal and patriotic men and women of the country," together with the large sum she had collected, were received with emotions of profound satisfaction, and gave a practical impetus to the undertaking. In the meantime she was elected Secretary of the Home. Her final Annual Report, dated June 17, 1864, a model, by the way, of terseness and concise statement, in which she assumes, most forcibly, that the inmates of the Home are no paupers—no mendicants—but the "wards of the people," shows how much was accomplished, and how nobly all obstacles were met and overcome. During her administration she was also Vice-President of the Home. She, alone, was the committee on the Emancipation Proclamation, by the skillful use of which several thousands of dollars were accumulated, which was invested in the purchase of the grounds and buildings of the present Home, at Fairview. The Home had been kept up by voluntary contributions, a work which was specially in Mrs. Sayrs' province. A volume might be written, showing how she aided in keeping the Institution in a healthy condition, in the face of the most discouraging obstacles, and how it was made one of the most notable successes of its kind in the country.

In 1864, a few ladies in Chicago agitated the question of discountenancing the wearing of imported articles during the war, a movement into which Mrs. Sayrs entered with her whole heart. On the 21st of June, in that year, a meeting was called, at Bryan Hall, to consider the question, and Mrs. Sayrs was appointed its secretary. Resolutions were passed in sympathy with the object of the meeting. For a long time the ladies were enthusiastic and patriotic, but the love of dress soon overcame their good resolutions, and, by common consent, they quickly returned to their former mode of toilet. Mrs. Sayrs was the only true representative of the animus of that memorable meeting. She purchased material exclusively of American manufacture, and made it up into dresses and robes, and these she wore, not only in the city, but in her travels all over the country.

Mrs. Sayrs' attention was next directed to the white refugees who were arriving in Chicago from the South, in large numbers, and in a very destitute condition. The Soldiers' Rest was unable to accommodate them. An organization was finally effected of the White Refugees' Association, into which Mrs. Sayrs entered with all the activity of her nature, and the goodness of her heart. She invaded the lumber-yards, and, with her well-told business-like story, she enlisted the lumber merchants in the project; secured a lot, and received the material for a building. The contributions for its support she personally collected from the ladies of the city, and successfully maintained it until there was no longer

any necessity for it and the organization was discontinued. It achieved a great and good work, almost entirely through her Herculean labors; for, all this time, she was directing the labors of the society of her own church, leading large public societies, and assisting in the management of the Soldiers' Home and Rest; and working with almost gigantic strength, both physical and mental, to make the various Sanitary Fairs a success; and, in all the labors, let us say, aided and encouraged by her loyal and philanthropic husband, whose hand and purse were ever open and ready for every good work connected with the war.

In 1863, the ladies established a Loyal League, which was originally organized as a secret society. Mrs. Sayrs, however, soon saw that it could not so well accomplish its object under the veil of secrecy as in a public manner; and she, at once, became convinced that it would be much better to make it an open League. This was accomplished by a reorganization, in October, 1863. Mrs. Sayrs was secretary of the League, and, by her wise counsels, and correspondence with eminent ladies at the East, she soon placed the League upon a footing where it effected great and important results. The new organization was called the "National Loyal League of the Women of Chicago," and Mrs. Sayrs was made President. In the following month several large boxes of goods, of every description, were sent South for the benefit of the contrabands. Mrs. Sayrs next projected a Soup House in connec-

tion with the League, which, by personal labor, appeals to the merchants of the city, and contributions to the public press, she made a superb success. Her next move, for the benefit of the colored man, was a lecture by Frederick Douglass. Mrs. Sayrs corresponded with the great colored orator, secured his attendance, and, in presence of a vast assemblage, escorted him to the platform at Bryan Hall. The evening's lecture was one of the orator's greatest efforts, and a great pecuniary benefit to the League.

In June, 1867, it was proposed by some of the loyal citizens of Chicago, to raise a fund for the benefit of soldiers' widows and orphans, and deceased soldiers' families. The first step taken was a picnic, at Haas' Park, at which it was decided to have a fair, to be called the Soldiers' Fair. Mrs. Sayrs was absent at this time, but, in her absence, was appointed one of the executive committee. Upon her return she was notified of her appointment. The preliminary meeting, held at the Music Hall, was not a very encouraging one. There were but few persons present, and but little interest was manifested. No one had any plan to offer, and the whole matter seemed likely to fall through without any practical result. Mrs. Sayrs at once entered into the work with her whole soul, and organized order out of confusion. She drew up a statement and plan of the fair, of a most remarkable character, which embraced the smallest detail, and was as perfect as could be devised. She inspired the weak with strength and the faint-hearted with courage. The

chaotic arrangements were reduced to the most perfect system. She filled the papers with strongly written articles appealing to the public. She interested the churches in the movement, and they contributed handsomely. She also interested business men, not only to contribute, but to work for it, and the result was a complete success, means sufficient being realized to bountifully aid—under the judicious management of the Disbursing Committee, of which his Honor the Mayor of Chicago is President—all of the destitute soldiers' widows and orphans, and disabled soldiers' families, in Cook county for two years.

One incident alone seems to tell a volume. When the coffers of the Soldiers' Home were at a low ebb, and want was staring them in the face, so that not a day could be lost, a special meeting was called, by which to suggest and meet the demand. The great Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Fair was on foot, and soon to take place, engulfing every channel of gift. As nothing could be realized thereupon until its final conclusion, it was proposed that every lady pledge herself to bring in a certain amount at the next meeting, but they looked aghast, and declined. The tide of the fair was against the project, and hope was faint—with no promise but a fixed resolution, they dispersed and set to work. Mrs. Sayrs did the same, and, at the next meeting, she stepped up and laid upon the table an order for two hundred dollars' worth of provisions, and, in greenbacks, one thousand dollars. Such facts need

no embellishing—they, themselves, are the embodiment of eloquence. She said, “I owe my success largely to the manner in which the donors are approached. I always lay the case before them, and request them to give what they wish.” Once, alone, did she ever suggest to a gentleman the extent of his duty. A man of large wealth, unquestioned loyalty and charitable renown, had been frequently called upon, by the ladies, to contribute to the cause, but, without any apparent reason, had always declined. “Send Mrs. Sayrs,” the ladies would say, “she will arouse his patriotism;” but the lady refused going until extreme emergency should justify extreme measures. The time at length came, and with it Mrs. Sayrs’ carriage rolled up to the gentleman’s office. He came to the door—helped her to alight—was pleased to see her—escorted her in—gave her a morning paper—and, politely withdrew to the next room. He forgot to ask her the business of the day. She quietly read the paper through, advertisements and all. He politely put his head in at the door, and “hoped she was enjoying herself,” and gave her another paper—she kindly accepted, and read *that* through. He again appeared, and rubbing his hands, said “I am very busy, this morning, and perhaps you are in a hurry?” “Oh no!” she said, and accepted a tract he handed her, defining his faith. She looked it over several times and the clock struck twelve. With affected ease, he came to her, and said “Are you in a hurry, this morning?” “Oh no, Sir!” she

replied. He was foiled ; and laughing aloud, asked, "How much do you expect me to give the Soldiers' Home, this morning?" Her large, eloquent eyes raised, she said "When I came in here, at half-past ten, I expected \$200 ; at half-past eleven, I expected \$300 ; and, now, at half-past twelve, I do not propose to take less than \$500." He immediately drew out his book, and politely and cheerfully gave her a check for the latter amount. This is but an example of her usefulness in times when her services were invaluable, and of the success that crowned her daily walk. 'Tis no wonder the boys carried her name to the field, and to cheer their desolate encampments repeated her sayings, described her appearance, and shed tears of joy over the achievements of her great philanthropic heart.

Rev. R. L. Collier, her eloquent pastor, speaks of her in the following enthusiastic terms :

"Mrs. Sayrs is pre-eminently a woman of moral force, and this is born not so much of her intellectual convictions as from her sympathetic heart. Remarkable for executive dexterity, she seldom waits for the slow dictates of reason when the keen sensibilities of her heart are touched. The history of her services for the poor and suffering armies, which only the good angels have witnessed, will, in eternity, and do, in her own conscience, outweigh in worth all public accomplishments. I doubt if any one person did more for the war than she did. She has a truly Christian spirit, and is ever on the alert to relieve the wretched and raise the fallen. No beggar is ever turned from her door, however pale or forlorn, and no more hospitable mansion does Chicago afford than the one over which she presides with such grace and enthusiasm—the centre of its order—and its brightest cheer.

"She is a broad, liberal-minded woman, and her church is one

of the homes of her heart. No breath of suspicion, during all the term of her many conspicuous labors, was ever connected with her name. She gave freely to the cause of her toils, her heart and her means. She is a true wife and mother—a steadfast friend, and lives in the esteem of all who can appreciate real womanly worth."

Hon. T. B. Bryan, the first President of the Soldiers' Home, publicly, and in a large assembly, pronounced upon Mrs. Henry Sayrs, and her war-labors, the handsomest eulogy that has ever been given to a Chicago lady.

MRS. GENERAL JAMES A. MULLIGAN.

One of the most interesting characters developed during the tumultuous period of our rebellion is that of Marian Mulligan, eldest daughter of Michael Nugent and Alice Grant Nugent. She was born in Liverpool, England, and came with her parents to Chicago in 1848. Her education was commenced at St. Xavier's Academy, Chicago, and finished at Mr. Hale's well-known school, Philadelphia. It was not of that superficial kind too common among young ladies of the period, but conduced to graceful ease and legitimate culture. In 1859, she was married to James Mulligan, a rising young lawyer, and one of the most brilliant scholars and speakers of the Chicago bar, at that time. The great hopes which centered in his legal abilities, and which in a time of peace would have beheld him at the very summit of his profession, were destined, however, never to be realized. He was one born to command, and when the alarm of war rang through the country, he laid down the pen and seized the sword. And that same war which developed in him an executive ability of the highest order, and a chivalrous gallantry worthy of the middle-age knights, developed in his young bride, whose nature had been only known as one of rare sensitiveness and modest retiracy, a courage which was never shaken, a patriotic impulse which endeared her to the soldiers in the field, and a never-tiring devotion to her brave husband, which led her

to share his danger and privations, his triumphs and his fame, until the fatal chances of war sent him to a soldier's grave, like Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

One morning, in New Orleans, General Dix issued his memorable order to shoot any man who should haul down the American flag. That warning to rebels aroused her husband, and its result was the organization of the Twenty-third Illinois Infantry, which formed the nucleus of the Irish Brigade, with Colonel Mulligan in command. His departure to Saint Louis, his camp-life at Jefferson City, his march through Missouri, his gallant and obstinate defence of Lexington against overpowering numbers, and his final surrender to General Price, only when famine stared his little band in the face, the public is already familiar with.

During this memorable episode in his career, Mrs. Mulligan was not idling her time at home in the midst of comfort, but shared her husband's dangers and captivity, and with a degree of courage and endurance for one not physically strong which not only earned the love of her husband's command, but even compelled the admiration of the rebel officers. She was the Florence Nightingale of the Irish Brigade, cheering, inspiring, and consoling those about her. When, finally, Colonel Mulligan was released, she was the proud witness of the ovations which the enthusiastic people tendered him in every great city, from St. Louis to New York, and shared civic triumphs by his side.

A few months retirement from the active duties of the field intervened, during which time Colonel Mulligan was in command of Camp Douglas, in Chicago, then filled with prisoners. The rest, however, was brief; and in the summer of 1862, he was ordered to Virginia, having risen from the grade of Colonel to that of Brigadier-General. His faithful and heroic wife followed him. Harper's Ferry, Parkersburg, Petersburg, Moundsville, New Creek, Martinsburg, Cumberland, Winchester, and the whole Shenandoah Valley, bore witness to his valor and added to his fame. At Winchester he received his death-wounds, and Mrs. Mulligan's brother, James Nugent, a brave young officer, while bearing her husband from the field, was also killed. Mrs. Mulligan, though worn down with sickness and exposure, as soon as the fatal tidings reached her, flew upon the wings of love to him. The hardships of the journey, the raging storms, the delays occasioned by rebel pickets and scouts, (for the lifeless form of her gallant husband was then lying within the rebel lines,) impeded her on the way, and when she reached him he had "fought his last battle," and died like a true soldier, on the field. No spot was upon his armor, and no stain upon his name. The mournful duty was left of bringing home the remains of the gallant General. The last sad rites were performed in Chicago, July, 1855, and Mrs. Mulligan, with her three beautiful children, was left alone in the shadow of her great sorrow. How great her loss was can only be known by those who knew General Mulligan intimately. In

dauntless courage, in purity of character, and in true courtesy, he was well nigh peerless.

Mrs. Mulligan can be thoroughly known only by her personal friends. Her name is prominently identified with the records and results of the Sanitary Fair, held in Chicago; and probably no lady, in the same space of time, saw more and endured more of dangers, privations, and the hardships of war; and yet she is one illy fitted to endure the exposures of the field, being delicately reared and not physically strong; but her spirit was aroused, and however rude the shock to her sensitive nature, she could and did brave all for the sake of her husband and his command. To cheer them was her greatest solace. Mrs. Mulligan is known as one whose sorrows time has softened, not effaced. She is a lady of graceful culture and refined, elegant, personal presence; a ready and interesting conversationalist; possessed of a warm heart and devotional nature, endearing herself to those about her by her many virtues, and finding a daily solace and comfort in the care for, and education of, her three darling children—who in after days, will learn still more to love her for the great love she had for their heroic father, and to admire her for her courage and devotion in the dark days of their young lives.

HON. THOMAS B. BRYAN.

Thomas Barbour Bryan, the first President of the Soldiers' Home, of Chicago, was born in Alexandria, Virginia, December 22nd, 1828. His father, Hon. Daniel Bryan, was, for many years, Postmaster of that city, and, for some time, represented his district in the State Senate, besides holding other positions of public trust and honor. Mr. Bryan is a lawyer by profession, being a graduate of Harvard University, and has ever held a first class place in whatever has occupied him. After a successful law practice of some years, which closed in Cincinnati, in 1853, he removed to Chicago, with a view to investing in real estate in our then young and thriving city. His investments, both for himself and others, were highly successful.

Mr. Bryan, it is safe to say, has more warm personal friends than any other prominent citizen of Chicago. From the time of his first arrival here, he has been a leader in all good works. An ever liberal friend of the poor, favorable to every public enterprise that was calculated to benefit the city, and ensure the welfare of the community,—a champion of progress, a patron of art and popular education, and an exemplar of Christian magnanimity and charity,—Mr. Bryan has held many positions of public trust, and honored them, and many public offices he has declined; yet, never when the place

was one of benevolent enterprise in which he could benefit others.

Mr. Bryan was a leading member of the Chicago Young Men's Library Association from its infancy, and one of its first Presidents.

During the entire war of 1861, he was most devoted and self-sacrificing to the loyal cause. He was a prominent and spirited member of the Union Defence Committee—an organization of Chicago citizens that accomplished much for the Union, by encouraging enlistments, equipping soldiers, and cheering them on to the field. Mr. Bryan was the first popular President of the Chicago Soldiers' Home, and contributed, in various ways, most generously, towards building up that praiseworthy Institution. He was one of the leading and influential motive-powers in the first great Sanitary Fair, held in Chicago, and from it purchased the original draft of President Lincoln's Proclamation, for \$3,000, and then donated it immediately back to the fair, for a permanent fund for the Soldiers' Home. Thousands of dollars were again realized from the sale of its lithographs. Mr. Bryan was also President of the Executive Committee in the last great Sanitary Fair, held in Chicago, May, 1865.

Our citizens can never forget the eloquent words of Mr. Bryan, spoken with earnestness, and often with tears, to our troops, on leaving or reaching our city, and fortunate were those soldiers who followed his counsel and advice. Several years ago, Mr. Bryan erected, and opened to the public, a large and elegant

Concert Hall, on South Clark street, opposite to the Court House, as may be seen in the wood cut. For years it was the place, of all others, in which first-class entertainments were held. During the war, he gave free use of it for all their war-meetings, relief and aid societies; and, from beneath its protecting archway, nearly all of our fallen heroes, who were snatched from the enemies' hand, were borne to a soldier's grave. It was there the funeral services of the immortal Mulligan, and the brave Chandelier were held. It may truly be said of Mr. Bryan that he was never so happy as when by kind words or generous deeds he was making others happy.



John A. Logan

1870-1871

CHAPTER XXII.

SOLDIERS' FAIR OF CHICAGO.

Treason at Home — The Soldier's Call — The Generals—O. L. Mann—M. R. M. Wallace — His Honor Mayor Rice — General R. W. Smith—Reverend Doctor Swazey — Reverend E. M. Boring — General T. O. Osborne — Judge Bradwell — Skating Rink—Mrs. General Smith — "Sweet Rebecca" — General White—Colonel Whittlesey and Lady — Mrs. Mulligan — Closing Day — Receipts — Omnibus Booth — Mrs. General Beveridge — Mrs. Judge Bradwell — Colonel John L. Thorne — Mrs. Sarah Thorne Davison — Captain Davison — Doctor Patterson — Doctor Eddy — Doctor Coatsworth's Army-Journal—Mrs. General Frank Sherman.

WHAT so painful to a dying soldier as thoughts of leaving to the cold world his cherished family, and what dearer to a brother soldier than the promises made by him to the dying comrade who fell at his side? It was doubtless the promptings of this noble sentiment that called together the first military leaders of our country, who proclaimed aloud the need for aid to soldier's families. Many of the families had suffered long and much, and snares that will crowd their way around every broken fire-side, had assumed obnoxious and perilous forms. Traitors who failed to defeat their husbands on the field, were vigilant to destroy the peace and honor of defenceless families at home. Thus the breath of treason fanned many a dormant spark into a burning flame that threatened to consume the innocent victims. The

bereaved murmured not, but for the sake of their country and the husband who fell for it, patiently and prayerfully accepted the sacrifice. Though all loyal hearts were in sympathy with them, yet few comprehended the real condition of some of these families until the noble patriots of the West called public attention to it. To a general appeal a general response was made, and on the first of September, 1867, a meeting of the congregations of the various churches of Chicago was held in the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church. General O. L. Mann presided, and after prayer by Reverend Chas. Fowler, D.D., announced the object of the meeting to be the taking measures toward a fair to be held in November, for the aid of soldier's families.

General M. R. M. Wallace said that this was a subject which lay near his heart. The necessity of the work he thought no one could be ignorant of. It was more than he could do to restrain the tears at some of the suffering he had witnessed. This was not a mere work of charity, but the fulfillment of a promise. Where would that audience be to-night if the brave heads of these families, whose bones now lie in Southern graves, had not gone out to fight for us? He related in touching words what had been done last winter, and the imperative call for more to be done the coming winter. He was sure if Chicago understood the subject aright she would come at once to the rescue.

His Honor Mayor Rice was introduced. He said "many men went away from this city to fight for us

who never came back. Four years ago the battle of Chickamauga was fought. Eight days after it he was at Chattanooga. He had seen hundreds of Chicago sons there wounded, and hundreds were no more to be seen. Those who were alive had but one anxiety, and that was for their families. They left them with us, taking away their means of support. They certainly have a claim upon us. The intention of this meeting is to raise money enough to aid those families as long as needed. He hoped that one and all would meet together and decide upon the best way of raising the money, and go to work and make the plan a success."

General R. W. Smith said that it was sometimes a pleasure and sometimes a sorrow for a soldier to recall the scenes of war. They all remembered that when, a few years ago, men were asked to join the army, the most solemn pledges were made to them and their families that their wives and children should not want. These men went into battle and sealed the contract with their blood. The helpless condition of these families now asks us to fulfill ours. They had wives and children as dear to them as ours are to us, and had he fallen in battle and perchance his family had come to want, rather than have them treated as subjects of charity, he should feel like stretching out his hand from the grave and drawing them into its embrace. He thought the Christian people of Chicago would not allow these families to be treated as paupers.

Reverend Doctor Swazey said he was here to learn

and do what he could for the soldier's orphans and widows. He was deeply moved in the work. If there was any holy cause, it was that of the suffering who mourn the loss of husbands and fathers, especially those whose lives were laid down for us in the army. He should very earnestly urge his people to aid in the work.

Reverend Mr. Boring said he could heartily indorse all that had been said.

General Osborne was called upon. He said that he could not forget that this movement concerns not the dead alone but the living, and we cannot escape the fact that the summer is almost ended, that the winter will come, but the dead will sleep on where we laid them. Wretched want will come, but the dead cannot help. Only we who live can aid. If there are any to whom sympathy should be given it is those whose supports sleep under the sods of the valley. If it was asked why these poor are with us, he would say it is because we sent their husbands and fathers to fall in the battle. This is why our property is safe; why we are here to-night; why this temple is dedicated; why we are in peace to-night—because they sleep on the sea islands and on the mountain tops.

“This war is over with us; but with these widows and children it will remain through life and into eternity. When we accepted this free country back we accepted these women and children. Will not the women of Chicago keep their contract with the dead? If they had turned their backs on the foe,

we would have branded them cowards; now shall we deserve to be branded as false to our pledges if we failed in these. Had the church forgot to care for her own dead? No. She would stand up for them as our army stood up before the foe. The comrades of these dead men are alive to this work. They ask the people of Chicago not to leave them alone to do it. We boast of the liberality of Chicago—her public spirit—her desire to do right to the living as well as the dead, and he thought that the boast would not be made in vain.”

Judge Bradwell said “he came here to hear and not to be heard. He could add nothing to what had been said by some of our Generals who had come from the field. But when he looked upon those walls and read ‘God so loved us that he gave his his only Son,’ he was struck by the thought that it was the wives of the soldiers who had given their husbands to the country. It was their husbands who, when the rebels were coming to the North to burn our villages and cities, volunteered to drive them back. They said they would volunteer, but they had families dependent on them, whom they feared to leave—and he and others told them to go and they should be cared for. The Government had been baptized in their blood, and if they had not gone we could not at that altar worship God to-day. Should we let them starve, now that the excitement has died away? God forbid,” he said. “There was no class of people who owe so much to this cause as the churches.

"It is proposed to organize every church in the city and county. If the ladies take hold of the matter it will succeed. There are some seven or eight weeks before the fair—time enough to raise sufficient money to make it a great success."

Thus old fair times were revived, and the ladies and gentlemen set to work. Wabash Avenue Skating Rink was the scene of action. The sound of hammer, and the rasp of saw were daily and nightly heard, and fair hands soon converted the skeleton outline into a temple of beauty. Goods came pouring in from country and city, and were arranged in a manner artistic as those of the great Sanitary Fair.

In the centre of the Hall, the old "Temple," fringed and stacked with "arms and trophies," arose in stately grandeur, and a rare collection of gems and curiosities surrounded it. In the midst of combined art and utility the ladies were the embodiment of everything beautiful and good. They industriously enticed the public to buy the goods for the sake of the cause. The public heart was touched, and munificently responded. Mrs. General R. W. Smith, with a bevy of beautiful ladies, presided, with great elegance, over the "Temple," and "Sweet Rebecca" of the old Sanitary Fair, who had smiled upon Isaac, and become a dignified wife, was more charming as Mrs. Dr. Clark, than as the bewitching Miss Hammill when, in oriental costume, she stood at Jacob's well giving cool potations to the weary traveller. The ladies of Generals

Wallace, Mann and Mulligan, Mrs. Elder Boring, and innumerable others, were tireless in their work; while General Ducat, Colonel Whittlesey and General McArthur continued their labors to the last. General Hurlburt opened the fair with an eloquent speech. General Beveridge was Superintendent of the Fair, and performed a labor second to none. Judge Bradwell was the daily inspiration of the work, while Mrs. Henry Sayrs, and her patriotic generous husband, were among the great motive powers of the entire fair.

The sales of one week were so great as to meet every demand, and, by universal consent, it closed. That the fair was a success the hundreds of families who were helped that winter can testify. We also clip the following note from the *Chicago Tribune*:

“THE SOLDIERS’ FAIR.

“*The Closing Day—The Goods all Sold—Auction Scenes and Incidents—
Estimate of Receipts—\$30,000 Realized.*

“The Soldiers’ Fair has come to a close. A memorable week it has been of business, pleasure, and works of charity combined, and its results will be felt in the coming winter in many a poor home, whose inmates will have cause to bless those who remembered them in their time of need. The fair has been from first to last a complete success, and will be satisfactorily demonstrated when the total receipts are made known. The display of goods was highly creditable to the charitable endeavors of the ladies, who had many difficulties to encounter in gathering such a large and varied stock of articles together, and the manner in which everything has been conducted deserves the warmest praise.

“Last evening was in some respects the most interesting portion of the fair. The doors were opened at six o’clock in the evening, and from that time till eleven the hall was

crowded to suffocation. All the articles which had not been previously disposed of were put up to be sold by auction, and at every corner of the hall there was an auction-stand with some distinguished General pushing off goods with all the volubility and ardor of a Cheap John. The pianos tinkled at intervals, the melodeons brayed, the ladies sang their sweetest to admiring audiences, and thus the evening passed happily, while the amount of business done might be seen by the rapidly emptying booths; in many of which scarcely an article was left.

"The trophy department was successful in disposing of the greater portion of its curiosities which were for sale. This department, under the auspices of the G. A. R., has been efficiently and gracefully presided over by Mrs. General R. W. Smith and her aids. The committee acknowledge the generous liberality of Mr. Frank E. Aiken, of the Museum, Dr. Gillett, Dr. Charles M. Clarke, Mrs. Dr. Carr, and many others who have supplied the booth with articles of exhibition or sale.

"The Post Office booth contributed a handsome sum of money last evening to the receipts, having realized no less than \$130 in a few hours.

"Donations came in liberally yesterday. A very handsome gift was received through Colonel Thompson, who collected from the distillers of Chicago the sum of \$1,100. Messrs. Smith & Nixon, with characteristic generosity, donated a hundred dollars. The Dearborn Seminary contributed \$36; P. W. Gates, \$25; J. H. Hays & Co., \$12, and a variety of smaller donations, which considerably add to the already large fund.

"The raffle for the Chickering piano donated to the fair by Mr. Reed, has been postponed in order to give all an opportunity of joining it. Last evening over 200 chances were reported. The time fixed for the raffle to come off will be duly announced.

The Omnibus Booth was presided over in the fair by Mrs. General Beveridge and Mrs. Judge Bradwell. Its avails were over four thousand dollars, collected

by Mrs. Beveridge and Judge Bradwell. It amounted in sales as follows:

Cash received from sales, and collections paid over	
to Treasurer, E. S. Salomon.....	\$ 3,137 81
Goods delivered to Relief Committee.....	529 75
From D. Dow.....	26 00
Uncollected Subscriptions.....	325 00
	<hr/>
Total.....	\$ 4,018 56

Mrs. Helen Mar Beveridge is the daughter of Rev. Philo Judson, an influential and well-known citizen of Evanston, Ill. Her husband, General John L. Beveridge, is the old commander of the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry. Previously he had served in the Eighth Cavalry as Major, and helped to win some of the brightest victories of the war. The history of the Seventeenth Cavalry was brilliant through its entire service, and Beveridge, who for military skill and bravery was promoted to a full Brigadier General, is one of Illinois' noblest veterans. As a Christian patriot he has few equals.

At the call for aid to the orphans and families of fallen comrades, General Beveridge and lady were among the first to propose and prosecute the enterprise. Mrs. Beveridge brought to the work rare business tact and energy. For many consecutive weeks prior to the fair she, with Judge Bradwell, canvassed the entire business part of Chicago. She stimulated and encouraged others; and, in her sales, as well as solicitations, worked for results. Notwithstanding the superiority of her labors, she modestly

declined becoming a candidate for the vase of flowers to be given for merit; preferring fruit to flowers, and figures by which to represent facts. Mrs. Beveridge is greatly esteemed and beloved in a large community—an exemplary Christian, a model wife and mother, and a woman who, in the private walks of life, “performs her Master’s work.”

Colonel John L. Thorne, of Minnesota, is another of the tried, true patriots of our country. Of high birth and noble presence, his great, magnanimous heart is ever ready for the performance of some kind deed to others. One incident speaks volumes: On visiting his sister, in Chicago, a neighboring house took fire, the flames lashed wickedly above the “Cottage Home,” threatening to consume it ere sound of alarm could be given. The neighbors looked on in sorrow, for it belonged to an old resident, one who had given her husband to our country. So soon as the fact became known to Colonel Thorne, he led the van, and dashed into flames that threatened to consume him. Inspired by this act from a stranger, all came to the rescue, and the flames were checked before the engines arrived. This little act is but typical of his whole life. A kind older brother, a true friend, an affectionate husband and father, he is richly deserving of the many hearts devoted to him.

His sister, Mrs. Sarah Thorne Davison, is one of the choicest Christian ladies that ever graced a community. To mention her acts of touching kindness to those in trouble and sorrow would be to fill

volumes. From the humblest cottage to the richest mansion, wherever suffering may be found, there has Mrs. Davison been a ministering angel of comfort. The best of mothers to motherless children, a dutiful wife, a loving sister, the crowning charm of her household, and a priceless member of the community in which she has long lived, she has served her God by serving her country, "and her name shall be blessed among women."

Captain Davison, a Chicago Water-street merchant, is a man of remarkable loyalty, patriotism and benevolence. His genial nature and home are of the greatest hospitality.

Among the clergy of our city, whose advice in the present work I would gratefully acknowledge, is the Rev. Robert Patterson, D.D., of the West Side Presbyterian "Kirk." A warm friend of my husband's, he took me kindly by the hand, loaned me books, laughed at my dread of failure, and, from his own gifted head and heart, gave perpetual impetus.

To the genius, Rev. Dr. Eddy, what thanks can I tender? When hope grew faint and spirits flagged, and great black clouds threatened to undo the work of years, his encouragement, his direction, his words of guidance in temporal, as in spiritual things, have been the anchor of many an all but shipwrecked plan.

One item, alone, from the pen of the dead, I must be permitted to mention. On opening my husband's army journal, the first lines that met my eye were the

following. For the sake of the dead, we hope the living will pardon us for remembering it :

“On the appearance of Mrs. Colonel F. Sherman in camp—when she is present the soldiers drill better—they obey more promptly, are more courteous, neat and affable. As she passes through the camp all hats are raised, and the hearts of thousands turn towards home and its sweet associations. She seems like a ministering angel among the weary wounded boys ; and she has performed a work among them, unexcelled in the space of time by any lady in the army.”

My early vision of Felicia M. Hemans was revived as I first met the wife of our beloved commander. Of medium height, slender form, and graceful bearing, she approached one with gentle, carressing address, and a sweet dignity ever charming in the female character. Eyes of ethereal blue, fringed with long dark lashes, were in soft play with the beautifully curved mouth, and every feature, in outline, lighted up with a warm glow of sympathy as she spoke of our cause and the heroes who were fighting for liberty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Hon. William B. Ogden—Alderman Sam'l I. Russell—
Dr. John F. Starr—Hon. Norman B. Judd.

HON. WM. B. OGDEN.

THE name of William B. Ogden has been so often and so honorably connected with Chicago, in its great public enterprises, and its gigantic progress, that the stranger on visiting our city would almost consider them synonymous terms. Hon. W. B. Ogden is a native of Delaware County, New York, and was born in the town of Walton, June 15th, 1805. He was permitted, by his father, to choose his future occupation and selected the law. In 1835, he turned his face westward, and arrived in Chicago in June of that year. He quickly saw that Chicago was destined to be a large city, and, through his advice, others joined him in the purchase of an immense tract of land, including Walcott's addition, half of the Kinzie addition, and the block of land upon which the freight-house of the old Galena road now stands. At first the purchase of real estate was his business here, but gradually he established a Land and Trust Agency, which he carried on, in his own name, for several years. At the expiration of that period he associated with himself the late William Jones, Esq. Since then, the business has been carried on successively, and successfully, by Ogden, Jones & Co., Ogden, Fleetwood & Co., and Ogden,

Sheldon & Co., and the firm has become one of the institutions of Chicago.

In 1837-8, he became financially embarrassed, by assuming liabilities for friends. The idol of an extensive and noble line of kinsmen and friends, and possessing a self-reliant ability, surpassed only by his greatness of heart, it is surprising that he has not more than once in his life become similarly embarrassed. With a few years of good management he extricated himself, and his entire after life became a continued success.

His operations in real estate have been literally immense, and have arisen to millions. He has made more than one hundred miles of streets in Chicago. Her first floating swing-bridge, over the river, was the work of Mr. Ogden, and a large share of the improvements of the city may be referred directly to him.

In politics, Mr. Ogden has always been a Democrat of the Madisonian school. He has frequently been in the City Council of Chicago, and in 1840 he was nominated for the Legislature. In 1852, by the Free Democracy, he was nominated for Congress, but declined. In 1837, at the first election under the city Charter, he was chosen Mayor of Chicago. He was the first and only President of the Rush Medical College. He became and was, for some time, President of the Galena and Chicago Union Rail Road Company. He was President of the National Pacific Rail Road Convention of 1850, of the Illinois and Wisconsin Rail Road Company; President of the Buffalo and Mississippi Rail Road Company, in Indiana, afterwards merged in the Michigan Central, of

the State Bank of Illinois, and President of the Board of Sewerage Commissioners for the City of Chicago.

With his establishment and management of the North-western Road the public is familiar. It was a Herculean work, accomplished in the face of unparalleled obstacles; but he pressed it through to its present colossal proportions and grand success.

He, also, with others, carried through the consolidation and reorganization of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Road, notwithstanding the tremendous obstacles in his way.

He was the first President of the Union Pacific Road, and, with Henry V. Poor, obtained the required subscription and perfected its permanent organization. Mr. Ogden also established the Great Pestigo Lumber Company of which he is still the principal owner, and is interested in the coal and iron interests of Pennsylvania and Illinois.

Nearly every public institution in Chicago, including the Rush Medical College, the Theological Seminary of the North-west, the Historical Society, the Academy of Sciences, the Astronomical Society, and the University of Chicago, are indebted to him for aid.

After the late civil war was ended, many a soldier's family became the recipient of his substantial care; and the beginning of many a little home to the homeless of our fallen heroes may be traced directly to Mr. Ogden's kindness, and the inspiring words of encouragement that delicately accompanied the gift. Mr. Ogden is one of nature's truest noblemen, and none who have felt the influence of his benevolent

nature, or the broad hospitality of his genial home, can be insensible to the fact that like statesmen and orators such men are "born."

Mr. Ogden has always been a public-spirited man, and Chicago owes much of its wonderful growth and success to his liberality, and a public appreciation of his wise counsel and personal goodness.

ALDERMAN S. I. RUSSELL.

Among the leading capitalists of Chicago, stands the well known name of Samuel Irwin Russell. A native of New York State, he hails from a noble line of its old aristocracy, and inherits the ruggedly sterling qualities of the fathers of our Republic. His father, Mr. T. D. Russell, of Sycamore, Illinois, came to the "far-famed West" several years ago and invested in real estate, which then, as now, was promising daily fortunes. But he soon learned that landed valuations were not a living, and that stern effort alone could replace the old home left East. It was at this time that Samuel, then a mere lad, proved his worth. The filial aid of the son co-operating with the father, perfected many a plan that otherwise would have fallen short of results. Their prairie home soon bloomed with fields of grain, and garden and orchard sprang up where the Indian hunting grounds had been. This industry in youth laid a good foundation for future usefulness. It is an undeniable fact that the early life of all self-made men, and nearly all great men, may be traced from the same stern beginning. The lack of books in school-days proper, is richly recompensed by sterling qualities incorporated into their lives, when habit is making the future man. Mr. Russell's books, however, were not entirely neglected. The nights were improved as earnestly as the days, and when others were buried in sleep, he was buried in declensions

and mathematical problems. Thus a taste for learning was early cultivated, and a course of study commenced which terminated in classics. The results have been most propitious. Mr. Russell became a practical inventor, and possessing a high order of creative genius, he has produced some of the finest patents of the age. Friends, fortune, and the "good name which is better than gold," have crowned his labors, and accompanied him through public as well as private life.

The public services of Mr. Russell, for many reasons, deserve special notice. Thus far they have been confined to the terms he has filled in the county and city boards, as supervisor and alderman; yet there are no better tests provided of zeal and spirit for the public welfare, than such as these boards afford. So many press into these lesser elective places that the example shines all the brighter by contrast, when men in large and lucrative business yield to the call of constituents, and give the same energy, tact, and clearness to the affairs of the people, that have ensured their own personal success.

Mr. Russell had for a long time previous to his accepting office, owned and conducted the largest manufacturing establishment in the West. He owned over one hundred thousand dollars worth of Chicago real estate, and found his own affairs quite sufficient cares for the day. Still he responded to the public call, and for three terms, during the exciting war period, he was a member of the Board of Supervisors of Cook County. In that time the

appeals to the loyalty and self-sacrifice of individuals and communities were great and pressing. It was a time when good men in office could do royal service, and no demand found Mr. Russell unprepared. He was indefatigable during the epoch which gave their noble war-record to our county officers, and again and again he pledged the public credit when the safety of the nation made it the duty of the hour. It was largely through him that a permanent war fund was created. In 1864 Mr. Russell entered the Common Council as Alderman of the Eleventh Ward, and is a member of that body at the present writing. His entire career has been eminently honorable. He has happily kept as far from the folly of wasting the money of our tax-payers in reckless expenditures, as from the equally serious evil of failing to recognize the needs of a great and growing city. Fortified by an integrity of character that lifted him far above the imputation of corrupt and interested motives, Alderman Russell is said to have cast every vote aright, and to have taken every public position with energy and promptness. His influence in the council is deemed second to none. As a member of the committee on wharves and public grounds, he has been the originator or principal promoter of some of the prominent measures of public improvements, which are to give their best effect and benefit to coming generations. The mighty undertaking of deepening the channel of the Illinois and Michigan canal for commercial and sanitary reasons, is of untold millions in value to

Chicago. Mr. Russell became a staunch advocate for the work, even while the vastness of the undertaking, and the large outlay, demoralized some of his associates, and caused them to shrink from the heavy burden to tax-payers. But Mr. Russell's faith never wavered, and he boldly led the van of the movement. When, a few seasons hence, the deepening channel bears on its bosom our mighty commerce, while it carries through the city a pure current constantly flowing from our noble lake, and sweeps far inland into the Illinois the sewage of our city, our citizens will enroll the names of men who supported this measure, as leading benefactors of the age.

The deepening of the channel may not be understood by many of our citizens. This stupendous enterprise is no less than reversing the current of the Chicago river, driving its turbid waters back through the canal, and filling the channel of the Chicago river with a pure current from Lake Michigan. A canal is to be cut at the South end of the city to the Desplaines river, and join the Illinois and Michigan canal; twelve miles of it through solid limestone rock. It is a singular fact that the land through which this canal is being cut is the divide, or summit that intersects the waters of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence.

Says Mr. Colbert's "Chicago:—"

"By an act approved February 16, 1865, it was provided that the city of Chicago might, through its constituted authorities, enter into an arrangement with the Board of Trustees of

the canal, with a view to the completion of the summit level of the same, on the original deep-cut plan, with such modifications and needed changes of line as would most effectually secure the cleansing of the river. It was also provided that the canal should not be of less capacity than a previous plan adopted in 1836, and that the amount expended by the city in deepening the canal should be a vested lien upon it and its revenues, after the payment of the present canal debt, provided further that the cost should not exceed two millions and a half of dollars.

“The Common Council of the city having decided to proceed with the work under this act, appointed a Board of Commissioners to superintend it. By the plan adopted, the length of the work to be done is twenty-six miles, and the canal is to be cut down to nine and a half, or ten feet below ordinary water on the lake. Operations begin at Bridgeport, and terminate at Lock No. 2, at the summit. The specifications of the work read that the canal shall be so constructed that it shall be from eight to ten feet deeper than the present one, and at the lowest stage of Lake Michigan the water shall be at least six feet in depth below standard low water of the surface of said lake at the upper end of the canal at Chicago River. From Chicago westwardly the canal will have an inclination downwards of one-tenth of one foot per mile. From Section No. 1 to 16, inclusive, the width at bottom is to be forty-four feet, and the slopes one and a half to one; and from No. 17 to No. 44, inclusive, the bottom width is to be forty-eight feet, and the slopes one to one; No. 45 to No. 64, (all rock excavation) the slopes above top-water line are to be one fourth of a foot to each vertical foot rise, and below that line one to one.

“A slight deflection from the present line of the canal, near its eastern terminus, has been much thought of recently, and may be adopted in case the Government decides upon the construction of a ship canal from the Mississippi to the lakes. From Mud Lake, on the western line of the city, a slough runs south-westward, through the towns of Cicero and Lyons, for six and a quarter miles, until it meets the Desplaines. For a distance of three miles this side of where it strikes the Desplaines, the slough is one hundred feet wide and almost as

deep as the canal. Further east, where it crosses the summit ridge, the width lessens, but the wearing of the water has excavated it to quite a depth, so that actually less cubic yards of earth would have to be removed from that than from the canal in order to attain the desired depth. It is by way of this slough that in the spring-freshets the waters of the Desplaines find their way into Mud Lake and the Chicago River.

“General James H. Wilson, in his report to the War Department on the Illinois and Michigan Canal Improvements, made in the early part of the year 1868, recommends widening and deepening the present channel from Bridgeport to the head of Lake Joliet, except for eleven miles below Summit, where it will be cheaper to cut a new canal. He states that from Lake Joliet to Marseilles the bed of the river should be followed, and from Marseilles to about Ottawa another new canal should be cut around the Grand Rapids of Illinois River. From Ottawa the river should again be followed to the mouth, the necessary water being secured by a system of locks and canals. All the canals should be 160 feet wide, with a navigable depth of 6 feet, the present summit being cut down so as to secure this depth. He says the system of navigation should be adapted to steamboats and barges employed on the Mississippi River, and not to ocean and lake vessels generally. He states in detail what the survey showed the character of the necessary excavations to be, and discusses various other plans proposed to accomplish communication between the river and the great lakes. His estimate of the whole cost of the work, on the plan recommended, is eighteen millions two hundred and seventy thousand dollars, of which eleven millions is for work between Chicago and Lockport.”

With regard to the well known Boulevard system, the public are familiar. Mr. Russell was the author of that enterprise. He drew up the plan, had it lithographed, and with characteristic determination, went to the State Legislature and carried the important points of the measure, against an opposition that

would have daunted almost any other man. Though the plan was but partially adopted, yet the West side citizens will always remember with grateful pride the strength he exerted in their behalf. The park system to be carried out on that side of the river, has been chiefly shaped and moulded by him. The facts and above statements are widely and strongly endorsed by public men, who, thoroughly acquainted with his services, assert that no knave or coward ever went to Mr. Russell with a bribe, hoping for his influence. It is also a fact worthy of mention, to the honor of the city as well as of the man, that in the many offices tendered to him, (some only of which he accepted,) not one glass of spirituous liquors, from the gentleman himself, has been instrumental in the election. During the irregularities of a civil war, such an example in the midst of an excited community was of untold value. Would that our public offices were more often filled by men of this class.

Mr. Russell has always been an earnest Republican, and during the war contributed in every available way towards crushing out the rebellion. Of his large possessions he gave freely, and his time and talents were ever at the service of his country.

Though home duties prevented his going to the field, yet by inspiring others, and paying bountifully for substitutes, in supporting soldiers' funds and every patriotic enterprise, in contributions to bereaved families, and many a silent benefaction to the maimed and suffering, Mr. Russell has served his

country as truly as if he had taken up arms and rushed to meet the foe.

Mr. Russell is a good writer, a clear thinker, and a public speaker of force and eloquence. He is apt to carry the audience, because they believe in what he says. He is a man of dignified presence; genial, kind, courteous, upright and sincere in his whole life; he enjoys a personal influence and weight of character accorded only to the good. He is still in the early prime of life, and the best years, and the highest honors are evidently yet before him.

DR. JOHN F. STARR.

There are men in every community who manage to secure grand results without ostentation, and to exert both a beneficial and permanent influence without display; plain, quiet, and practical in their workings which, however unaided, build permanent monuments.

Dr. John F. Starr belongs to the quiet class of men, and, without any flourish of banners, or sounding of trumpets, he has obtained results in a well-spent life, such as only come to the enterprising and the prudent. Though surrounded by attractive home associations, yet, when a boy of eighteen, he determined to start for himself in life and alone bear the responsibility of failure or success. He preferred even to trust all to a venture, rather than rust at the fireside, however pleasant the home-lot might be; believing with the poet, that

“He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dare not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all.”

He left home carrying with him the best of treasures, a sound, unswerving home character. He took little with him of a material nature, but with unflinching reliance on himself he prepared and executed his life-work, and his success has proved the excellence of the instruments at his command.

Dr. Starr was born in Jefferson county, Ohio, and spent his early days upon his father's farm. He is the oldest son of the late William Starr, of that county, one of the first settlers, and an influential and esteemed citizen. On the farm he was unconsciously laying the foundation of his physical work, and gaining that strength which should in after years enable him to push his projects to success. On the 7th of October, 1851, John F. Starr then came to Chicago and settled himself down with the firm conviction that this was to be his home, and that here he was to realize his hopes. He had commenced his new life as teacher of penmanship, first in a select school at Wheeling, Virginia, then in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Louisville, Kentucky, and on his arrival in Chicago he entered "Bell's Commercial College," since merged into Bryant and Stratton's College, and then, as now, the leading commercial college of the West. Here he commanded a high salary as professor, and was thereby enabled to complete a medical course which he had years before commenced under Dr. Cole, of Ohio. He pursued his studies under Prof. N. S. Davis, M.D., of our city, editor of the *Chicago Medical Journal*. By his own exertions, he overcame many obstacles and graduated honorably in the Allopathic School. For several years he was engaged in a successful practice.

He had secured honors, he would now also have fortune, and the only way seemed clear to him. In those days professions were frequently abandoned for the dazzling prospects of real estate. Fortunes

looked invitingly up from city sites, and "corner lots" became the all-absorbing theme. Our oldest and best physicians, many of them, were seized with the land fever, and Dr. Starr was not an exception. He at once became actively engaged in real estate, and proved himself competent to make his selections and purchases with judicious care.

Dr. Starr is now the fortunate possessor of large estates in North, South, and West Chicago. He also invested extensively in lands surrounding Chicago. For some years he has resided at his home in Evanston, but now, with several prominent citizens, he has founded the town of Glencoe, a beautiful "site" on the Northern shores of lake Michigan. He rapidly made himself one of the principal land-owners and land-dealers in Chicago; and many of the locations then planned and purchased by him, now bear his name.

Throughout the entire war Dr. Starr was thoroughly loyal to the government both in principle and practice. The same qualities marked his course in relation to the war, that had always been characteristic of his life, namely, a quiet, active and undemonstrative course. He was always in earnest sympathy with the cause. He had accumulated large possessions, and he gave freely of those possessions in hiring substitutes, paying bounties, and supplying the wants of our soldiers and their families. His influence was none the less powerful, because it was unostentatious and unseen, and his reward came as surely as though he had been crowned with

the laurels of war. He has found that reward in friends, in fortune, and an extensive business influence.

Dr. Starr is a man of affable manner, generous impulses, genial presence, shrewd but upright business habits, a friend to every rightly aspiring young man and every beneficial progressive enterprise. His character may be summed up in the statement that he is a man of sterling moral worth and practical common sense.

In the future Chicago, as well as in the past, Dr. Starr holds an enviable business position, and the example is open to any young man who has the courage of persevering and maintaining an inflexible nerve, and in fixing for himself a standard of life, despairing not until he has attained it.

On the 14th day of March, 1856, Dr. Starr was married at the residence of Dr. Coatsworth, to Jeannette C. Flood, of Hamilton, Canada West. While his business interest will ever centre in Chicago, yet he now resides in his elegant home at Glencoe, where, remote from the busy haunts of our city, he enjoys the society of a large and charming family.

HON. NORMAN B. JUDD,

The subject of this memoir, and a man who has been permanently identified for many years with the political and material progress of the North-west, was born at Rome, Oneida County, New York, January 10th, 1815. He received the rudiments of his education at the common schools, and graduated at Grosvenor's High School, in his native town, having for classmates many who have since risen to prominence like himself. Although he was amply qualified to enter college, he determined to support himself, even while he was without any settled purpose as to his future calling. He commenced his active life in the mercantile profession, but the details of a store were distasteful to him. He then went into the office of the *Utica Observer*, and allied himself to the fourth estate by working at the case. He had not yet found his calling, for we soon after find him studying medicine in the same office with the late Dr. Daniel Brainard. From medicine he gravitated to the law. Here, at last, he found his place, and here he determined to remain.

He prosecuted his law-studies with all the ardor of his vigorous nature; and, when admitted to the bar he began to look about him for a field which should yield him fame and fortune. In that day all eyes were turned towards the West, as the ground where success was to be achieved. In 1836, young Judd, in common with thousands of other young men, came

to Chicago, where he immediately entered into a law-partnership with Judge Caton, afterwards Chief Justice of the State. He at once took a leading place at the bar, at a time when prominent names were more plentiful than now, and soon wielded such influence, that during the mayoralty of Hon. Wm. B. Ogden, he was elected the first city attorney of Chicago, a position which he filled with great acceptability. In 1863, his partnership with Judge Caton was dissolved, as the latter had decided to remove from Chicago, and immediately thereafter he associated himself with Hon. J. Y. Scammon, an association which lasted for nine years; and with such mutual confidence between the two men, that no papers ever passed between them.

Mr. Judd's predilections were always of a political character, and, in 1842, he was elected Alderman of the First Ward of Chicago. He did not commence his active political life, however, until 1844, when he was elected to the State Senate on the Democratic ticket, from the district of Cook and Lake Counties, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Hon. Samuel Hoard. He filled this position with such satisfaction to his constituency that he was re-elected for four terms in succession, during which time he was acquiring a political experience and knowledge which were to wield an immense power in the no distant future. During these years in which he was State Senator, no man in Illinois bore a more prominent part in public legislation. The results of his labors were very im-

portant. The immense railroad organizations which have made Chicago the great commercial metropolis of the West, are largely due to his foresight. During his senatorial days the credit of the State was greatly impaired, and when he left the Senate it had been placed upon a secure basis, as much through his influence as that of any other man. To him, also, is largely due the efficiency and system with which the city and county courts are now managed.

In 1856 Mr. Judd's influence began to be felt in a national point of view. He was an active working member of the famous Bloomington Convention, which organized the Republican party; and his prominence in that Convention secured him the appointment of Chairman of the State Central Committee, a position which he held, through all the various exciting political canvasses up to 1861, when he left for Europe. Whatever of Republican success was achieved during these canvasses is largely due to his admirable executive ability. In the Philadelphia Convention, which nominated Mr. Fremont for the Presidency, he was a delegate from Illinois, and chairman of the delegation. He was, also, selected by his delegation as a member of the National Republican Committee. He managed the executive part of the memorable debate between Douglas and Lincoln with great ability, and elicited praise even from his opponents, for the rare urbanity and gentlemanly tact with which all the details were arranged.

In the Chicago Convention which nominated Mr.

Lincoln for the Presidency, Mr. Judd was chairman of the Illinois delegation. He placed Mr. Lincoln in nomination, and it is not too much to say that Mr. Judd's generalship and influence secured the nomination for Mr. Lincoln more than any other element. Mr. Lincoln was triumphantly elected, and at once acknowledged Mr. Judd's eminent services by inviting him to accompany him on that memorable trip from Springfield to Washington, to assume the duties of office. Mr. Judd's plans and counterplans to thwart the schemes of the assassins, who had conspired to take the President's life on his way through Baltimore, are too well known to need rehearsal here. Suffice it to say, Mr. Lincoln reached Washington in safety, and was installed into his high office.

On the 4th of March, 1861, Mr. Lincoln nominated his cabinet, and the very first nomination after its confirmation, sent into the Senate, was that of Hon. Norman B. Judd, as Minister to Berlin, the most polished court of Europe. This fact, and the further fact that when Mr. Johnson assumed the reins of government, Mr. Judd was the first person relieved, show the thorough recognition and strong attachment existing between the two men. Mr. Judd filled the position with signal ability, and returned home in 1865. His energetic nature would not allow him to rest, and we next find him contesting the nomination for Congress with Hon. John Wentworth, the most powerful competitor he could have found, and one who had had the advantage of

Mr. Judd's four years of absence to popularize himself. But Mr. Judd obtained the victory, and was elected by a handsome majority over his Democratic opponent. This position he still holds.

In addition to the various political offices which Mr. Judd has held, his life has been a very active one in other directions, especially in the development of the railroad interest of the West. He has been the attorney of the Michigan Southern Railroad; director of the Chicago and Rock Island, and Mississippi and Missouri Railroads; President of the Peoria and Bureau Valley Railroad; attorney for the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne Railroad; director of the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad, and President of the Railroad Bridge Company at Rock Island. Since Mr. Judd's return from Europe, he has not resumed the practice of his profession. His life has always been an active and energetic one. He is a good speaker on the stump, a man of inflexible patriotism during the war, an ardent and progressive Republican in his views, and a courteous gentleman in his bearing towards all men. The peculiar *forte* of his nature is his splendid executive ability, which has achieved success for him in everything he has undertaken.

Mr. Judd was married in 1844, to Miss Adeline Rossiter of Chicago, and has three children living.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GRAVES OF THE SOLDIERS.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

A National Tribute—May 30th, 1869—The Gift of a Flower the Truest Pledge of Friendship—Strangers Remembered with the Home Born—Observance of the day by General John A. Logan—Response of the People—Three Days devoted to the Ceremonies—Arlington Heights—General Lee's Old Home a Federal National Cemetery—Decoration Ceremonies at Washington—President Grant and Family attend them—Ceremonies at Chicago, May 29th—Library Hall—Miss Sheahan—Miss Drury—Miss Nellie Medill—Misses Pierce, Lowe, and others—Mrs. Henry Sayrs—Mrs. Sherman—Misses Ella and Lou Sherman—Miss Norton, and others—The U. S. Grant Guards—Grand Army of the Republic—General Sheridan Guards—General Sheridan and Staff—Hon. N. B. Judd—General T. O. Osborne—Generals Salomon, McArthur, Sheffner, Stockton, Beveridge, Smith, and Thompson—Rev. Robert Collyer's Address—A Soldier of the Revolution—Oak Wood—General F. T. Sherman, Marshall—Judge Jamieson—Coatsworth's Grave.

ONE would be glad to know in whose mind the happy thought first arose of rendering to the fallen heroes of the Republic a tribute so beautiful as that which was, as with one heart and one mind, paid them on the 30th of May, 1869, and will, it is to be hoped, be repeated, from year to year, for a long time to come. The gift of a flower is everywhere esteemed the truest pledge of friendship or affection. Flowers are themselves true; they are symbols of truth and of fidelity. Their beauty is the impress of its own perfection left by the hand of the Creator where he touched them; and their emblem is



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expressive of every thing pure, and sweet, and noble. What sight could be at once so touching and so sublime, as when one sees a whole nation rise up and go forth from their homes—bearing from garden, and parterre, and conservatory their choicest blooms, and laying them as a token of their remembrance and their love upon the graves where their dead soldiers lie? This is not, simply, a burst of tenderness toward kindred, toward fathers, and brothers, and sons, given up to battle and death for the sake of country. For in these tributes the stranger is remembered equally with the home-born; and even where no name in wood or marble identifies the sleeper beneath, the flowers strewn upon the green mound all the same are a gift from the heart, the offering of gratitude, pity and love.

The ceremony of a floral decoration of the soldiers' graves, in the first year after it was proposed, was by no means general, and seemed, at the time, to attract but slight attention. It was observed in but few places, and in a very simple, almost private way in these. The thought, however, had entered into a far greater number of minds than was probably supposed; and when, in 1869, the Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, General John A. Logan, named a day for this observance, and requested that it might be as widely regarded as possible, the unanimous response proved that the desirableness of some such yearly token, and the fitness of this, were universally recognized. The 30th of May occurring upon Sunday, it suited the

views and feelings of the people of many places to observe the previous day instead, and of others the day following that appointed. It thus resulted that the ceremony, taking the whole country together, embraced the three days; yet may all the same be regarded as one grand national occasion. In every town and city throughout the North and West, where the soldiers of the Union are buried, their graves were visited and strewn with flowers. With processions, music, banners, the people moved from the cities of the living to the cities of the dead; and there, after invoking the blessing of heaven upon the land, and rendering thanks for the gift of those who had been willing to die in its defence, chosen orators spoke the memorial words, and willing hands dropped upon the graves their floral offering.

It is proper that particular mention should be made of the ceremonies at Washington. Arlington Heights, overlooking the Potomac and the city, the former home of the rebel General-in-Chief, and associated in its name, and its military uses, with the whole period of the war, is now the seat of one of the principal national cemeteries. In the ancestral home of General Lee the Federal soldier now stands on guard, or shows the visitor from point to point about the grounds, where a monument is placed, or a memorial of the great struggle is enshrined; or where, in long lines, the sad mounds stretch away, overwhelming reminders of what it may cost to save a nation in the hour of its peril. In one place,

near the mansion, over two thousand, brought from Virginia battle-fields, unknown and unnamed, are laid in one tomb, while above them, in monumental granite, the story of their heroism and their martyrdom is briefly told. Hither, upon the 29th of May, crowds of the people of Washington and its vicinity came. The Government, also, not less than the people, honored the occasion. The departments were all closed, while at the White House only one subordinate official remained in attendance. The President and his family, the heads of departments, Foreign Ministers, distinguished commanders by land and sea, were there. After prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Newman, and an address by Hon. S. S. Fisher, and hymns, written for the occasion, the procession formed and passed through the cemetery, decorating the graves, while bands, stationed in opposite sections of the wide grounds, played mournful dirges. The decoration finished, a signal gun was fired, and the people gathered again at the stand where, after Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, by the band, the Chaplain of the Department of the Potomac pronounced the benediction. The presence of the soldiers' orphans, on this occasion, added much to its touching interest. In connection with the services at the stand, they sang "Shall we meet each other there?" At the lower part of the cemetery, where the graves are, a large cross had been erected, and the more formal ceremony of decoration here began. The orphans surrounded the cross with a widow in their midst, and sang "Rest to the fallen brave." The

flowers were then handed to the widow, and by her to a soldier, who hung them upon the cross. At other places, also, the soldiers' orphans took part. At Philadelphia nearly one thousand of these formed in procession and marched to Concert Hall, where appropriate services commemorative of the day took place. At Elgin, Illinois, "a little girl, clad in spotless white, stood at each soldier's grave, her snowy form only darkened by a sash of black ; but in each little hand was clasped a crown of never-fading green, and lovingly did the little ones drop the coronal of love and glory on each humble grave."

It is, however, chiefly the purpose of this chapter to speak of the occasion as observed in Chicago, the representative city of the North-west. What transpired here may be regarded as representing, also, like scenes in towns and cities throughout this great region, of whose loyalty and steadfastness in the day of trial we have had much to say in previous pages. Saturday, the 29th, was, in Chicago, a day of preparation. Library Hall was the chief place of assembly for this purpose ; and here during the whole day groups of ladies were present, busily occupied in preparing bouquets, wreaths and crosses for the anticipated ceremony. It was like what was so often seen during the war, when similar groups were engaged in preparing comforts for the soldiers in their tents and in their marches, or means of relief for them when wounded or in the hospitals. There were sad faces on this occasion, but not like

the sadness of those old anxious days. The cloud had burst and drifted away, and only its fading shadow now remained, save where in the mourner's weeds of the bereaved one the meaning of pale cheek and sorrowful eye could be read. But they were willing hands that worked at the grateful task, and the floral provision made for the anticipated occasion was most ample.

Among those engaged in this service may be mentioned the names of Miss Sheahan, Miss Drury, Miss Nellie Medill, Miss Grace Pierce, and Miss Lowe, who during the early part of Friday, anticipating what was done upon Saturday, prepared forty-five wreaths and thirty-three crosses. Towards the close of the day, on Saturday, Mrs. Sayrs, finding that there was reason to fear that the soldiers buried at Oak Wood might not be adequately remembered, collected the flowers remaining after the work of the day, procured others elsewhere, and with the help of a few other ladies supplied the lack abundantly. The Ellsworth Zouaves publicly returned their thanks to Mrs. Sherman, Miss Ella Sherman, Miss Lou Sherman, Miss Anna Norton, Miss Emma Haven, Miss Nellie Wood, Miss Nettie Thompson, Mrs. J. Crans, and Mrs. Tobey, "for their kind and generous assistance in preparing decorations for the graves of their fallen comrades. And," it is added, "in consideration of their untiring efforts and patriotic zeal, the company have unanimously elected them honorary members, as an outward token of their appreciation." These are a

few among many, mentioned here because their names happen to be available.

The principal ceremonies of the day took place at Rosehill, where the greatest number of soldiers are buried. Their distribution among the several cemeteries of the city is as follows: Rosehill, 336; Grace-land, 32; Oakwoods, 23; Calvary, 100; Old Chicago Cemetery, German Lutheran Cemetery, and Hebrew Benevolent Society Cemetery, each one; making 494 in all. Four separate trains were necessary to convey to Rosehill the throng of people who desired to witness or take part in the decoration. The first was composed of sixteen cars, all crowded. In this train were several military organizations: the U. S. Grant Guards, thirty-five men strong; Board of Trade Battery, forty strong; Seventy-second Illinois Infantry, seventy-five strong; Post 27, Grand Army of the Republic, sixty strong; Sixty-fifth Illinois, sixty men strong; Battery A, Chicago Light Artillery, forty strong; Post 26, Grand Army of the Republic, two hundred; Twenty-third Illinois Infantry (Col. Mulligan's), fifty; Irish Rifles (Gen. Sheridan's Guard), sixty; Eighty-second Illinois Infantry, seventy-five; Twenty-fourth Illinois Infantry, seventy-five; Union Veteran Relief Association, seventy-one. These were but remnants of the several gallant bodies as they once were, and were sadly suggestive of the rapidity with which war consumes the strength of nations. One of those who have described the occasion says: "There was a look of touching and suggestive thoughtfulness on the faces

of these men, who came back in 1865 to subside into citizens and toilers in the by-ways of peace, but came back with hearts rent with the memories of those who had poured the oblation of life-blood on the altar of nationality. The recurrence of this beautiful yet saddening anniversary, seemed to have brought up from the depths of their hearts recollections that rested on their faces like a cloud." Gen. Sheridan and his staff rode in the last car of the train.

The second train carried the Ellsworth Zouaves, seventy in number, under command of Captain Hayden; company A, First National Guards, thirty in number, under command of Capt. Roehl, and company B of the same, numbering thirty men, commanded by Capt. Fisher. The remaining two trains, of sixteen and fifteen cars, respectively, were thronged by the citizens chiefly; Bridges Battery, under command of Captain White, being carried upon the former.

The address, and other public services, were at a stand just north of the enclosure. Upon the stand, besides the officiating clergymen, Rev. Robert Collyer and Rev. E. J. Goodspeed, were other distinguished men, as Hon. N. B. Judd, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. T. O. Osborne, Gen. Salomon, also Gens. McArthur, Sheffner, Stockton, Beveridge, R. W. Smith, Thompson and others. The platform was enclosed by the military in a hollow square, beyond which were the citizens. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. J. Goodspeed. From Mr. Collyer's address,

prepared for the occasion, we can only take a few extracts. The opening words were the following :

“ We gather to-day, friends, from our great city, to this city of the dead, for a noble purpose. It is that the tender grace may rest on us that rests on the dust of the men that died to save us ; and that we may strew flowers on their graves, not so much for a token that we will not forget them, as for a sign that they will not forget us ; and it is a good time to meet for this purpose ; just as the spring is passing into summer, and the full bloom of the world is about us, to make this the symbol of the feeling that is in our hearts for those that went forth as spring was opening into summer in their life, and gave that life for their country. And this fine fitness in the time is the more fitting from the fact that this day falls on a Sunday. This is the first time that we have come together in this fashion for this great purpose. It gives another grace to the rite that it should be done on a day commonly set apart for sacred things. I am glad for the beautiful coincidence. It makes the day to me still more sacred. Indeed, I can not but feel that it would be a vast advantage if the day that we give to this sacrament of the flowers could always be a Sunday. If, on this holy day, we could close our churches with one consent all over the land, gather in the cemeteries where these heroes rest, and hold great service of psalm and prayer with only the arches of heaven for the dome of our temple, then we should have a service that all would be glad to attend ; a church from which none would feel excluded, and such a blessing as seldom comes to the poor little synagogues, where we meet for more private devotion. But simply touching this as something that I devoutly hope will some time come to pass, for the good of the church and the commonwealth alike, I can not but feel that better still than the time is the spirit that brings us together and makes us one, as if in this great multitude there was but one common heart. It is not possible that in the common reaches of life there should not be a vast difference in the thought and feeling of a multitude like this. The dead levels of uniformity on most of the questions that come home to us, are the lurking places of

malaria, and only the mountain ranges of diversity have the freshness of health. But as on this summer Sunday the sun draws this whole green world to look up and drink in his light and fire, so the glory that burns and shines in the deeds of men who are resting here, and all over the land, and in the sea, draws us, as the sun draws the world. And as these men were made one with that cause for which they died, we are made one in our loyalty to their very dust."

Announcing it then as his purpose "to speak from the soldier to the citizen," and to find "the light of heaven at the heart of that old trouble through which we have come," he proceeded to consider three things that touch us naturally, as we think of the men whose dust is buried beneath these mounds, and is rising and blending with this glory about us; that they, and all like them everywhere, were: 1, the true heroes; 2, the true patriots; 3, the true saviours of this land. After dwelling for a few moments upon the first point, he added:

"This, then, is the first truth; that we deck the graves of heroes, all the more heroic in that they had to meet their peers in heroism and conquer them. Dearly, then, we can treasure all beside that can bring this noble quality home to our hearts; can watch them leave their homes, while mothers, and sisters, and wives gather about them, not to hinder, thank God! but to help; Spartan women, with Christian hearts, battling with their tears, only giving their prayers full course and their words of deep courage, till the boys were out of sight. We can think of them in their camps, bracing up their hearts to the strange new life, with that distant look in their eyes that I have seen so many times, telling me how the spirit is not there; it has swept over the distance between the tent and the homestead, and is looking in and watching the life that must go on in its steady round, whether the husband or brother is present or not. Then, as the day darkens, we

can watch them go forth to battle, to that awful work which seems to touch the direst and divinest possibilities of life, set themselves sternly shoulder to shoulder, make their breast a bulwark for the motherland, to die if they must, to be maimed if they must, but to conquer whatever comes, and then, if it is to die, to depart as I have seen so many go, as when God kissed His servant on the mountain, and he slept. No complaint, and no fear, only the one great assurance that always comes with the well done, the assurance that all is well hither and yonder; that a life is always good for a life, no fear for a soul that has done its duty, only the day-dawn of infinite hope. It has been my lot to kneel by the death-bed of many Christians. I never knelt by one on which the light from heaven shone quite so clear as it did on the poor cots of some soldiers who could not tell me much about their faith, but could tell me all I wanted to know about their duty. Dear, tender, beautiful souls, speaking of the wife and children with their last breath, and of the hope that their country for which they died would not forget them, and leaving all the rest to God. No matter about the harp and the crown; if that was not best, they were not going to lament. So far they were sure of their footing, and they did not fear for the next step—to die for the great mother was enough, *that* they felt was in their poor measure, as when Christ died for the race. Heroes! no better or brighter heroism was ever seen on this planet than that which shone forth from these men to whose dust we bring this beauty, whatever they be. I said just now that heroism was the lowest of these grand qualities by which these risen souls that look down on us to-day are to be forever distinguished. It may be that, for that reason, it is the quality on which the others must rest, and but for which they could have no real existence. The hero underlies the patriot and the saviour. Patriotism and sacrifice rest on the quaking sand when heroism, the unconquerable quality, does not hold them up. ‘First win the battle, then look after me,’ cried Col. Silas Miller; it was the instinct of the hero. Heroism, Carlyle said, is that divine relation which in all times relates a great man to other men. It unites us to-day to every hero on the land and in the sea who fell for his country. But for the dead, we should have no country. The

heroes of the country, alive and dead, are at the foundation of American nationality."

Above the hero, however, the orator placed the patriot. Upon this point he said :

I mean no offence when I say there is a sectional patriotism, just as there is a sectional Christianity. I say it the more freely because I have to confess that I belong to a section in the republic, and a sect in the church, and can not see my way out of my limitations. In ordinary times, I have said already, I believe this to be best. It is the disagreement of the atmosphere that clears the air. Our stormy lake there is infinitely better than the dead sea. The only perfect repose that I know of, is the awful stillness of the grave. We can never cease contending about principles and policies of government, and all honest contention, loyal still to the land, is like the systole and diastole of a true heart. And so when the crisis came that was to test the heroism of these, it was to test their patriotism too. We were in a mighty contention among ourselves. We were not clear about our duty. To many a man who fought and fell for us there came a time in those days when the reasons for standing back and substantially deserting the country must have been as subtle and strong as the reasons for deserting Jehovah, in the old war in heaven, were to still many an unfallen angel. But in that moment, when our only hope of salvation under God was in the compacted strength of every true man, then, as in Switzerland once, every canton poured out of its cantonment, and from every mountain came the mountaineer to strike one stroke, and the land was saved. So these men pass over the lines of difference, to stand shoulder to shoulder; forgetting the old battle-cries of the party, they gave themselves without reserve to the land. It was this that made them greater than heroes. They could be heroes on the wrong side, they could only be patriots on the right side. Above all the reasons that could be given why they should hold back and let "Mene, Tekel" be written once for all across our history, rose this one thing that could not be reasoned about—the salvation of the land. It was to them as when you shall give a man reason for not

helping his mother; but then we shall say: "My son, I am your mother, I suckled you at my breast, and held you on my knees." That is enough. There is no reason that can meet that instinct but lifts the man with mighty spring to stand by her side. This was the patriotism of these men; they forgot everything but the one great, tender tie. "Let us agree to have a country," they said, "and then we can afford to differ about the best way to take care of it." They counted all things for loss but the excellency of the glory of an unbroken republic. And so it was natural that citizens of Chicago should think very tenderly at such a time as this of one who rests alone at the extreme of our city. He was a soldier, though he struck no stroke except the stroke of his mighty words. He died just as the trumpet was sounding for the host, but he died fighting with a mighty ardor for the land he loved. I cast my poor blossom to-day across the grave of Douglas, who, when the crisis came, against which he had often striven according to the best light he had, knew nothing under heaven but the undivided land. But on the graves of our heroes everywhere blossoms this fair flower of patriotism; true men, who could rise above all minor things to the height of this great argument, that the republic, just as it was, trembling seemingly on the verge of dissolution, was good enough to live and die for. So they lived and died for the republic, and now they abide in the unfading splendor of the hero and the patriot together, as we abide for a moment in their shining presence to adorn their graves."

Of the soldiers as saviours of their country, Mr. Collyer spoke thus:

"But there is one step higher still that these great souls have taken,—the loftiest that men can ever attain to in this mortal life. They are not only our heroes, and our patriots, as they stand above us in their shining ranks, but the saviours of their country, and of all that was bound up in her undivided destiny. When I try to weigh the whole matter that called these men at last to their great estate, I am forced to the conclusion that there was no way left to save this nation but by its most precious blood. God sent prophets and teachers, great and good, as He ever sent to any nation, and they poured

out their hearts for us, and all in vain. Everything was done that could be done to avert the woe, short of the shedding of blood, but we were helpless to avert it. Only the noblest and best we had, leaping into the gulf in his best estate, could close the chasm, and secure the integrity of the land. Indeed, if this were the time and place, it would not be hard to tell how the trumpet that sounded the war did but announce the end of a truce, and this struggle was only a new outbreak of the long fight between despotic and democratic institutions, in which Gettysburg was made one with Marston Moor. No such thing can be done to-day. It is enough to say that the solemn crisis came in which the best we *could* have could only be obtained at the cost of the best we *had*. Then these men came forward; young men with the bloom on their lives, strong men and true, the best we had, and offered themselves, if that would do, as the price of the national salvation. Budding hopes were in the heart of the youth, of a fair house by and by, and a good angel to keep it, and gracious presences fresh from God to people it, and a career burdened with the blessing that comes to every true man in this noble country. But he gave it all for the land, and said: "Live or die, that shall be my first care." Strong ties bound others, home, wife, children, fortune, a career already open, everything the heart could wish. To give up life at thirty was nothing beside giving up these things that life had brought. "My ten great reasons for taking no risk," one said, "was a wife and nine children." I have no standard by which to measure what the men who left these things and rest in their graves have done. It seems like measuring the infinite, for the infinite is in it. But there they stood in that great day, the youth in the portals of his life, the man at his fireside, and they looked into the heart of all that was about them, and above, and they said each one: "I can give it all up, my country needs it;" and then they went out and gave it all for the need. They kept nothing back. Like brave Capt. Thompson they said, "I leave all with my God." Like Col. Wright, when one arm was gone, they thanked God, "that one hand could guide a horse." Like Major Chandler, they said, "Where I can be of most service, I will stay." Like Silas Miller, they shouted, as the life leaped from their veins, "First

win the battle, then look after me." Like Mulligan, they cried, "I am dying, boys, but don't lose the colors;" and then, like Ransom, they said, "I have tried to do my duty, and have no fear for myself after death."

We take only the following additional passage from this very eloquent oration :

Brave *men*, I have said, good soldiers, and you gather from this the idea that I meant men, and not women. But I could never hope to pardon myself, let alone to be pardoned of God, and my country, if I failed to speak at such a time of the woman too; and of the woman in every respect, as the exemplar of the qualities I have pointed out in the man. The woman stood, as truly as the man, by this great cause; made her sacrifice as quietly and as perfectly as he did; and on the battle-field, or in the hospital, or the home, was hero, and patriot, and saviour too. When the youth would look into the eyes of the maiden for confirmation of his longing to let his love of the land take precedence of his love for her, she said, "Amen," gave him the kiss of consecration, and sent him forth her true knight. When the husband said with a shaking voice to his wife, "I feel *almost* as if I ought to go and leave you and the children," the voice of the wife grew steady and strong as she said, "Go then," turning *almost* into *altogether* in the sacrifice that she looked on with steady eyes, at least until he was gone, because all the courage there was, or could be, he must take with him to the camp. Then, as the work went on and grew ever more dreadful, and new drafts were made on her life for help to the sick and wounded, and for everything that a woman can do, with unflinching steadiness she toiled and suffered, supplying with a measureless generosity everything that was needed to the call. Sanctifying this very day—this Sunday of ours—O, so many times, by doing all manner of work, and doing everything, not merely without a murmur, for that we might have expected of her patience and her love, but doing it with a mighty cheerfulness that sent cheer into every hero's soul; and that was the expression, through all the darkness, of the light she foresaw and foretold, singing of the coming victory and peace when the full price was paid, and the powers of darkness driven away by the

power of the living God. Under thousands of mounds, in the circle of our land this day, rest these true women—heroes, patriots, and saviours with the men. Broken down at their tasks, when the poor frame could hold the great soul no longer, they died, as they had lived, for the mother land, not having received the promise, but seeing it afar off, and with their last breath praying for the establishment of the right. Over all the graves we cast our blossoms, as we cast them on the graves of our noble men. The flowers, if we know where they rest, symbolize everywhere on the common grave in which all are resting whose souls are risen to that great place, and stand with the angels of God.”

Upon the conclusion of the exercises at the stand, the procession formed, and passed into the cemetery. It was composed of the military organizations above named, with veteran soldiers of other batteries and regiments, the ladies in charge of the decoration, the orator and other clergymen, and citizens generally, Nevans’ band preceding, and the whole under the leadership of General E. S. Salomon, Chief Marshal, assisted by his Aids. The band played slow and solemn dirges, while the procession entering by the gateway filed through the crowd there in waiting. As those in the procession thus passed through, Mrs. H. W. Smith, Mrs. Tarble and Miss Sophia Liel, standing to the right and left of the entrance, handed to each a supply of flowers, taken from large baskets placed near. The first halting-place was at the spot assigned to Taylor’s Battery. Here, after a few remarks by General Osborne, prayer was again offered, and the decoration began.

The ground assigned to Taylor’s Battery is marked

by an obelisk, bearing on its sides the names of the following battles in which the battery participated : Frederickstown, Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Champion Hills, Vicksburg, Mission Ridge, Resaca, Dallas, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta. Wreaths and flowers were hung around the obelisk, and the graves, twenty-nine in number, were decorated in a similar manner. The lot belonging to Bridges' Battery is marked by a circular mound, on the higher ground of the cemetery, in the centre of which the foundation of a monument is laid. Upon this will appear the names of the battles in which the battery took part. The graves received the customary decorations, with wreaths, crosses and bouquets. The base-stone of the monument had been covered with evergreens, the words, "Bridges' Light-Battery," being prominent in princess pine, on a white ground.

Of other parts of the decoration ceremony but brief mention can be made. Near the main entrance to this cemetery about two hundred soldiers are buried. One of these graves had a noticeable ornamentation ; that of Frank Marion Clarke, of the Thirty-fifth Iowa Regiment. "Bouquets were set around the mound, and the word 'Frank' was beautifully finished in several varieties of violets, asters and other small flowers. At the head of the grave was a small arch of evergreens, and in the centre a photograph of the dead soldier. This elaborate decoration was by the hands of the mother of the deceased veteran." Other graves, as those of Generals Ransom and Wright, to

whom a large monument has been erected, and others, received appropriate decoration. One simple stone marks the place where the only Revolutionary Soldier buried at Rosehill lies. The inscription reads, "William Duval, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 75 years." This humble resting-place was not forgotten in the distribution of floral honors.

Like scenes transpired at the Graceland, Calvary, and Oak Wood cemeteries. At the last named, General F. S. Sherman acted as Marshal, while Judge Jameson, of Hyde Park, was selected for the address. At Calvary Cemetery (Catholic) Colonel Mulligan lies buried, with members of his regiment. Their graves were beautifully adorned with the floral tributes. At these and other cemeteries, as well as in connection with ceremonies observed in other places, near and far, East and West, many touching incidents occurred, showing how nearly home to many hearts the occurrences and associations of this interesting occasion were brought. It will be permitted the writer to make special mention of the rich and rare collection of flowers sent, in a case, to the grave of Surgeon Coatsworth, in Canada, where his friends have erected a superb monument. In the floral offering thus sent, his widow was permitted to share, while the contributions of valued friends, for the same purpose, were to her an occasion of the warmest gratitude.

With the story of this first national observance of "Decoration Day," our record of the sacrifices, sufferings, and deeds of The Loyal People of the

North-west" closes. Without invidiousness toward the people of any other section, it may be claimed that this will be found a record, when fully written out, unsurpassed in history. These pages contain such portions of it as it consisted with the purpose of the present volume to set down. It is the writer's offering upon the common altar. May it be found not unworthy.

